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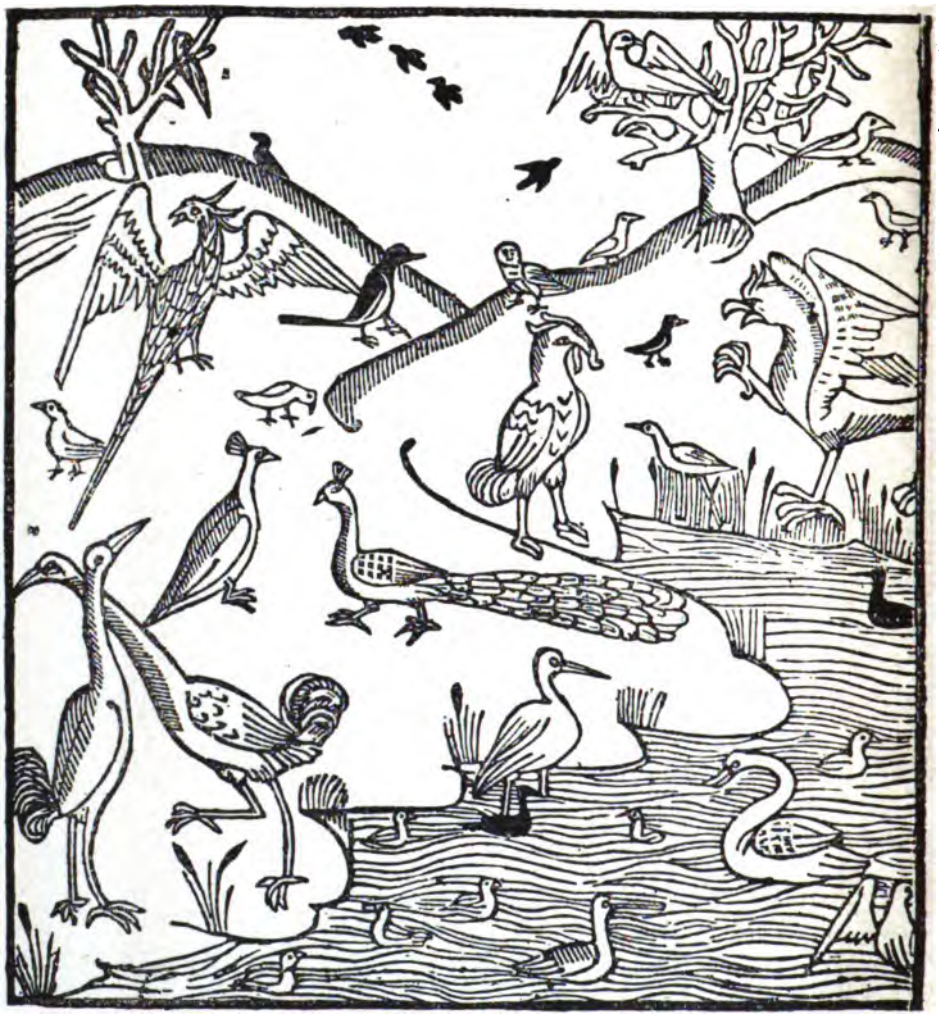
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Our Note Book.



THE collection of English Fairy Tales which Mr. Jacobs brought together last year has been supplemented by a volume of "Celtic Fairy Tales," in which the folk-fancy of Scotland and Ireland is richly represented. The Folk-tale in England is, we are told, in the last stages of exhaustion, and Mr. Jacobs last year must have found his chief difficulty in poverty of material. The problem this year must have been to make a selection, for the practice of story-telling still exists in full vigour in both sections of Gaeldom, and the late J. F. Campbell, of Isley, demonstrated how rich the materials are which lie ready for the enthusiastic collector. Mr. Jacobs has made his selection with great taste, and there has been in some instances such happy adaptations that he may fitly claim to be author as well as editor. The imagination finds fascinating work in endeavouring to carry back these stories to the remote sources. Starting perhaps on the plains of Asia, or in the valley of the Nile, they have passed through all the countries of Europe, have been found in the hut of the peasant, and perhaps in chap-book and ballad, to be finally evolved, in this age of universal print and paper, in their present interesting form. The volume is artistically illustrated—a quaint example of which we give as an initial—by Mr. J. D. Batten, and the publisher, Mr. David Nutt,

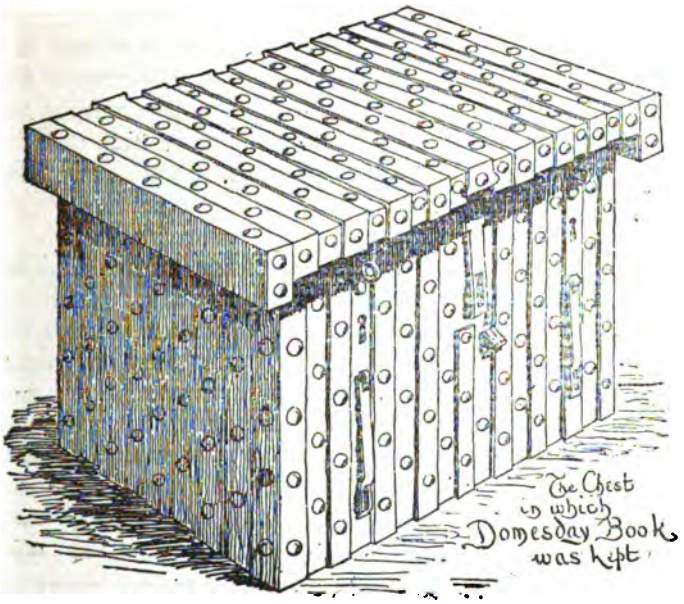
must be complimented for the manner in which he has produced this very seasonable book.

* * * *

After doing so much good work, and whilst there yet remained so much more to be done, the decay and death of the Oriental Translation Fund was a matter of deep regret. Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot's almost single-handed efforts to attempt to start a sort of continuation or, as he calls it, New Series, is worthy of the greatest praise. The first volume, which has just appeared, will be heartily welcomed not only by every one interested in Oriental study, but also by students of Biblical history. Indeed, it may be said that it is an essential to the library of every theologian, whilst its general interest must secure for it a very large sale. "The Rauzat-us-Safa," or "Garden of Purity," contains the histories of prophets, kings, and khalifs, or, in other words, the Moslem version of our Bible stories, beginning with the creation of Genii before Adam, and ending with the death of Aaron. This handsomely got-up volume contains an admirable index. The names of Jebrail, Yusuf, I'sa, Mûsa, Habil, and Quabil, in the places of the English equivalents, Gabriel, Joseph, Jesus, Moses, Abel, and Cain, look decidedly strange, but the translator has acted wisely in being literal. This work is by Muhammad Bin Khavendshah Bin Mahamud, commonly called Mirkhond, who died A.H. 903 (=A.D. 1498). "The Rauzat-us-Safa" is, observes the translator, so voluminous, that only some portions of it have as yet been translated, although as early as 1662 historical accounts from it were given in a book entitled "Les états et principautés du monde," first in a French, afterwards in an Italian, and lastly in an English translation by Stevens, 1715. This rich mine of historical and religious lore has, however, afterwards been gradually, though as yet only partially, explored in fourteen European works by authors of various nationalities, as will appear from the list in the translator's preface. The translator is Mr. Edward Rehatsek, of Bombay, whose knowledge of Oriental languages and literature is almost unrivalled. A slight sketch of him appeared in Mr. Arbuthnot's admirable little "Persian Portraits," 1887. In his introduction to the present translation Mr. Arbuthnot observes that Mr. Rehatsek is "now an old man, but his declining years will be solaced with the thought that his labours have at last been fully recognized and laid before the public in a fitting and becoming manner." This and succeeding volumes may be obtained at the offices of the Royal Asiatic Society, 22, Albermarle Street, W.

* * * *

"The Camden Library," edited by Messrs. G. Laurence Gomme, F.S.A., and T. Fairman Ordish, F.S.A., and published by Mr. Elliott Stock, makes an excellent start with Mr. Hubert Hall's "Antiquities of the Exchequer." In addition to a number of excellent illustrations by Mr. Ralph Nevill, F.S.A., there is an all too brief preface by the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P. The Exchequer is, as the author truly observes, in some respects the most characteristic of all our institutions; and it is in the hope of drawing attention to the quaint surroundings and mystical practice of this ancient court that Mr. Hall has written his book. The great difficulty in compiling a work of this kind is to make it interesting. Hitherto



historians of the Exchequer have not troubled themselves to write a readable account of the subject, with the natural result that their volumes are as heavy as lead and as dull as ditchwater, to use a couple of homely similes. Mr. Hall's book is neither the one nor the other. He does not pretend to be exhaustive, but he goes as deep into the subject as his readers will care for. He handles his materials well, dealing in the seven chapters with the ancient Treasury of the kings of England, with treasure and records, the exchequer house, the offices of the exchequer, the chess game, exchequer problems, and making of the budget. The Treasury

contained not only bullion, but records of various descriptions. The receptacles in which they were preserved were large chests and similar coffers, boxes, and hampers. These chests and coffers were, Mr. Hall points out, very massive, being bound with iron and secured according to the usual practice of the period. One of these chests still survives, being, it is believed, that which used to contain some portion of the regalia, together with the Doomsday Book. This chest is 3 feet 7½ inches in length, 2 feet 3 inches wide, and 2 feet 3 inches deep. The woodwork is 2 inches in thickness, sheeted with iron within and without, and strengthened by iron bands fastened with iron nails, the heads of which are each more than an inch in breadth. There are three massive locks, and an inner compartment, probably for the reception of the crown or of the great seal. This chest, which must weigh at least 5 cwt., and of which we give an illustration, was undoubtedly one of the receptacles of the old treasury in the abbey, whence it was removed to the Public Record Office about the year 1857. The locks had been forced open at some remote period, possibly in the robbery of the treasury under Edward I.

* * * *

M. H. Omont has republished, in a separate form, a curious and interesting essay, "l'Imprimerie du cabinet du Roi au château des Tuileries sous Louis XV. (1718–1730)," from the *Bulletin* of the Historical Society of Paris. It seems that printing was one of the "divertissements" of the king when a child, and that before he was eight years of age he "patronized" a Parisian printer, Jacques Collombat, a native of Grenoble. M. Omont gives a list of the works done at this royal printing office, and among it are twenty-five productions not hitherto described. Among these, "*feuilles volantes ou placards*," are two which merit special notice: they are the text, or rather the two official texts, of the last words or injunctions of Louis XIV. to his great-grandson, Louis XV. These two texts are now printed side by side. The first and most concise text agrees entirely with the "calligraphie" for Louis XV. by his writing-master, C. Gilbert, and by the care of his governess, Madame de Ventadour, on the day following the death of Louis XIV. Among the variations between the manuscript text and the printed one, we may mention one: in the former Louis is made to say, "*vous allez estre le plus grand roy du monde.*" In the printed text we read simply, "*Vous allez être un grand roy.*"

* * * *

Mr. William Davenport Adams' books follow one another in

quick succession, but he deals with so many and such varied topics that they are always welcome. Heavy books are too numerous, and we are very glad to learn that the popularity of his previous "bookish books" has justified in publishing one of equally general interest, "With Poet and Player" (Elliot Stock), which we have no doubt will be eagerly welcomed by an appreciative public.

Ancient Abbreviations.

CANON ISAAC TAYLOR, in his paper on "Typographical Survivals" in the *Newbery House Magazine*, estimates that there are more than a thousand recognized abbreviations of words in the legal documents stored in our Public Record Office—so elaborate was the system of abbreviations in use among the professional scribes in the parchment-sparing period of the Middle Ages. Others were employed in the Papal and Imperial Chanceries; others by monastic penmen. Dictionaries of these abbreviations are extant which contain upwards of five thousand examples in Latin words, not to speak of the abbreviations in Greek manuscripts or in charters in modern languages. It is even more curious to note how many are yet in daily use by those who little suspect their origin. Of these are the familiar "viz.," "&c.," "&," "don't," and so forth. Physicians still use the abbreviated Latin words of the Middle Ages. Episcopal signatures also follow the mediæval fashion, and cause occasionally odd mistakes among the unwary.

A New Catalogue.

AT the recent gathering of Librarians in San Francisco it was stated that Mr. Rudolph, of the Free Library in that city, has devised a new system of cataloguing of a startling kind. It solves, we are told, the long-standing problem of a universal catalogue. It is speedy—books received in the morning, no matter how numerous, can be presented to the readers in a printed catalogue before night. Finally, it is so cheap that what now costs two dollars can be done for one-eighth of that sum.

The First Scottish Newspaper.

MR. J. D. COCKBURN claims to have discovered among the collections of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh the first original newspaper published in Scotland—at least, the first of which any copy is now extant. It is two years earlier than the *Mercurius Caledonius*, which has hitherto been regarded as the prototype of Scottish journalism, and is one of the numerous publications of this class of the Edinburgh printer, Christopher Higgins. The title is, *The Faithfull Intelligencer from the Parliament's Army in Scotland*, the imprint "Edinburgh, printed by Christopher Higgins, in Hart's Close, over against the Trone Church," and it is dated Tuesday, November 29th, to Saturday, December 3rd, 1659. The *Faithfull Intelligencer* purports to be written "by an officer of the army" who, according to the description in Mr. Cockburn's article in the *Scottish Review*, claims to be a much superior person to an ordinary "diurnall-writer," or journalist as we should say, while he professes to be driven to take up the pen by the infamous scandals then rife. His purpose, he says, is rather "to become an honest fool in print than a real and easy slave under ignorance and silence."

Japanese Libraries.

A YOUNG Japanese librarian, Mr. Tanaker, has prepared an interesting report on the public libraries of his country. The Tokio Library is a national institution, and, like our British Museum, is entitled to one copy of every publication issuing from the press. It has been in existence scarcely twenty years: yet it already contains nearly one hundred thousand Japanese and Chinese books, besides more than twenty-five thousand European books and duplicates which are in reserve. The number of books consulted by readers averages the year through about one thousand a day. The reading-room accommodates about two hundred readers, and is divided into three compartments—"special," "ladies," and "ordinary." It possesses, also, a card catalogue and a printed catalogue—both classified. Of the books asked for, 21½ per cent. belong to the classes history and geography, 21 per cent. to literature and language, 17⅛ per cent to science and medicine, and nearly 13½ per cent. to law and politics. The Library of Imperial University comprises 101,217 Japanese and Chinese books and 77,991 European books, but is simply for the use of professors and students. There are also eight smaller public libraries and ten private libraries in various parts of the empire.

Some Technical Libraries.

THE BOTANICAL LIBRARY AT KEW.

THE Royal institution at Kew Gardens, the jubilee of which, as a public institution, occurs this year, and in which are comprised the gardens, museums, herbarium, library, picture gallery and laboratory, is unique in many respects, and of eminent service to this country and our colonies. Its educational value is immense, and from an economic point of view it is of the utmost importance. Probably the large majority of the hundreds of thousands of people who visit Kew Gardens little suspect the great work which is here being diligently carried on, and that so far from being a mere rendezvous for the pleasure-seeker and a congeries of amusing collections, its positive worth to science and commerce is inestimable. Learning and commerce owe a deep debt of gratitude to the men who were instrumental in laying the foundations of this remarkable establishment, and to those, it should be added, who have since identified themselves with this institution. At Kew, as Mr. Baker reminded us, four separate and more or less distinct objects are aimed at, and the different departments fit into one another closely, and work together hand in hand along four more or less distinct grooves. To the non-scientific public, the Gardens serve as a holiday resort; by exhibiting in a living state a series of the principal types of structure, and by furnishing a means of identifying the plants that come into this country, horticulture is materially assisted; systematic botany is promoted by furnishing a means of identifying the plants more especially of the British possessions abroad, or of those collected by British expeditions or private travellers in other parts of the world; and lastly, the estab-

lishment has its economic sphere of usefulness, on which we will not expatiate here. That is how Mr. J. G. Baker, F.R.S., the keeper of the herbarium and library, summed up the main objects of Kew Gardens.

The library occupies an important place in this coalition of utilities. The herbarium and library, which are the finest and most complete of the kind in the world, are contained in a large brick house, enclosed with tall iron railings, which stands at the north-west corner of Kew Green, and which was formerly occupied by Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, the fourth son of George III., and afterwards King of Hanover. Ten years ago a three-storied hall, eighty feet long, was built for the express purpose of accommodating the cabinets of dried plants, and the original building, which communicates with the herbarium, is now largely occupied by the library.

It is an interesting fact that this building was acquired by George III. in 1815, for the purpose of containing an herbarium and botanical library, and for which latter purpose a room was shelved. The death of the King and of Sir Joseph Banks, with whom the plan originated, led to the suspension of the design, which was, however, never abandoned till the reign of William IV., who granted the use of the house to the King of Hanover, in whose occupation it remained till his death.

Prior to this, Princess Augusta, whose husband was father of George III., may be looked upon as the real originator of the Botanic Gardens. Her principal adviser, who was prime minister in the early part of the reign of George III., was an enthusiastic botanist, and spent £10,000 in printing an elaborate botanic work in nine volumes, of which only twelve copies were struck off.

The nucleus of the library and herbarium was the extensive private collections which Sir William Hooker brought with him from Glasgow in 1841, when he became the first director of the Gardens. In 1854, the late George Bentham offered his exceedingly extensive library, which was in excellent condition, to the establishment with the proviso that it should be duly cared for and made available to scientific purposes, and this proffer was accepted. In the same year, on the death of Dr. William Arnold Bromfield, his sister presented his splendid library and his (chiefly European) herbarium to the Royal Gardens. Dr. Bromfield was a gentleman of ample means, who devoted much of his time to the study of botany, and travelled a great deal. His library was valuable from the fact of being specially rich in old masters, or pre-Linnæan writers on botany, and it also

included a number of fine first editions. Many of these works contain some excellent specimens of early wood-engraving. On the death of Sir William Hooker in 1865, the Government purchased such portions of his private library as were not represented, and also his botanical collection. Since that period the additions to the library have consisted largely of current literature, acquired through private liberality, or purchased with the funds of the establishment. It should be mentioned that last year was bequeathed to the Kew authorities the library of the late Mr. John Ball, F.R.S., who was a great alpine traveller, and president for some years of the Alpine Club.

During the twenty-five years of the directorship of Sir William Hooker, the library, museum, and herbarium were started and organized upon their present footing. Sir William was succeeded by his son, Sir J. D. Hooker, who for several years had filled the post of assistant-director. He is the most widely travelled of any living botanist, and accompanied Sir John Ross in the Antarctic expedition of 1839–43. About ten years ago, after forty years of public service in one form or another, he resigned the official directorship, and Mr. W. Thiselton Dyer, the present director, then accepted the office. The keeper of the herbarium and library is now Mr. J. G. Baker, F.R.S., F.L.S., who succeeded Dr. Daniel Oliver, to whom he acted as first assistant for many years. Dr. Oliver was Professor of Botany at University College, and was the successor of Lindley. Mr. W. B. Hemsley, F.R.S., A.L.S., is the present principal assistant, and first entered the establishment more than thirty years ago, and has watched the growth of the institution almost from its infancy.

The importance of the library and herbarium to the cause of science in general is evident from the list of useful works which have issued from the press within past years, the authors of which have studied wholly or in part in these departments; and the essential service which they render to the gardens and museums is evident by the progress made in the determination of the cultivated plants and their products. Without accurate nomenclature these collections would be nearly valueless. Based upon this follows the investigation of the different points of interest connected with their life-history and various economic uses, as food or clothing, or in medicine or the arts. One of the functions of the library is therefore the correct naming of the plants which pour in from all parts of the world. The agents of the Gardens are to be found in every quarter of the globe, and a large proportion of the time and thought of the director and assistant-director is absorbed by the

colonial correspondence, and in questioning and answering the questions of their colonial visitors. In a number of instances the cause of commerce has derived signal benefit through the advice rendered by the management of the Royal Gardens, and botanical science owes much to it. As an instance of the work which devolves on this department, it may be mentioned that during a recent period of ten years the missionaries in Madagascar sent home 5,000 numbered specimens, and of these the determinations were sent out to them, and the new species of which there was enough material, over 1,000 in number, have been described and named.

The library occupies four lofty rooms in the old house, two being on the first floor and two on the floor above. The main room downstairs, the working library as it is called, is reserved for the books which are most in request. In the centre of the room are several writing-tables, but they are seldom occupied for long together, as the librarian and his assistants are almost constantly on their feet moving about from shelf to shelf in the ceaseless operations of checking and accumulating facts. It is here that all the plants are brought for identification, here principally material is collected for valuable botanical works in course of preparation, and for the *Botanical Magazine* and the *Kew Bulletin*. A feature of the books in this room is a collection of works on the botany of all the principal expeditions. One of these works, in three handsome volumes, "The Botany of the *Challenger* Expedition," the last of the expeditions, is edited by Mr. W. B. Hemsley, F.R.S., principal assistant at Kew. Alongside of this work is another by the same writer, in five splendid volumes—"Biologia Centrali Americana," consisting of contributions to the fauna and flora of Mexico and Central America, and published 1879–88. On a table in the large window are several microscopes ready for use, and a spirit lamp used in the examination of dried plants. This lamp is the only form of fire to be found on the whole of the premises. The building is heated throughout by hot-water pipes. No form of illuminant is permitted anywhere in the house nor in the adjoining herbarium, so that the danger of fire is reduced to almost an absolute impossibility.

Opening off from the main room is another large apartment, the walls of which are hidden by shelves loaded with books; these consist largely of serial publications in all languages, including the Transactions of numerous learned bodies, containing botany wholly or in part. Here is preserved a large collection of drawings

arranged in portfolios in systematic order. For naming living plants from the Gardens these drawings are in constant use, as of course they show the colouring of the flowers much better than the dried specimens possibly can. Among this collection are many of the originals of the drawings which have appeared in the *Botanical Magazine.*

In the rooms overhead are kept books of travel containing botanical appendixes, or more or less botany in the body of the works. Here, too, are a large number of pre-Linnæan works; also text-books and histories of botany, and books on the physiology and anatomy of plants. Conspicuous among the post-Linnæan works are books on British botany generally and county floras. On one part of the wall is an admirable collection of works on Japanese and Chinese botany. In the fourth room again there are more serial publications, and a number of manuscripts. The small room on the ground floor —immediately to the left in the entrance hall—contains a small collection of books on Fungi. In the herbarium is another detached library, consisting of a fine collection of works on Ferns, undoubtedly the largest and most complete in existence. Every branch of botany is thus represented in this unique library in a manner certainly never accomplished before or in any other place.

Returning to the main library, we will refer first to the catalogues which are being planned on a most extensive scale. These catalogues are really the vital feature of the library, seeing that it is primarily by means of such equipments that the ready identification of living plants in the Gardens, of the dried plants submitted from different parts of the world, and the economic specimens that are sent to the museum, is facilitated and, in point of fact, rendered easily practicable. There are about 10,000 books in the library, but a printed catalogue of these is still a desideratum.

At the death of Sir William Hooker the herbarium was estimated to contain over a million specimens, and at present about twenty thousand are added every year. By means of the *Iconum Botanicarum Index* any published figure of a plant can be referred to in a few minutes. The basis of this splendid index was the work of Dr. G. A. Pritzel, and was confined to the naming of published figures of plants. The original idea has been largely amplified by the librarian, and is now contained in two big volumes, which of course are slowly being augmented. In four bulky volumes are contained references to the names of all known plants. These indices cover the whole ground of literature.

Another work much in use is the *Botanical Magazine,* of which

the library possesses a complete set. This valuable periodical, which is published in connection with Kew, was commenced in 1787, and has been issued regularly ever since. In each monthly number six new or interesting plants fit for garden cultivation are figured. Up to November of the present year, 7,206 plates, all drawn from living plants, have been issued. The earlier volumes were edited by W. Curtis, and published from the Botanical Garden, Lambeth Marsh. The magazine was a great success, and soon attained a sale of between 2,000 and 3,000 copies, but some ten or twelve years later the sale had seriously fallen off, and the publication was almost abandoned. Very early volumes are to be purchased for a shilling or two, but the volumes printed during the period when its fate hung in the balance are very scarce; for this reason complete sets are not plentiful. The market price of a set is about £130. The present sale of the magazine is more limited. In 1826 Sir William Hooker undertook the editorship of it, though his name does not appear on the title-page till the following year. He contributed drawings and dissections to its pages, and it now became in reality a botanical magazine. He afterwards trained the artist, Walter Fitch, to execute the drawings, and Fitch continued to supply these till within a few years ago. No other contemporary English artist approached him in the execution of botanical figures. The plates are now done by a lady who is attached to the library staff, but her work, though excellent, does not equal that of her predecessor. Another publication prepared at Kew is the *Bulletin of Miscellaneous Information*, of which fifty-nine numbers have been issued. It comes out every month, and is sold at twopence. An important work is at present in preparation by Mr. B. Daydon Jackson, the cost of which is being defrayed out of funds left for the purpose by the late Mr. Darwin. It will contain the plant names of all flowering plants from the time of Linnæus to the end of 1885. The work was commenced some ten years ago, and is to be completed in about four years from the present time. Part of it is already in type.

To the Hookers, father and son, Kew is deeply indebted. The names of Sir William Hooker and Sir J. D. Hooker are indissolubly associated with the remarkable progress and development of the Kew establishment. Reference has already been made to Sir William Hooker's labours on the *Botanical Magazine*. Another work in which he participated, *Icones Plantarum*, was commenced by him, and the first volume published in 1847. The publication of this work has since been continued, with one or two intervals. Dr. D.

Oliver later on undertook the editing of the more recent volumes for the Bentham Trustees.

An exhaustive series of floras, classifying and defining the plants in all the British possessions upon one uniform system, which is being issued at Kew, is among the many excellent things planned by Sir William Hooker. The first of the series to appear, Bentham's "Flora Hongkongensis," was completed in 1861. Volumes on Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, the West Indies, Mauritius, &c., are finished. Other volumes, which are being written concurrently by the several authors, are descriptions of the plants of the Cape and tropical Africa, &c.; of that of India, the most extensive of all, Sir J. D. Hooker himself undertook the onerous task of editorship; six volumes have been issued, and he is still engaged on the work. The whole of the volumes have been written from material almost wholly available in the library and herbarium. The plants of some of the British possessions are fully dealt with in another form, and those of Guiana have been to a large extent included in the great flora of Brazil, which has been brought out at the expense of the Brazilian Government.

Besides the Indian and Colonial floras, a "Genera Plantarum" was elaborated by Mr. G. Bentham and Sir J. D. Hooker, in which the ten thousand genera of flowering plants are fully described and classified under their natural orders. This was the work of twenty years, and it is used in the gardens, herbarium, and museums as the standard of nomenclature and classification. An examination of this splendid work would astonish most people, for probably none but the limited circle of specialists have any idea of the enormous number of different kinds of plants there are in the world. A very moderate estimate, founded on the "Genera Plantarum," for flowering plants alone, and leaving out of account the ferns and all the lower orders of Cryptogamia, is ten thousand genera and one hundred thousand species. A strange incident in connection with this work is that within a few weeks after Mr. Bentham had finished his task, to which he had applied himself assiduously, he practically gave up work and died within two years. He was nearly eighty-four at the time of his decease.

Among the curious and remarkable books which are to be found on the shelves, a notice of a book called "Hortus Kewensis" should not be omitted. This was the work of the two Aitons who managed Kew Gardens during the reign of George III. and his successor. The first edition, in three volumes, was published by the elder Aiton in 1789, and contains a descriptive character of all the

plants, 5,600 in number, then cultivated in the Gardens, and is accompanied by some well-executed plates. The work was so much esteemed that the whole impression was sold off within two years. In 1810, a second edition was issued by his son, for the botany of which he was indebted to Dryander and Robert Brown. This contains descriptions of between nine and ten thousand species.

Previously to this, that is to say in 1768, a catalogue of plants then growing in Kew Gardens was published by Sir John Hill. The list includes several thousand herbaceous plants, some fifty ferns and between five hundred and six hundred trees and shrubs. For that period it was a very marvellous work, and it serves as a striking contrast to the unwieldly volumes in which are now catalogued the contents of the Gardens.

Another book well worth a passing glance is the eighth edition of the "Gardener's Dictionary" of Philip Miller, of Chelsea, which was the means of first popularizing garden plants in England. The arrangement of the contents of the earlier editions of this work, which are in the library, was not according to the Linnæan system.

The first edition of his "Species Plantarum," in which Linnæus first adopted the binominal system of naming plants, was brought out in 1753, and reposes on a shelf in the second room of the library. Contiguous to it is the curious "Herbal" of William Turner, the father of English Botany, which contains some droll but well-cut initial letters.

In the room immediately overhead is safely ensconced the oldest book in the library. This is one of the editions of the German herbals, "Ortus Sanitatis," published at Mayence in 1485. There are numerous illustrations rudely coloured by hand. The very oldest book in the library in English is "The Grete Herball which gyveth parfect Knowledge and understanding of all manner of Herbs and thur Gracyous virtues. Imprinted by P. Treveris, 1526." There are in this work some really clever botanical cuts painted by hand. The old German letter in the "Ortus Sanitatis" is far less dissimilar to modern German than the uncouth print in this book is to the modern English.

In addition to the plates and woodcuts already mentioned, allusion may be made to several elaborate works illustrated by Walter Fitch. "Victoria Regia, or illustrations of the Royal Water Lily, in a series of figures chiefly made from specimens flowering at Sion and at Kew," is one of these. The letterpress is by Sir William Hooker. The drawing and arrangement of these eloquent pictures is simply perfect, and the colouring exquisite. Some very fine examples

again of Fitch's work are contained in "Illustrations of Himalayan Plants." On a similar scale of magnificence is "The Rhododendrons of Sikkim-Himalaya," being an account of the Rhododendrons recently discovered in the mountains of Eastern Himalaya, from drawings and descriptions made on the spot, during a Government botanical mission to that country by Sir J. D. Hooker. A celebrated work, "The Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala," by James Bateman (a gentleman who we are glad to state is still with us, and whose garden at Worthing is one of the most interesting sights in the country), contains many very fine plates, splendidly drawn and coloured, besides numerous woodcuts by Cruickshank, Akermann, Lady Gray, &c. On a table in one of the windows, a portfolio of unpublished "Drawings of the Genus Crocus," from the collection of J. Gay, includes some masterly work, the colouring being superb, and the grouping of the figures highly artistic.

Some fine specimens of old botanical plates and wood-engraving were pointed out to us in the "Calendarium," 1610; "De Historia Stirpium," 1542, and "Hieron Bocks Krutterbuch," published at Strasburg, 1587. The outline engravings in the first-mentioned work are excellent, the hand-painting is execrable. In "De Historia" are some capital wood-engravings in the best style of the period. At the end of the book are three large engravings representing the two artists and the engraver, Ditus Rodolph Speckle. Some very curious old cuts are to be found in the German work.

Other works of perhaps equal merit, or containing similar features of interest, to those already mentioned, are to be found in the library, but sufficient have probably been noticed to convey a good general impression of this important department of Kew Gardens. The institution in its entirety is one of which the country may well be proud, and its attractions for the botanist are of a superlative order. To the book-lover pure and simple, the library has allurements by no means insignificant.

E. W. CROFTS.

The Museum Sliding Presses.

THE principle of the sliding press at the British Museum is peculiar to the Museum. Its great points, Dr. Garnett says, are that it allows expansion within the edifice itself without additional building, and it enables this expansion to be effected gradually out of the income of the library without appealing for the large sums which would be required by extensive structural additions. The cost of a press is about £13, and each press holds about 400 volumes. It is practically an additional bookcase hung in the air from beams projecting from the front of the bookcase it is desired to enlarge, provided with handles for running it backward and forwards, working by rollers running on metal ribs projecting from the beams. Dr. Garnett strongly urges the adoption of these presses in all libraries, and specially in provincial libraries.

A Poetical Inscription.

THE following quaint inscription which I venture to send you, as being possibly new to you and your readers, I take from the inside of the cover of a book I recently purchased at a shop in Bristol. The book is Sales's Koran (8vo, 1844). As it is neatly printed on a small label, and as a second label instructs whomsoever that runs that the volume was bought of the executors of George Wightwick, deceased, at Portishead, October 9, 1872, it is not unlikely that there is many another knocking about with the same Notice to Trespassers, now out of date.—A. S. M. S.

" To whomso'er this book I *lend*,
I *give* one word—no more;
They who to *borrow* condesend,
Should graciously *restore*.

And whoso'er this book should find
(Be't trunk-maker or critick),
I'll thank him if he'll bear in mind
That it is *mine*—

GEORGE WIGHTWICK."

Authors and Printers.

MR. J. T. YOUNG, F.G.S., has collected the following examples from sundry old volumes of theology, history, and science, in which lists of errata are introduced.

Taking the first edition of Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants" (Oxford, 1638), a folio of 413 pages, I find the author prefixing to his list these courteous words:—

"Good reader, through the Author's necessary absence for some weeks while this book was printing, and by reason of an uncorrected copy sent to the press, some errors have escaped, notwithstanding the printer's solicitous and extraordinary care, and the corrector's most assiduous diligence, which I would intreat thee to correct according to the following directions."

The most curious errors in the list (some 30 in number) are "principal" for "prudential;" "canonized" for "discanonized;" "atheists" for "antithesis;" and "government" for "communion."

Very different is William Prynne's heading to the errata in his "Canterbury's Doom" (1646):—

"Courteous Reader: I shall desire thee to correct these ensuing erratae which, through the printer's negligence, have escaped the press."

And at the end of nearly a folio page of small print he adds:—

"Some other slips there are which I shall desire thee to amend as thou findest them, having no leisure to make an exact catalogue of them all."

Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," a small 4to of 267 pages, was printed in London in 1647, while the author was a refugee in Wales, and has a very brief list of errata with the following address from the printer to the reader prefixed:—

"The absence of the Author and his inconvenient distance from London, hath occasioned some lesser escapes in the figures of the margin, which render the quotations in a few places hard to be found by the direction. The printer thinks it the best instance of pardon if his escapes be not laid upon the author. The mistakes in the text an ordinary understanding will amend and a little charity will forgive."

Blunder upon blunder—a mistake in the text and then a further blunder in the correction—occur now and again. The second edition of Knox's "History of the Reformation," a nicely printed folio, 1644, has a curious example on page 201. A marginal note reads "The treason of John *Knox*," which was about the very last thing that was intended—it should have been the treason of John Hart. In the list of errata I find "In the margin p. 201 read 'heart.'"

Two other such notices to the reader as to errata may find a place here in default of a better. The first is at the end of George Wither's poem, "Britain's Remembrancer," 1628, in the premonition to which he says that he was fain to imprint every sheet with his own hand, because he could not get allowance to do it publicly; and at the end he adds:—

"The faults escaped in the printing, we had not such means to prevent as we desired; nor could we conveniently collect them, by reason of our haste, or hazard, or other interruptions; we therefore leave them to be amended, censured, and winked at, according to the reader's discretion."

The other is from a political tract of seventy-five pages by Lieut. Col. John Lilburne, 1649, at the close of which the printer addresses the reader thus:—

> "Reader, as thou the faults herein dost spy,
> I pray thee to correct them with thy pen:
> The Author in close prison, knows not why;
> And shall have liberty he knows not when.
> But if he falls; as he hath lived he dies,
> A faithful martyr for our liberties."

Literary Associations of St. Paul's.[1]

THE reader began by saying that the literary associations which connect St. Paul's Cathedral with certain localities in its immediate vicinity are clearly not of accidental origin. The Church kept burning through the desolation of the Dark Ages, even though it were with a dim religious light, the torch of learning and literary culture. And so we find that from very early times there were settled in the neighbourhood of the cathedral-church writers of service books and other ecclesiastical craftsmen, whose avocations have survived in memory to this day in the nomenclature of the courts and lanes on the north and north-west sides of the cathedral.

In a curious list of the London crafts and mysteries, dated the 9th year of Henry V.'s reign, 1422, preserved at Brewers' Hall, the following book handicraft guilds are mentioned: "Bokebynders, paternosters, scriptores litteræ curialis (or Court-hand writers), scriptores texti (or text-writers)." According to Stow, this craft of Text-writers was the predecessor of the later established Company of Stationers. The earliest records of the Company of Stationers commence in 1555, two years before they obtained their charter from Philip and Mary, which was confirmed by Queen Elizabeth in 1559. An unfortunate gap exists between the latest known evidences of the craft of text-writers and the earliest history of the Stationers. This ncludes the interesting and important period of the invention of printing and its introduction into this country by William Caxton within the precincts of the sister church of St. Peter, Westminster. Many of the writers of books, we may suppose, who lived around St. Paul's kept pace with the times and set up presses for themselves, and an examination of the Registers of the Stationers' Company proves this to be the case. As an instalment of the preface to his invaluable Transcript of the Registers, Professor Arber has lately

[1] From a paper read by Mr. Charles Welch, F.S.A. (City Librarian), at a meeting of the London and Middlesex Archæological Association.

published a very interesting directory of London publishers arranged under the localities of their presses, and compiled from the imprints of books registered at Stationers' Hall in the years 1556, 1557, and 1558. From these lists we learn that in 1556 there were 32 booksellers or publishers in London, 33 in 1557, and 36 in 1558. Of these, about two-thirds were probably printers, as we know from Christopher Barker's Report to Lord Burghley in 1582 upon the printing patents that there were 22 printing houses in London in that year. Professor Arber's investigations reveal the curious fact that of the 32 booksellers included in the list for the year 1556 no less than fifteen lived in St. Paul's Churchyard, five others in close proximity, eight in Fleet Street, two in Lombard Street, one in Aldersgate, and the others in a locality unknown. The fact that St. Paul's so soon became the headquarters of London printing, makes it probable that the new invention was quickly adopted by the Cathedral scribes; but the exact date is very difficult to fix, owing to the frequent omission of a precise indication of locality, beyond that of London, by the early sixteenth century printers, and the fugitive character of the publications which must have first issued from their presses. The shops of the booksellers and printers were in some cases situated at the doors of the Cathedral, as with John Kingston, who had his stall at the west door. He published many important works, such as Chaucer, Calvin, Cicero, Fabyan, Grafton, Machiavelli, hymnals, and liturgies. Richard Jugge dwelt at the Bible at the north door of the Cathedral, and the Widow Toy at the Bell in the churchyard. The names of the other shopkeepers in St. Paul's Churchyard in 1556 were Reginald Wolf at the Brazen Serpent, John Turk at the Cock, William Seres at the Hedgehog, John Cawood at the Holy Ghost, Abraham Veale at the Lamb, William Bonham at the Red Lion, John Wight at the Rose, Michael Lobley at the St. Michael, Anthony Kitson at the Sun, John King at the Swan, Andrew Hester at the White Horse, and John Kingston.

One of the chief of these was John Cawood, who was Royal printer under Queen Mary. He came from the old Yorkshire family of De Cawood, of Cawood, near York. He learned the art of printing as apprentice to John Raynes, of the sign of the George, in St. Paul's Churchyard. He succeeded to the office of Queen's printer in 1553, on the deprivation of Richard Grafton, who had received his appointment from the unfortunate Queen Jane, and printed the proclamation by which she was declared successor to the Crown. By virtue of his office, Cawood had the patent or "privilege" of printing "all statute books, acts, proclamations, injunctions, and other volumes and

things," in English, with the profit appertaining, his salary being £6 13s. 4d. yearly. On Elizabeth's accession he was continued in the office on similar conditions, but jointly with Richard Rugge, who was made senior. Cawood was warden of the Stationers' Company in 1554, and again from 1555 to 1557; his name follows that of Thomas Dockwray, master, in the charter granted to the company in 1556. He was three times master, and a frequent benefactor to the guild. His name occurs, however, upon the books in 1565 as an offender "for stechen of bookes, which ys contrarie to the orders of the howse." He died in 1572, and was buried in St. Faith's under St. Paul's.

Robert Copland, of the Rose Garland, in Fleet Street, was one of Caxton's servants and successors. Like his master, he wrote as well as printed books. Books bearing his colophon are rare, although not remarkable for excellence of printing. Little is known of his personal history, but his brother William, who succeeded him at the same house, was a member of the Stationers' Company, who were present at his funeral, the corporate charges upon that occasion amounting to six shillings.

I must not detain you to speak of Robert Caly, who printed the publications of the Stationers' Company; of William Seres, who, as a patentee for the sole printing of primers, catechisms, and other services for the Church, was in the thick of the fight which raged over these monopolies; nor of Turk, Tottell, Berthelet, and other printers justly worthy of mention. But the name of John Day cannot be passed by without a brief notice. He was born at Dunwich, Suffolk, in 1522, and was a cultured and learned man. By his skill and enterprise he did much to advance the excellence of the art, and his colophon, "Arise, for it is Day," is perhaps better known than that of any old English printer, Caxton and his immediate successors excepted. His first house was in St. Sepulchre's parish, at the sign of the Resurrection, a little above Holborn Conduit. About 1549 he removed to Aldersgate, "and builded much upon the wall of the City towards the parishe gate of St. Anne." He was a patentee for Poynet's catechism under a license from Edward VI., and for A B C's and the Psalms in Elizabeth's reign. As a zealous reformer, he suffered imprisonment with John Rogers, and for a time left the country. Two of the chief works from his press were Foxe's Actes and Monuments, and the works of Thomas Becon. In Strype's "Life of Parker" is preserved an interesting account of Day's business: "And with the Archbishop's engravers, we may joyn his printer Day, who printed his 'British Antiquities' and divers

other books by his order, . . . for whom the Archbishop had a particular kindness. . . . Day was more ingenious and industrious in his art, and probably richer too, than the rest, and so became envied by the rest of his fraternity, who hindered, what they could, the sale of his books; and he had in the year 1572, upon his hands, to the value of two or three thousand pounds worth—a great sum in those days. But living under Aldersgate, an obscure corner of the City, he wanted a good vent for them. Whereupon his friends, who were the learned, procured him from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's a lease of a little shop to be set up in St. Paul's Churchyard. Whereupon he got framed a neat, handsome shop. It was but little and low, and flat-roofed and leaded like a terrace, railed and posted fit for men to stand upon in any triumph or show, but could not in anywise hurt or deface the same. This cost him forty or fifty pounds. But . . . his brethren the booksellers envied him, and by their interest got the Mayor and Alderman to forbid him setting it up, though they had nothing to do there, but by power. Upon this the Archbishop brought his business before the Lord Treasurer, Burghley, and interceded for him, that he would move the Queen to set her hand to certain letters that he had drawn up in the Queen's name to the City, in effect, that Day might be permitted to go forward with his building. Through this powerful influence Day was permitted to continue in his long shop at the "north-west dore of St. Paule's." Day died in 1584, aged 62, and was buried at Bradley Parva. He published about 250 works. "He seems, indeed," says Dibdin "(if we except Grafton), the Plantin of Old English typographers; while his character and reputation scarcely suffer diminution from a comparison with those of his illustrious contemporary just mentioned."

Time does not allow me, even if it were within the scope of my present purpose, to speak of the quartos of our great dramatist and other priceless gems of our literature produced in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries under the shadow of the Cathedral, nor of the lamentable loss to literature in the Great Fire of London, when the printers and booksellers stored their books in the vaults under St. Paul's, which were entirely consumed through their unfortunate haste to regain possession of their property. Although not now the immediate centre of the printing trade, the shadow of the Cathedral still falls upon the mightiest enterprises in literature that the world has ever seen, and the light shed forth from the literary activities which take their concrete form in Paternoster Row illumines the most distant portions of the habitable globe.



Gray's "Elegy."

THERE is no better known poem, and few more beautiful, in the English language than Gray's Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. The first edition of this, now very precious in the eyes of book collectors—a copy sold some little time back for twenty guineas—is disfigured by some curious errors. "Nurse Dodsley," wrote Gray to his friend Horace Walpole, "has given it a pinch or two in the cradle, that, I doubt, it will bear the marks of as long it lives." It came about in this wise: In February, 1751, Gray, then at Cambridge, received a letter from the editors of the *Magazine of Magazines* stating that an ingenious poem called Reflections in a Country Churchyard had been communicated to them, which they were printing forthwith, and learning that he was the author, they had written to beg not only "his indulgence but the honour of his correspondence." Gray at once wrote to Walpole to tell Dodsley to print it immediately and correct the press himself, and to print it without any intervals between the stanzas. The errata when the pamphlet came into Gray's hand must have been annoying in the extreme. In the stanza—

> "Save that from yonder ivy mantled tower,
> The moping owl does to the moon complain
> Of such as wandering near her secret bower
> Molest her ancient solitary reign,"

the word secret in the third line was printed *sacred*. In the stanza

> "For thee, who mindful of the unhonoured dead,
> Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;

If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit should inquire thy fate"—

the word *hidden* is printed in the last line for *kindred*. "Now smiling as in scorn" becomes "Now frowning as in scorn."

"Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke"

becomes

"Their harrow oft the stubborn globe has broke."

"Slow through the Churchway path we saw him borne"

becomes

"Slow through the Churchway path we saw him come;"

and

"Read their history in a nation's eyes"

becomes

"Read their destiny in a nation's eyes."

We need not wonder, I think, at Gray's annoyance at Nurse Dodsley's carelessness.

J. T. YOUNG.

A Remarkable Book.

IT is not every one that can make his own books, but a noted angler and artist of New York has, after eight years of patient labour, succeeded in making a book that is the envy of all collectors. The text is printed with a pen on artificial parchment, and the hundred pages are profusely illustrated with some three hundred drawings in sepia, water colour, and Indian ink, while the capital letters are elaborately illuminated in gold and colours, after the style of ancient missals. This unique work is entitled "Recollections of an Angler," and comprises the fishing trips and adventures of the author, W. Holberton, from his boyhood up to the present time. It is superbly bound by Stikeman, in crushed levant, with appropriate tooling; and the owner has the satisfaction of knowing that even the wealthiest collector cannot duplicate it.

Beaumont's "Psyche."

SOME, perhaps many, on seeing these words will ask, "What Beaumont is this, and what is his Psyche?" Some, as I did myself when I first heard the name of the book, will perhaps take it for granted that Psyche is the classical Psyche, and that the book is such a poetical version of the novel of Apuleius as Mrs. Tighe wrote in 1805, or such a prose version as Miss Yonge wrote in 1880 in her story "Love and Life." Nothing of the kind, but as will be seen a far more serious and important work, is Beaumont's "Psyche."

But first of the author. He was not the best known of the name, Francis the dramatist, the associate of John Fletcher; nor was he Francis' elder brother, the less known Sir John of Grace Dieu, a baronetcy now extinct; nor the still less known son of the latter, Sir John the younger, who fought and died for Charles I. He was, however, doubtless one of the same family, which was a very widespread one, though his connection with it has not been traced: Joseph Beaumont, D.D., Prebendary of Ely, 1651–74, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, 1662–63, of St. Peter's College, 1663–99, Regius Professor of Divinity, 1674–99, died aged 84, 1699.

The poem "Psyche" was written in 1647–48, when the author was still a young man; he had been expelled from his Fellowship at St. Peter's by the usurping Parliament, and thus employed his time at Hadleigh in Suffolk. The nature of the poem is fully explained in its title, "Psyche, or Love's Mystery, displaying the Intercourse betwixt CHRIST and the Soul," and in its author's introduction:—

"The Turbulence of these Times having deprived me of my wonted Accommodations of Study; I deliberated, *for the avoiding of*

meer Idleness, what task I might safeliest presume upon, without the Society of Books; and concluded upon Composing this *Poem*. In which I endeavour to represent a Soul led by divine *Grace*, and her *Guardian Angel*, (in fervent *Devotion*,) through difficult Temptations and Assaults of *Lust*, of *Pride*, of *Heresy*, of *Persecution*, and of *Spiritual Dereliction*, to a holy and happy *Departure* from *temporal Life*, to heavenly Felicity: Displaying by the way, the *Magnalia Christi*,[1] his *Incarnation* and *Nativity*; his *Flight into Ægypt*, his *Fasting* and *Temptation*, his chief *Miracles*, his being *Sold* and *Betrayed*, his *Institution of the Holy Eucharist*, his *Passion*, his *Resurrection* and *Ascension*; which were his mighty Testimonies of his *Love* to the *Soul*."

While its intention may be seen in the following humble and pious dedication:—

"Into the Most Sacred Treasury of the Praise and Glory of INCARNATE GOD, the World's most Merciful REDEEMER, the unworthiest of His Majestie's Creatures, in all possible Prostrate Veneration, begs leave to cast this his Dedicated Mite."

The work was first published in the year of its finishing, 1648, but not in its final shape, for it was republished in 1702 by the author's son, Charles Beaumont, also a Fellow of St. Peter's, "with Corrections throughout, and Four new Cantos never before Printed." These words, however, give too extensive an idea of the actual additions; for though the editor does say that the work was "carefully corrected in every Stanza, and much enlarged in every Canto by the hand of the late Reverend Author many years before his Death," it appears from what follows that only one canto, the 16th, was wholly new, and that the number had been further increased from twenty to twenty-four by dividing three of the old ones into two.

To this editorial preface is added "a long and ingenious Copy of Verses made in Memory of the deceased Author" by Samuel Woodford, D.D., who it appears had by Dr. Beaumont's will perused and aided in the preparation of this second edition, though dying before its publication. Of Charles Beaumont the means at my disposal unable me to state nothing; Dr. Woodford, however, I find to have

[1] A phrase originating with Tertullian; probably best known as the title of Cotton Mather's celebrated American Church History (1702):—

> "In Mather's *Magnalia Christi*
> Of the old colonial time,
> May be found in prose the legend
> That is here set down in rhyme" (*Longfellow*).

been of Wadham College, Oxford, prebendary successively of Chichester and Winchester, and to have died in 1700.

To each canto of "Psyche," after the fashion of the *Faery Queene*, is prefixed a stanza of poetical argument. I now propose to reprint these for the purpose of giving a short account of the plot of the poem; supplementing them with a few, but as few as possible, of my own words, and also in most cases with extracts of some two or three stanzas as specimens from each canto.

Canto i. *The Preparative.* 252 stanzas. The stanzas are of six ten-syllable lines, the first four rhyming alternately, and ended by a couplet.

> "Enrag'd at *Heav'n* and *Psyche*, *Satan* laies
> His projects to beguile the tender Maid,
> Whilst *Phylax* proper counter-works doth raise,
> And mustereth Joseph's Legend to her aid;
> That fortify'd by this chast Pattern, She
> To *Lust's* assaults impregnable might be."

Satan in infernal council, as in "Paradise Lost," plots against Psyche, the Bride of CHRIST. Though thus spoken of, she is to some extent represented also at the same time as an English Lady among surroundings partly classical, partly pastoral. Indeed the whole poem is a strange mixture of allegory and quasi-fact, just as Bunyan in the "Pilgrim's Progress" makes Faithful die in reality instead of in figure like Christian, by continuing his march to the end.[1] The first demon sent by Satan is he named in the Argument, against whom Phylax, the Guardian Angel, knowing what will come, relates the tale of Joseph's similar temptation.

ST. 75. "Thus did He gently grave upon her Heart
The Characters of Heaven; thus every day
He reads some Lecture, lest the *Tempter's* Art
Upon her young and plyant Soul should prey:
But they this morning being private, she
A story begg'd; and thus replyed He."

Canto ii. *Lust Conquered.* 223 stanzas.

> "Lust, who in ambush lay, the Onset gives
> To careless *Psyche* as she gads abroad:
> *Charis* the overpowered *Maid* relieves:
> *Phylax* unmasks the *Fiend*. Her penitent flood
> *Psyche* pours out, and is conducted by
> A Vision to the Court of *Chastity*."

[1] The inconsistency of this was first pointed out by Macaulay, and after him by Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen in his most interesting essay on the Relation of Novels to Life (Cambridge Essays, 1855).

Psyche in a wood is rescued from a Boar by a Gentleman. From him and from herself she is saved by Charis (Grace) and Phylax.

Canto iii. *The Girdle or Love-Token.* 227 stanzas.

"Her *Spouse*, in *token* of his royal *Love*
A *Girdle* unto *Psyche* sends: wherein
The accurate Work's historic Beauty strove
The radiant Materials to outshine.
Phylax the rich Embroidery expounds,
And with the *Token* then the *Maid* surrounds."

Phylax from the Divine Spouse brings to Psyche the girdle of Purity. It is embroidered with the beginning of the Gospel History. This he explains, and puts the girdle on her.

ST. 142. "To be Baptized, but not cleans'd, comes He
Who is more spotless than that living *Light*
Which gilds the crest of Heav'n's sublimity;
He comes by being washed to wash white
Baptism itself, that it henceforth from *Him*
And his pure Touch, with Purity may swim."

Canto iv. *The Rebellion.* 256 stanzas.

"Galled by severe *Devotion's* constant Reins
The *Senses* and the *Passions* rebels prove:
Pride's voted General, who awhile disdains
The Office his Ambition most did love:
Reason's surpriz'd, and into Prison thrown:
The *Will* revolts, and *Psyche's* left alone."

Pride and other bodily and mental temptations against Psyche are set out at length. The description of the former class leads to some such curious physiological writing as reminds the reader of Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island."

ST. 83. "Up sprung a suddain Grove, where every Tree
Impeopled was with Birds of softest throats:
With Boughs Quires multiply'd, and Melody
As various was as were the Singers' Notes:
Till *Philomel's* diviner Anthem's sound
Them in a deeper Sea of Music drown'd.

ST. 89. Beneath a silver River stole, and by
Its gentle murmur did all ears invite;
In whose fair streams a Swan, content to dy,
And at that dear price buy them fresh delight,
Tun'd her long Pipe to such an height that she
Sung out her soul in her own Elegy."

Canto v. *The Pacification.* 254 stanzas.

"*Love* on the *Rebels'* part with *Psyche* treats,
Whose fair tale *Thelema* and *Agenor* back:
And she deluded by their fawning cheats
Makes league with them, and hugs her own mistake;
Then muffling up *Syneidesis* at home,
In wanton pride she joys abroad to rome."

Psyche, overborne by Thelema (will), and Agenor (pride), disregards and imprisons her conscience (Syneidesis), and leaves home for a City, but unsatisfied, returns again. It must be noted that this is almost the only place where the word "Love" is used in the ordinary human, instead of the divine sense. A reader must not overlook this.

ST. 222. "An open Chariot she calls for; and
That with due state and speed her wheels might run,
Eight tall stout *Passions*, at her command
Bow'd down their necks, and put the harness on,
Being pricked with as strong an itch to be
Abroad, and trot about the world, as she.

ST. 250. Then with relaxed rein admonishing
Her smoking steeds; they snatch'd her coach away
With sparkling foaming terror, copying
Her hasty Indignation; till they
Drew near a goodly City; where their pace
They chang'd, and stalked in with princely grace.

ST. 254. On many Palaces her eye she cast,
Which yet could not vouchsafe to view them long;
At last abhorring all she saw, she prest
With insolent fierceness through the staring Throng,
Crying: These Cottages can yield no room
For *Psyche's* entertainment; I must home."

Canto vi. *The Humiliation.* 334 stanzas.

"Her heav'nly *Friends* by Soul-subduing art
Recover *Psyche* from her shameful Glory:
And sure to seal upon her softned heart
Religious *Meekness*, *Phylax* tells the story
How Heav'n and Earth came Heav'n and Earth to be;
And what vile Stain blurr'd her Nativity."

Charis and Phylax, divinely sent, return; release Syneidesis; and recover Psyche. Phylax, like Raphael in "Paradise Lost," or Oriel in "Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever," begins to relate the History of Creation and the Fall of Man.

ST. 115. "ALL things at first was *God*, who dwelt alone
In his unbounded self: but bounteous He
Conceiv'd the form of this Creation
That other things by Him might Happy be.
A way to ease his streams his *Goodness* sought,
And at the last into a *World* burst out.

ST. 116. Which World at first was but one single step
From simple *Nothing*: yet that step was wide:
No Power but His or could or yet can leap
Over to *Something's* bank from *Nothing's* side.
If you those distances compare with this,
The East and West are one, the Poles will Kiss.

ST. 117. This Something, son of Nothing, in the Gulf
Of its own monstrous Darkness wallowing lay,
And strangely lost in its confounded self
Knew neither where to go nor where to stay,
Being hideously besieg'd on every side
With *Tohu's* and with *Bohu's*[1] boundless Tide."

Canto vii. *The Great Little One.* 303 stanzas.

"The *Angel* convoys *Psyche* to the Scene
Of Mercy's grand exploits, to show her what
Dear care it cost her *Lord* to wash her clean
From every sinful soul-deflouring Blot.
Betimes he 'gins, and from the morning Glory
Of Love's bright *Birth* lights in the blessed *Story*."

The Great Little One is of course THE REDEEMER, whose birth Phylax now relates.

ST. 180. "Then in the Cratch (since with no better bed
This sorry house could gratify its guest,)
Where careless Hay was for the coverings spread,
She lay'd him down to take his hardy rest.
Thus came the *Ox* to know his *Owner*, and
The *Asse* his *Master's* crib to understand."

Canto viii. *The Pilgrimage.* 314 stanzas.

"Love's Presentation solemnized; He
To Egypt through the dismal Desert flies;
Where by the dint of *true Divinity*
He dasheth down the *forged Deities*;[2]
And thence when *Herod* had the *Infants* slain
And *Justice* him, returneth home again."

The Gospel History from Bethlehem through Egypt back to Nazareth.

[1] "The earth was *without form and void*"=tohu-va-bohu.
[2] "Gospel of Infancy"; Clark's "Apocr. Gospels," &c., p. 104.

Canto ix. *The Temptation.* 285 stanzas.

"*Love*, by the Desert's love-abhorring Beasts
Meekly acknowledg'd and adored is :
Bold *Famine* forty days upon Him feasts;
To whose sharp teeth sly *Satan* joyneth his
Soft tongue's deceit ; yet nothing by their great
Attempt's effected, but their own *Defeat*."

The whole of this canto describes the scene in the Wilderness which gives its name.

ST. 151. "There pray'd He that the world might not disdain
The gentle yoak He meant on it to lay;
Nor force Heaven to come down to Earth in vain,
But to its now obtruding Bliss give way,
That since *God* to *Humanity* did stoop,
Man would into *Divinity* get up."

Canto x. *The Marvels.* 427 stanzas.

"*Love* to convince the World in whom to lay
The Treasure of its Hopes and Confidence,
Proves by a full and glorious Display
What undeniable *Omnipotence*
Dwelt in his Hand, which alway shelter spread
On those who to its Sanctuary fled."

The Divine Miracles from the Marriage at Cana to the raising of Lazarus.

ST. 425. "Such, *Psyche*, were those Arts and Acts, whereby
Thy *Saviour* to his World himself indear'd,
But in so vast a multiplicity
That were they all distinctly register'd
That World's whole bounds would not sufficient be
To find those only Books a Library.

ST. 426. And what meant these *miraculous Dispensations*
But his Affection to proclaim intire?
No royal Suter by such Demonstrations
E'er sealed to his Queen his true Desire,
As here the *Prince of heav'n* display'd to prove
How with all *Human Souls* he was *in love*."

Canto xi. *The Traitor.* 292 stanzas.

"In sordid love of thick and rusting Clay,
Prodigious *Judas Love* himself doth sell;
But for his pains, besides the *High-priests'* pay,
Receives a dreadful Sallary of *Hell*,
Which met him upon earth, and from his foul
And splitting body tore his wounded Soul."

The Betrayal, with the death of Judas. The last line of the canto—

"O that all Traitors would of Judas think!"—

is italicized, and considering the poem's date is very clear in its application.

(*To be concluded.*)

An Old Recipe Book.

MR. C. LOWE, of Birmingham, catalogues an original old Recipe and Cookery Book in MS. It contains quaint and accurate directions for making Preserves of all kinds, Possetts "Lullibubs," Creams, "Jumballs," Puffs and "Bisketts," Cakes, Cheeses, Breads, Waters, "Syrrups," Wines, Puddings, and Pies, "Fisk," Soopes, How to make "Coller," Pickles, Side Dishes, &c., &c., together with useful Recipes for the remedy of diseases attendant on mortals, and at the end several pages of carefully written out Bills of "Fairs" (Fare), and two elaborate drawings of dishes arranged ontables, each marked with its name, representing First Course and Second Course. It is in small folio on *old vellum*, the pages are written in large clear handwriting on one side only, of which there are about 170, double lines drawn between the items. It contains the following note of possession: "Jane Ruddle, her book, 1704," surrounded with flourishes.

The date of this book is probably earlier, as several of the directions end in manner following: ". . . As thick as your Ladyskip please," ". . . you wash ye Ladyskip with it," &c., ". . . and bake or fry you as yr Ladyskip please," ". . . yn serve ym for Genteel Tarts;" and indeed the style of writing indicates an earlier date. There are various added recipes in other hand-writings, and one a loose slip, called "The Earl of Pembroks Balsam." The author praises Garlick. "It cures all obstructions in ye body, it prevents a comsumption, cures ye green sickness, and surfeit, it cleanseth the gutts, killeth wormes in the Stomach and Bladder, and keeps the body solvable." Much of it is abbreviated according to the custom ot writing in those times, as ". . . putting it on lightlye yt ye wine may look fine and clear in ye bottom of ye glasses, yn serve ym," but it easy to read, and has much fuller descriptions of the processes given than we find nowadays, as well as many valuable recipes, now lost sight of.

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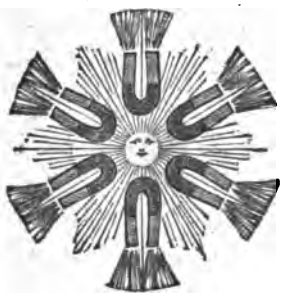
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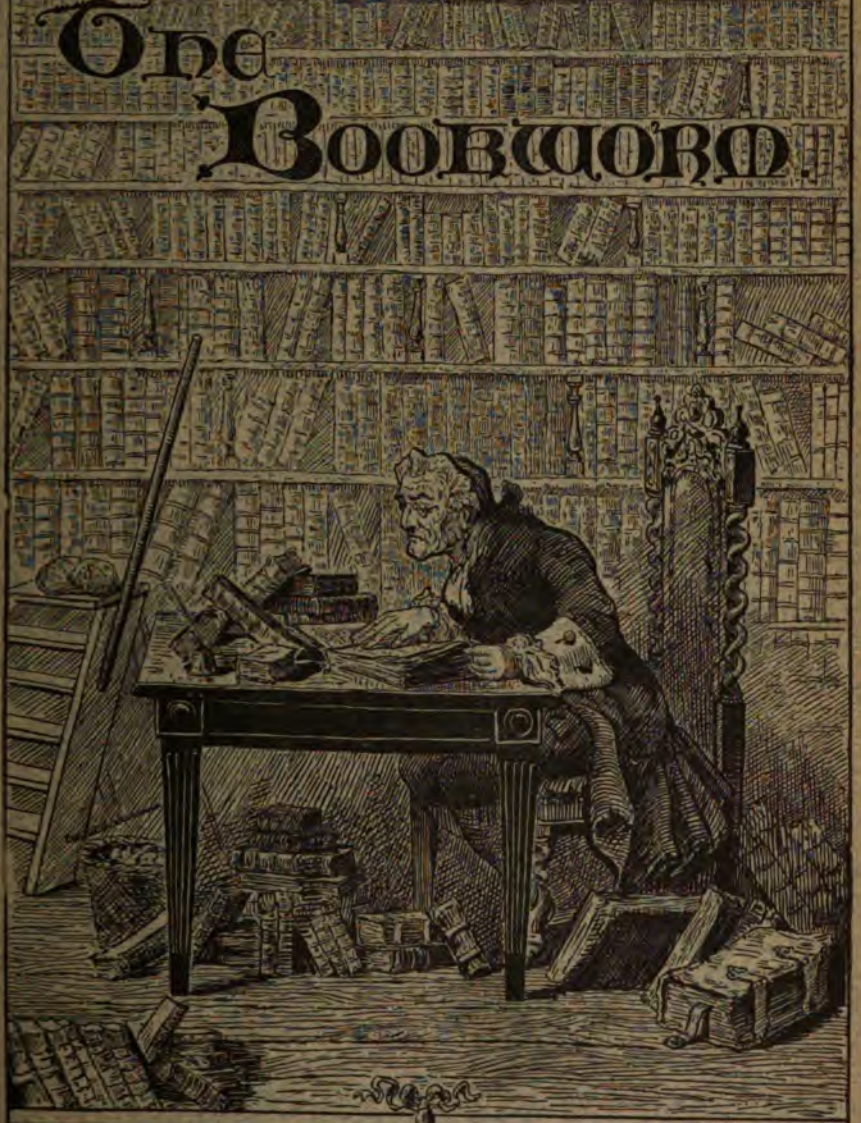
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The Bookworm



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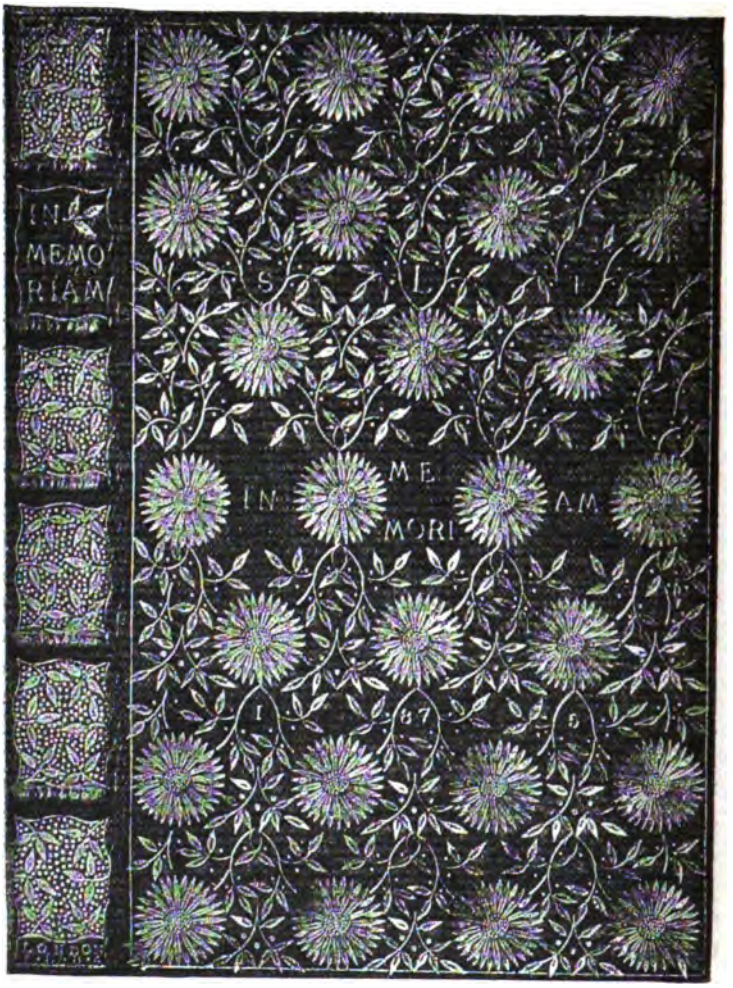
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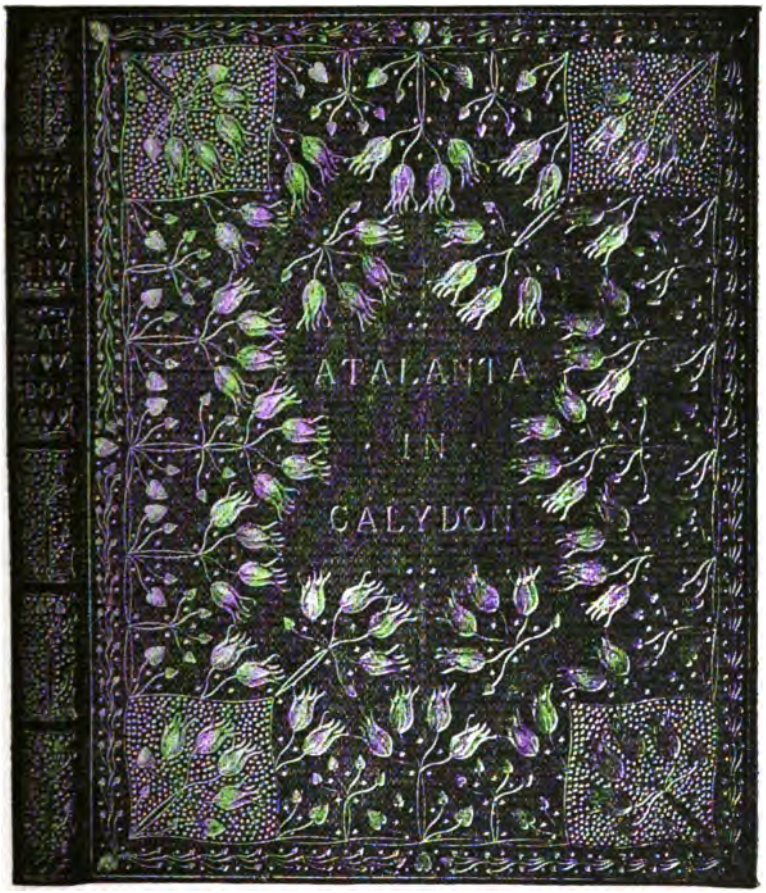
THE new annual volume of Messrs. Macmillan's *English Illustrated Magazine* is the best which has yet appeared, and it forms decidedly the most interesting and substantial of presents in the way of books. The variety in literary contents is scarcely second to the excellence of the illustrations; whilst among the essays contained in this volume we are glad to note several of considerable bibliographical interest. Mr. F. G. Kitton contributes two capital papers, one on "Dickens's *Punch*," and the other on William J. Linton, the distinguished wood-engraver and poet, whilst Mr. Austin Dobson writes on "The Vicar of Wakefield and its Illustrators." But perhaps the most important literary essay is Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's on "Bookbinding," with a number of examples designed and executed by the author himself. We have already referred to this valuable paper, and through the courtesy of the publishers we are now enabled to reproduce a couple of examples, one being Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and the other Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." There must be, remarks Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, for every design a scheme or framework of distribution: the area to be covered must be covered according to some symmetrical plan; there must also be some sufficient *motif*. The latter is the element, the repetition, development, variation, distribution, and modification of which upon the selected plan or scheme of distribution constitute the accomplished pattern. This motive is sometimes suggested by the subject-matter of the book or the circumstances of its ownership. "In illustration of this kind of sug-

gestion I may mention that the motive and scheme of distribution of the 'In Memoriam,' broad bands of daisies, band upon band, were suggested partly by the subject-matter of the book, and partly



by those lines of Tennyson's in which Tithonus, immortal and grown old, bemoans his fate at the threshold of the Dawn, immortal and for ever young, and envies the 'grassy barrows of the happier dead':

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East ;
How can my nature longer mix with thine ?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.'



These 'grassy barrows of the happier dead' came into my mind when I took the book in hand to decorate it. . . . So the motive and the scheme of distribution of 'Atalanta in Calydon' were suggested by the whole subject-matter of the poem, but especially by the dream of Althæa, the mother of Meleager." The article is full of practical hints, and we advise every one, amateur and professional, to study it carefully.

It is not often that a book which appeals primarily to the musician has an interest scarcely less pronounced for the antiquary. The "English Carols of the Fifteenth Century," just issued from the Leadenhall Press (London, E.C.), is not only an exception to the general rule, but is a remarkably interesting and important book, produced in first-class style. It is edited from a MS. roll in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, M.A., F.S.A., whilst the added vocal parts are by Mr. W. S. Rockstro, so that both the antiquarian and the musical points of view are equally thoroughly well done. As Mr. Maitland points out in his admirable introduction, the series of carols contained in the volume now before us shows the science of counterpoint in a very early and rudimentary condition. Few of the songs have absolute melodic beauty as would make them popular nowadays, and even as much as is possessed by the *rota* "Sumer is icumen in," which was probably written some two hundred years before these saw light. They have (continues the editor) a special value, however, since they are almost the only existing specimens of English music of that period, or at all events the only specimens which have not been tampered with before reaching us in their modern dress. They are especially valuable, moreover, as being almost without a doubt the work of one composer, and as enabling the rules by which their structure is governed to be clearly seen. There are very many points into which we should enter in connection with this valuable book if space permitted. In quoting one of these quaint carols in modernized spelling, we will content ourselves with saying that this book is one which no musician's library should be without:—

ABIDE, I HOPE IT BE THE BEST.

1.

Abide, I hope it be the best,
Since hasty man waneth never woe.
Abide, etc.

2.

Let every man that will have rest
Ever be advised what he will do.
Abide, etc.

3.

Prove ere thou take, think ere thou feast,
In weal beware lest thou have woe.
Abide, etc.

* * * *

We cannot let the death of Mr. J. P. Berjeau pass without a few notes. He was the *doyen* of the French Republican journalists, and died in Paris in November, after only two days' illness, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. Having opposed Louis Napoleon's candidature with all the might of his pen, he was exiled on the Prince-President's accession to power, returning to France only after the fall of the Empire. During his long residence in England he not only continued his contributions to the French political press, but also wrote for the London journals—the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Observer*, the *Athenæum*, and others. It is, however, chiefly as a learned bibliophile that he will be remembered on this side of the Channel; and it is to him that we owe the beautiful and accurate reproduction of the block-books in the British Museum, and a number of books—in the English language—on the invention and early days of printing. He was almost the first in this country to popularize bibliography by publishing a periodical devoted solely to this subject. First came the *Bibliophile* (in French) and *The Bookworm*. Our nominal predecessor lived for several years, published much valuable and interesting "bookish" matter, and a complete set is now a rarity which commands a figure considerably beyond its original price—a very unusual occurrence with periodical publications. M. Berjeau's funeral was attended by a deputation representing the Parisian journalists, and sympathetic speeches were delivered at the graveside by MM. Madier de Montjau and Canivet.

* * * *

The "book-thief" has recently been very much on the rampage. In one instance he was detected, charged, and sent to prison for six months. He was an old man with a flowing grey beard, and described himself as a bookseller of Stamford Street, London. The particular book which he was caught stealing was a copy of Tyler's "Primitive Culture," which belonged to Messrs. Humphrey and Shepherd, booksellers, of Piccadilly. It seems that the thief was a frequent visitor to the shop, and often asked questions about books without purchasing any. From an advertisement we learn that Messrs. Sotheran & Co., of 136 Strand, W.C., have lost several valuable books, and request any one having lately been offered the undermentioned to communicate with them: Burns's "Poems," first edition, 8vo, bound by Rivière in maroon morocco extra, gilt edges (the title mounted)—Kilmarnock, 1786; Shakespeare's "Poems," first edition, with portrait by Marshall, and the eleven extra leaves at end, 12mo, bound by W. Pratt in red morocco, gold borders inside, gilt edges (a fine large copy)—London, 1640; Heywood (Jasper),

"The Thyestes of Seneca," black letter, small 8vo, morocco—London, 1560; "Pierce Plowman's Vision and Crede," black letter, 4to, calf—London, 1561. The books, it will be seen, are all valuable. As a matter of fact, the book-thief is generally a person with a nice discrimination in the matter of rare books, otherwise, indeed, the game would not be worth the proverbial candle. An ignorant person would be sure to steal the wrong books—say Mr. Rider Haggard's novels, for example.

* * * *

A bibliographical curiosity has just been issued by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. It is Mr. Douglas Sladen's "Lester the Loyalist," a romance of the founding of Canada in hexameter verse. The book itself was "made" in Japan, in one of the styles prescribed by the Japanese for the printing of poetry, and under the supervision of Mr. Nagao, their leading authority on book production. The maple leaves "sprinkled" across the pages were printed from wood-blocks specially cut for the purpose, it being the custom in Japan to decorate every page of poetry with pictures or designs. The only departures from the Japanese precedent are in the lines being printed horizontally, as in English, instead of vertically; and in the book reading, in our fashion, from left to right, instead of from right to left. "Lester the Loyalist" is an exceedingly pretty production which every collector of literary curios will do well to get.

"The Battle of Marathon."

ANYBODY who happens to be in possession of a thin demy octavo volume entitled "The Battle of Marathon," may be reckoned among the chosen of this earth. The book lovers know of three copies only of this work, which is Mrs. Browning's first published book. One of the three was picked up on a barrow of derelict literature in the street of London the other day, and not far from it was a copy of "Pauline" in its original parts bought for one shilling and sold for £15. But Bath for a few hours this week possessed a fourth copy of "The Battle of Marathon." This insignificant looking little work had been unearthed by Mr. Meehan, "The Provincial Quaritch" of Gay Street, Bristol (states the *Bath Herald*), who found an immediate customer for it for close on £30. It had additional interest in being a presentation copy from the author to her uncle, whose armorial book-plate it bore. Not one of the public libraries can boast of a copy of this treasure.

Lamb's Literary Remuneration.

AS a rule, no chapter in an author's biography excites more general interest than the one that tells of the pay he received for his writings. In none of the Lives of Charles Lamb is there any such a chapter, observes the *Speaker*, so that a letter of his just now offered for sale in a dealer's catalogue has particular interest. Internal evidence shows that it was written in 1826 to Colburn, the publisher of the *New Monthly Magazine*, to which Lamb began to contribute after the *London* had passed out of the hands of Taylor and Hessey. To the *New Monthly* he was contributing the papers entitled "Popular Fallacies." He writes: "I am quite ashamed, after your kind letter, of having expressed any disappointment about my remuneration. It is quite equivalent to the value I can set upon anything I have ever sent you. I had twenty guineas a sheet from the *London;* and what I did for them was more worth that sum than anything, I am afraid, I can now produce, would be worth the lesser sum. I used up all my best thoughts in that publication, and do not like to go on writing worse and worse, feeling that I do so." The letter goes on to say he is sure that, quality for quality, the later productions are the better paid, and that if he writes anything more for his correspondent, perhaps a rate something between that of the *London* and the other—which is not specified—might be arranged. He adds that he writes because he is ashamed to see his correspondent, and begs the letter of complaint may be consigned to oblivion. Lamb's twenty guineas a sheet—equal to about three shillings per hundred words—was very good pay for magazine work seventy years ago. The ordinary rate was probably eight or ten guineas. The two great reviews paid their contributors on a much higher scale. Southey, no doubt, was paid for the paper on the "Progress of Infidelity" at twice or thrice the rate with which Lamb contented himself for the "Letter of Elia to Robert Southey, Esq.," written in reply to that paper. Let the great army of the underpaid find consolation in the fact that it is not the costlier article which is immortal.

"The Yasna."

A MAGNIFICENT volume is shortly to be issued by the Clarendon Press in the shape of a collotype reproduction of the ancient manuscript of the Yasna, with its Pahlavi translation of 1323, in the possession of the Bodleian Library. The Yasna, which contains the original hymns of Zoroaster, in the oldest and most important part of the Zend Avesta, and the manuscript is priceless. It has been for centuries hereditary property in the family of a high priest of the Parsis, Dastur Jamaspji, who generously presented it recently to the University of Oxford. The manuscript extends to 382 folios, and constitutes a fundamental document of Zend religion and philology. The reproduction is limited to 200 numbered copies, and will be issued to subscribers only at five guineas a copy.

Book Famine in Russia.

FOOD for the mind is evidently as scarce as food for the mouth in the land of Slav. Says *Free Russia*: "The present generation is no less eager for book-lore than the former one. But the supply has been cut quite short by our paternal government. Everything which our young people are most anxious to have is prohibited. The index comprises not only Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, but even Charles Darwin, even Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' even the Comte de Paris's little volume upon the 'English Trades Unions.' Everything, in fact, which is not a glorification of the Tzar and the orthodox church is taboo. This has caused a real book famine in Russia, accompanied with the usual attributes of famine. The prices of books have risen to four, five, and even ten times the original amount. Sums which, for Russia, are fabulous, are paid for old editions of Tchernyshevsky, Herzen, Lassalle, Marx and others. But the worst is that there is no getting them at all. The number of copies is so small that they pass from hand to hand, people having to send in their applications long beforehand and to wait sometimes for very long periods. A young man told me that he had to wait *two years* before he could get the copy of Karl Marx promised to him."

"Adventures of an Irish Giant."

ON the 29th of January, 1838, Charles Dickens despatched from 48, Doughty Street, to "Gerald Griffin, Esq., Pallas Kenry, Ireland," perhaps the most interesting, and in one respect certainly the most important, of his unpublished letters, now existing. It is in "broad border," or third stage of "male" mourning, for his wife's gentle sister Mary, whose epitaph he wrote, and its "adventures" in a small way resemble those of "An Irish Giant" mentioned in its contents.

We had then no *poste restante* at Pallas Kenry, and so the quick-witted postmaster would have it "after him" in hot pursuit. It finally found him "at Dr. Griffin's, 62, George Street, Limerick," and announced to Gerald a "decision" of Bentley which Dickens for several months laboured hard to "reverse" or modify—fortunately for literature and his own health, with success.

Dickens says: "Sir, Mr. Bentley has handed to me the first part of your 'Adventures of an Irish Giant.' As the subscribers to the *Miscellany* have complained bitterly of our numerous continuations we have been obliged to discontinue them."

Here Mr. Bentley, anticipating Mr. Newnes and other publishers by a clear half-century, puts down his foot for *Tit Bits* and *Scraps* for his *Miscellany*, to the exclusion of *all* serial stories, Dickens's not even excepted.

Though this decision of the autocratic publisher added a new disturbing wave to the "ocean of troubles" and the "sea of manuscripts" in which Dickens, as editor and overworked writer, bravely struggled, at the most critical period of his brilliant career, yet he was not totally disabled. Dickens and his friend Forster prevailed

with the publisher. Fortunately for succeeding generations, Bentley at last consented, but evidently with a bad grace, that "Barnaby Rudge" should succeed "Oliver Twist" in serial form in the *Miscellany*, instead of being completed, as per contract, in Nov., '38, as a three vol. novel—a task well-nigh impossible for Dickens in the time, taking into account his numerous other engagements. He had thus a weight of troubles removed from his shoulders, and the "time" for which he struggled so gallantly brought him health and spirits and banished the "hideous nightmare" mentioned by Forster in his interesting "Life" of Dickens.

But what became of the "First Part" of our friend the "Irish Giant," so summarily dismissed from the *Miscellany* in favour of "Complete Papers each of which could be begun and completed in the same Number"? I believe he never found his way back to Ireland or Boston, U.S., but slept in a pigeon-hole in Bentley's; and when he awoke, if he ever did awake, his creator was sleeping the sleep of the just. In 1851–52 "The Adventures of an Irish Giant," in twenty-six chapters, appeared in serial form in *Duffy's Fireside Magazine*, a work now become scarce. About the same time, in agreement with Mr. Duffy, Mr. P. Donoghue, of Boston, U.S., published the same matter—tradition in Mr. Duffy's office says *more*. My impression is that Gerald Griffin did not begin a Second Part after the rejection of the First—a purely accidental rejection and not on its merits—as the author's "valuable assistance" was still sought—and that the copy for what was published consisted of his first rough draft polished and connected by another hand. I make this assertion from internal evidence alone, and I do not know with any certainty what fraction of the "Irish Giant" appeared in America. What I have read in the *Fireside Magazine* certainly displays the power and isolated beauties of the master hand, but the strong electric current which should flow uninterruptedly through the "Irish Giant" is often weakened by "breaks" and imperfect "conductors."

I envy the collectors of Dickens's Letters who are readers of his works, when I take in hand this letter lying before me, from my collection of Autograph Letters; and I would gladly spend a month in searching the pigeon-holes of Bentley for the "First Part" of the "Irish Giant" who must have slept so soundly for at least thirteen long years, probably forgotten by his gentle and amiable author, Gerald Griffin.

JAS. HAYES.

Ennis.

Beaumont's "Psyche."

(*Concluded from p.* 32.)

Canto xii. *The Banquet.* 233 stanzas.

"To seal his Dear *Remembrance* safe and sure
Upon the hearts of his selected Sheep,
Love institutes his *Parting Feast*, so pure
And richly-sweet, that *Psyche* rap'd by deep
Desire at its Description, sues to be
A sharer in that Board's Felicity."

The Institution of the highest rite of Christianity. The present pages are not suitable to quote at any length from Dr. Beaumont's doctrinal verses;[1] but I will venture so far as to extract these three:

St. 97. "Ask me not then, How can the thing be done,
What power of Sense or Reason can digest it?
Fools as you are, what *Demonstration*
So evident as this, *My God profest it*?
And if you prove it true that *He can lye*,
This Wonder, and Him too, I'll strait deny.

St. 232. *O King of constant Love*, whose sumptuous care
For hungry hearts that high Provision made;
Lo how my *famish'd Soul* lies gasping here
For *one* dear *Crumb* of thy mysterious *Bread*,
And craves to cool her burning tongue one *Drop*
Of liquid Life from thy all-saving *Cup*.

St. 233. I know and feel my worthlessness and how
Unfit I am to hope for any share
In those peculiar Delicates, which thou
Didst for thy genuine faithful *Sons* prepare:
Yet to *a Dog* once more thy leave afford
To catch what falleth from thy *Children's Board*."

[1] Some of these are given in "The Doctrine of the Real Presence" (a catena of authorities), by William Wright, D.D., Trin. Coll., Dub.: Parker, 1855.

Canto xiii. *The Impeachment.* 278 stanzas.

"*Spight, Slander, Scorn, Injustice,* rampant grown
Array themselves against *Love's* single head:
He hurried and worry'd up and down
Through thousand Wrongs, with mighty *Patience* fed
Their hungry *Cruelties,* who studied how
To blanch their ugly Villany with *Law.*"

The Trial of the Saviour. As in canto xi., the last stanza, addrest to Pilate, has clearly its special signification.

"So shall thine Hand thou thoughtst thou washt so white,
Foully imbru'd in thine own horrid gore
An useful Copy to all Judges write
Of what sure Doom Heav'n's righteous Wrath doth pour
On them who warp *Law's rule* to *People's Lust,*
And make the *Throne of Justice* be *Unjust.*"

Canto xiv. *The Death of Love.* 257 stanzas.

"*Love* having *liv'd* for Man, is pleas'd to *Die*
To make his Purchase sure by *Life* and *Death*
Through Earth's profoundest gulf of Tyranny
And vaster ocean of Heav'n's mighty Wrath
He nobly waded: then upon the shore
After his *blood,* vouchsaf'd his *Soul* to pour."

The Crucifixion and Death.

St. 208. "*Father, into thy hands I here commit*
My Spirit, which thou woo'st to come to thee;
Up flew that *mighty Word,* and after it
Towred his blessed *Soul*; whilst noble He
Bowed down his head, submitting sweetly to
That *Will* he came *by life and death* to do."

Canto xv. *The Triumph of Love.* 353 stanzas.

"In his own *Den Love* binds the *King of Hate,*
Death and *Corruption* in the *Grave* subdues,
Turns back the bridled Stream of *mortal Fate,*
Himself *alive* to his *Disciples* shews,
In Triumph's bright Excess Ascends upon
A Cloud, and mounts his *everlasting Throne.*"

The Forty Days till the Ascension.

St. 302. "But through these vast *Expansions* as he went,
Lo his Almighty *Father* came to meet him:
O *Psyche,* hadst thou seen that *Complement*
Of boundless love with which he there did greet him,
The Spectacle for ever thee had blest,
And more than heav'n diffused in thy breast.

St. 303. Unfathomable Streams of *Jubilation*
Attended on *Him*, bearing up his Train;
A Flood of most excessive *Gratulation*
Before him roll'd: but O how Sovereign
Was that impatient *Infinity*
Of *Complacence* which issued from his Eye!"

Canto xvi. *The Supply* (this is the canto afterwards added). 235 stanzas.

"That *Absent Love* might here be *Present* still,
He on his dear Disciples' heads his own
Coequal *Spirit* from Heav'n's lofty Hill
Pours in a Wind's loud-rushing Torrent down;
And *Pentecost* in solemn State transfers
From *Jewish* to the *Christian Calendars*."

The Descent of the Spirit at Pentecost.

St. 56. "For leaping out of his eternal throne,
Where he with equal majesty did shine
Together with the *Father* and the *Son*
Th' almighty Spirit bowed his divine
Highness to this low journey: for He went
Though sent by them yet by his own Consent."

Canto xvii. *The Cheat.* 211 stanzas.

"Leaving his *Psyche*, careful *Phylax* arms
With wholesome sage Advice her tender breast;
Yet by the venom of *Heretick Charms*
Demurely baited, down She sits a guest
At *Error's* board, and by the treacherous Cheer
Is quite devoured which She swallow'd there."

The story, so to call it, is now resumed. Phylax again leaves Psyche, who journeys to Palestine, and having already fallen under physical temptations, now gives way to moral ones typified by a lapse into heresy.

Canto xviii. *The Poyson.* 203 stanzas.

"The rankling Bane of Error on the heart
Of heedless *Psyche* greater strength doth get:
Fond *Logos* plyeth his capricious part
And slie *Agyrtes* works the deadly Feat.
Phylax returns, and in his *Pupils* eye
Rakes up the nasty Sink of *Heresy*."

This canto is what its title explains it: the effect on Psyche's heart of heresy, fostered by the wrong use of Logos (her own reason), and Agyrtes (a false adviser). Dr. Beaumont's catalogue is very curious: he fills five stanzas, 169–173, with literally nothing, except an epithet here and there, but names of heresies, and then begins his next,

> "Innumerable more besides were there."

Canto xix. *The Antidote.* 273 stanzas.

> "*Psyche*, to purge that spreading Taint which had
> So sliely stoll'n into her cheated breast,
> By *Phylax* to *Ecclesia's* court is led;
> Where she by *Truth's* divine embraces blest,
> Quickly perceived her cure, and how the heat
> Of *Catholick Health* in her sound pulse did beat."

The description of the Holy Catholic Church, partly as a Lady or Queen, partly as a Building.[1]

> ST. 250. "But as she went she bless'd the blessed *Place*,
> And, O how happy are the Souls, said she,
> Who in this *Holy Court's* illustrious Face
> May be Attendants, and those Glories see
> With constant freedom, which all Heav'n can dart
> With one short glimpse on their Spectator's heart!"

Canto xx. *The Mortification.* 306 stanzas.

> "Right wisely busy in her Leisure, now
> *Psyche* asserts her royal Power: and by
> Severest Tenderness contriveth how
> In strict Obedience's chain to ty
> The *Commons* of her Realm; as knowing well
> The way to *Live*, was thus *her Self to kill.*"

Psyche's charges to her five senses, and their reception of her words, afford here some of the very quaintest writing that is found in the poem. I am tempted to quote, but abstain not only for space, but because I am afraid the extreme singularity of the ideas might, in the short extracts which only I could give, tempt readers to look rather on the ludicrous side, than at the real gracefulness of much of the writing. But take the last stanza's picture of the whole result.

[1] "And I looked, and behold the woman appeared unto me no more, but there was a city builded, and a large place showed itself from the foundations" (2 Esd. x. 27).

"Thus quite disbanded in her troubled sky
All gloomy Frowns she saw, which clear'd into
The cheerful beauty of serenity:
She saw her rudely-blustering servants, who
Disturb'd her Region, in one Calm united;
And at this sight of Peace her soul delighted."

Canto xxi. *The Sublimation.* 195 stanzas.

"Dead to unworthy *Life*, herself above
Herself aspiring *Psyche* lifts, and in
Perfection's Sphere appoints those wheels to move
On which her *Logos* and her *Thelema* ran.
Then *Satan* she defies, though crafty He
Came clothed in Angelick Clarity."

"Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." Thus he again attempts Psyche, but without success, and by her resistance she is still further refined, or sublimed, for the end.

Canto xxii. *The Persecution.* 319 stanzas.

"Still *Satan* wars on *Psyche's* constancy,
Both by his own and *Persecution's* hand,
But most impregnably resolved, She
Their Mines and Onslates doubts not to withstand;
Until her *Guardian* by a blessed Cheat
Enforc'd her to a glorious Retreat."

"The devil is come down having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." A persecution of Christians is represented. Psyche as such is imprisoned, but released by Phylax.

Canto xxiii. *The Dereliction.* 211 stanzas.

"*Psyche*, abandon'd to the *Solitude*
Of Soul and Body, by the resolute Might
Of patient loyal Constancy subdu'd
Hell's Champion *Despair* in single fight.
Yet in her Conquest no free triumph found,
Being still a Slave to *Dereliction* bound."

The Dereliction is the solitude which is brought on Psyche by her faithfulness. It is her last, and in some ways her greatest trial.

St. 80. "Yet as the noble *Palm*, though on her head
A sturdy *Burden's* stern oppression lies,
In valiant Patience still goes on to spread
Her indefatigable Arms, and tries
How she may both her sad Affliction bear,
And her ambitious boughs still higher rear:

ST. 81. So gallant *Psyche*, though upon her Back
Grief's Load more ponderous than Mountains lay,
Heroickly resolved it should not crack
Nor her most loyal Tollerance betray:
She knew what *Jesus* underwent before,
And that his Love deserved thus much and more."

Canto xxiv. *The Consummation.* 246 stanzas.

"Restored to *Grace's* Light, and Ravish'd by
The splendour of Beatitude, which shin'd
In her sleep-closed eyes, *Psyche* with high
Desire's Impatience feels her fervent Mind
Fall all on fire: and thus She nobly dies
As she before had Liv'd, LOVE'S *Sacrifice*."

For the quotation of one more stanza, the grand and simple ending of the canto and the poem will also be a sufficient ending to my short and hasty analysis.

"To loathed *Earth* then having bid Adieu
And firmly fixt her loving longing Eye
On her dear Heav'n, to keep her Aim in view,
Her Flame's triumphant Tempest swell'd so high,
That She, unable to contain its tide,
With three deep sighs cry'd out, O LOVE, and dy'd."

There is perhaps no very great difficulty in perceiving why this poem has fallen into such complete oblivion—oblivion which I must needs say is quite undeserved. One reason is its enormous length, for it is by far the longest poem in the English language. The 24 cantos contain 6,892 six-line stanzas, thus making a total of 42,352 lines. "Paradise Lost" has but 10,565 lines: the Bishop of Exeter's "Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever," which I have already mentioned, has 10,747. What remains of the "Faery Queene," including the "Two Cantoes of Mutabilitie," has not more than 30,969 lines. This great length of "Psyche" is much owing to prolix discursiveness: thus in the first book not only the special and appropriate part of Joseph's history is mentioned, but his whole biography given at large; in the 16th the history of Pentecost is contrasted by that of Babel told at length; the 17th contains a short historical account of Palestine and the crusades; and so forth.

Another reason is the extraordinary quaintness of the language, of which instances have been already hinted at: thus on the very first page, when the demons are summoned to attack Psyche, they answer in such haste that they do not even stay *to tie their tails up:*

"Nor dar'd they stay their tails' vast volumes to
Abridge into a knot's Epitome."

I am not going to make fun, or I might give many such cases. The stock account given of such writing is "the taste of the times"; but I fear the apology must be stretched a good deal here, and that Dr. Beaumont could have had no sense of the ridiculous. The "Emblems" of Francis Quarles have perhaps here and there somewhat of the same style: but even they have not the extreme and seemingly deliberate and uncalled-for singularity in which Dr. Beaumont sometimes indulges himself. It is far better than to dwell on these, to turn to such verses as some that I have already quoted.

The poem has been disregarded, not only in the sense that it has not been read, but it has been altogether ignored and forgotten: thus in Shaw's "History of English Literature," which was a standard book in its day, even if it be not so still, it is not mentioned throughout. And this neglect appears to be of somewhat modern date: in Chalmers' Dictionary may be seen Pope's reported opinion of the poem, and Allibone refers to two essays on it in the *Retrospective Review* (about 1825).[1]

One or two very few admirers in later times the work has had, as Mr. Neale in "Hierologus, or the Church Tourists," p. 206, who calls Beaumont, "next to Spenser and Fletcher, *the* Catholic poet of England." I suppose it is necessary, though it ought not to be so, to explain that in this phrase Mr. Neale alludes to the prominence given by Beaumont to what are commonly called High Church doctrines.

The book is now rare, never having been reprinted, as indeed it probably never will be, at least by itself. Dr. A. B. Grosart has included Beaumont in his "Chertsey Worthies' Library," but I believe that only a very small impression of this was printed. I have seen for many years the catalogues of many second-hand booksellers, but have very seldom seen a copy for sale. Mine was bought some years ago from the Quaker bookseller, Henry Wake: it has in it the names Eliz. Wogan, 1716, and Willus. Firth de Hospit. Lincoln.

C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

[1] One of these essays states the poem to contain 38,922 lines. This must seemingly refer to the first uncompleted edition.

A Japanese Bookseller's Advertisement.

THE following is the advertisement of a Tokio bookseller :—

"The advantages of our establishment—1. Prices cheap as a lottery; 2. Books elegant as a singing girl; 3. Print clear as crystal; 4. Paper tough as elephant's hide; 5. Customers treated as politely as by the rival steamship companies; 6. Articles as plentiful as in a library; 7. Goods dispatched as expeditiously as a cannon ball; 8. Parcels done up with as much care as that bestowed on her husband by a loving wife; 9. All defects, such as dissipation and idleness, will be cured in young people paying us frequent visits, and they will become solid men; 10. The other advantages we offer are too many for language to express."

Libraries and Lodgings.

A NEW feature is, observes the *Weekly Dispatch*, creeping into the advertisements of London apartments. Formerly, in looking over lists of apartments to let, one generally found amongst the attractions set forth that they were in a good neighbourhood, near a public park or other place of recreation or amusement, accessible from the City and West End, and so on. Now, however, a fresh element is making its appearance, and one may read in these advertisements such phrases as "Within three minutes of the Free Library," or "Free Library in the next street." This is a significant fact, and should be carefully considered by ratepayers with spare rooms to let in parishes that have not yet adopted the Free Libraries Act. It is obvious that, in the absence of any special reason for residing in a particular district, a lodger will prefer a neighbourhood where he will enjoy the most advantages, and amongst these advantages will, in many cases, be placed the Public Library. These institutions thus operate in the same way as other public improvements in enhancing the value of property.



A Ballad of Book-Hunting.

ALL writers that I know agree
For Book-hunting there is no cure—
Of whatsoever their degree,
It holds Book-men in its allure.

It holds Book-men in its allure,
A life almost of penury
To buy rare Books they will endure;
It is a grievous malady.

It is a grievous malady,
For no Book-hunter can resist
A second-hand retailer's list,
If choice and cheap his Book-wares be.

If "choice" and "cheap," his Book-wares be
—He will not pay a fancy sum,
To those who seek them carefully
He holds in time all treasures come.

He holds in time all treasures come,
So offers first a modest price,
And if the dealer asks no "plum,"
He lives in earthly paradise.

He lives in earthly paradise—
And unto him alone 'tis given,
Though scientists are over wise,
To catch from earth a glimpse of heaven.

To catch from earth a glimpse of heaven,
That none of other crafts may share;
For Books act on the mind as heaven
—Book-hunters have no sense of care.

Book-hunters have no sense of care,
 That is to say of wordly grief,
For Books are many, life is brief,
 Book-hunting takes up all the year.

Book-hunting takes up all the year;
 Untired they go from stall to stall,
Contented with an Elzevir,
 Until some rarer luck befall.

POSTSCRIPT.

" Until some rarer luck befall: "
 Book-hunter, careless as thou art,
Death deals to thee the fate of all
 —Thou and these Books of thine must part.

Thou and these Books of thine must part,
 Feel on thy cheeks Death's chilling breath;
These were the treasures of thy heart,
 But now thy heart beats out to Death.

But now thy heart beats out to Death:
 . . . " *Another—hour—I might—secure*
That '*rarer luck*,'" he answereth.
 For Book-hunting there is *no* cure.

PAUL HERRING.

Coleridge and Lamb.

AN exceedingly interesting and fine clean copy of "Poems by S. T. Coleridge, second edition, to which are now added Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd," published at Bristol by Cottle, in 1797, was sold at Sotheby's last month. It is described, and rightly, by the auctioneers as a very important volume, being the first in which Charles Lamb's name appeared on the title-page. With the volume was sold the original MSS. of the preface to this second edition. It forms part of a very important A. L. s. of Coleridge, 4 pp. large folio (very closely written), dated March 6, 1797, and addressed to Cottle. The original MSS. of his Ode "to an 'Unfortunate Woman'" was also included in the letter.

Coleridge writes:—"If, my dear Cottle! you have not sent the prefaces to the press you will substitute the one now sent for that sent by T. Poole. If you do not like these Verses; or if you do not think them worthy of an Edition in which I profess to give nothing but my choicest fish, pick'd, gutted, and clean'd; get somebody to write them out, & send them with my compliments to the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. But, if you think as well of them as I do (most probably from parental dotage for my last-born) then immediately following the Kiss, according to the order which I send you by Letter—only *paging*, instead of *numbering*. I suppose I shall hear from you to-morrow. Public affairs are in strange confusion. I am afraid that I shall prove at least as good a prophet as bard. O doom'd to fall, enslav'd and vile: but may God make me a foreboder of evils never to come! I have heard from Sheridan, desiring me to write a Tragedy—I have no genius that way. Robert Southey has, and highly as I think of his 'Joan of Arc,' I cannot help prophesying, that he will be known to posterity as

Shakespear's great Grandson, and only as Milton's great grand nephew-in-law. I think that he will write a Tragedy; and Tragedies. Charles Lloyd has given me his Poems, which I give to you on condition that you print them in this volume—after Charles Lamb's Poems. The title-page, which by-the-bye must not be printed until all the rest is, thus—Poems by S. T. Coleridge, second edition, to which are added Poems by Charles Lamb and C. Lloyd. Charles Lamb's Poems will occupy about 40 pages: C. Lloyd's at least a hundred—altho' only his choice fish—a Poem on Christmas which he has written lately is exquisite. Now, supposing that the Poems, which I myself have added, are only sufficient to make up for the different type & number of lines in each page, in the two editions. My Poems will occupy only 132 pages, that being two-thirds of the present, to this add 140, and you have 272 pages—72 more than the former Edition. So much for the priceableness of the volume—now for the saleability. Charles Lloyd's connections will take off a great many—more than a hundred, I doubt not. So that in no way can you miss my omitted lines. In the table of my contents put the added poems in Italics, with a note saying. . . ."

"Father Prout's Inaugurative Ode."

SUCH is the title of a poem of seven verses with which, it seems, Thackeray intended to have introduced *The Cornhill Magazine*. The last two verses in the manuscript have been erased, Thackeray substituting two others in his own handwriting. The "poem," of which we quote the first verse, has recently turned up at an auction: it was not published in the *Cornhill*, and poor stuff it is.

"Fudge! cries Squire *Thornhill*,
While Lady *Blarney* of the West End glozes
'Mid the *Primroses;*
Such word of honest scorn ill
Suits thy new magazine, my friend, on *Cornhill*.
Folks hail with joy ethereal
Thy welcome cereal."

Goldsmith's "History of England."

IN his new catalogue, which contains a large number of good things, Mr. S. J. Davey, of Great Russell Street, W.C., offers the original agreement drawn up between Oliver Goldsmith and Thomas Cadell for the compilation of a "History of England from the Earliest Times to the Death of George the Second," by the former (1 p. folio). Dated January 5th, 1771. With two portraits. "Know all Men by these Presents that I Oliver Goldsmith of the Inner Temple for and in consideration of the sum of Two hundred and Fifty pounds of lawful money of Great Britain to me in hand paid by Thomas Cadell of the Parish of St. Mary le Strand in the County of Middlesex Bookseller the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged and myself therewith fully satisfied I the said Oliver Goldsmith by these presents do sell deliver assign and set over One Moiety or half share of the property in and to a certain Book entitled a *History of England from the earliest Times to the Death of George the Second in four Volumes Octavo* written by me the said Oliver Goldsmith to have and to hold the said bargained Premises unto the said Thomas Cadell his Executors Administrators and Assigns for ever to the only proper use and behoof of the said Thomas Cadell his Executors Admors and Assigns. And I do hereby Covenant with the said Thomas Cadell his Exors Admors and Assigns that the said Oliver Goldsmith the Author of the said bargained premises have not at any time heretofore done committed or suffered any Act or thing whatesoever by any means whereof the said bargained premises or any part thereof is or shall be anyway impeached or incumbered in any wise and I the said Oliver Goldsmith for myself Exors and Admors and Assigns shall and will warrant and defend the said bargained premises for ever against all persons whatsoever claiming

under me any Executors Admors and Assigns. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this fifth day of January in the Year of Our Lord One thousand Seven hundred & Seventy one. OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Signed Sealed and Delivered being first duly stamped in Presence of Arch. Hamilton.

An Edition of Dante.

AT Rome during the third week in October there was issued a superbly printed commentary in Latin on Dante's "Divina Commedia," together with a Latin version of the grand poem written in the fifteenth century by Friar Giovanni de Seravalle, and a fifteenth century Italian version of the commentary by Beate Bartolomeo da Calle. The edition was limited to 2,000 copies. Pope Leo set apart 20,000 francs to cover the cost of publication. Fathers Demenichelli and Marcellius supervised the work. Each of the principal libraries in the world is to receive a copy of it.

A Burns Relic.

AN interesting relic has just been presented to the Burns Cottage at Ayr. It is an oak chair which thirty-five years ago was made out of the printing press on which the original Kilmarnock edition of Burns's poems was printed in 1786. There is a model of Burns's bust carved on the top of the back, and a carving of "Tam o' Shanter" crossing the "Auld Bridge of Doon" below, and on the arms there are the heads of Tam and the Souter. At the centenary dinner in Ayr in 1859 this chair was used by Sir James Furgusson, the chairman.



A Medieval Library.

THE following exceedingly interesting list of books occurs in an inventory of the goods of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, drawn up in the year 1397. The value attached to each item is, like the list itself, of exceeding interest. The notes are derived from a paper by Prebendary Walcott in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.

Livres de divers Rymances et estoires.

j livre de meme volume de la reinance de lalore, vj*s.* viij*d.*

j Bible en Englys en ij grantz livres cov'er de rouge quyr, xl*s.*

j livre de ij grantz volumes en Fraunceys de Titus Livius cov'e de rouge quyr, xl*s.*

j gros livre en Latyn de Cronicles des Popes, xx*s.*

j petit livre en Latyn que comence fruy en lutin[1] de questions de divinite cov'er de rouge quyr, cxij*d.*

j grant livre en Fraunceys de les vij sages, xx*s.*

j livre cov'er de blanc quyr appellez Vagesse de Chevalrie ove claspes d'argent, iij*s.* iiij*d.*

j livre d'Engleis de les Evangelies cov'e de quyr rouge, vj*s.* viij*d.*

j grant livre cov'e de blanc quyr de Ector de Troye, x*s.*

j petit quayer cov'er de drap dor dun Kalendre de les Chapitres del Bible versifiez, xij*d.*

j livre en Fraunceys des Meracles nre Dame, iij*s.*

j veil livre en Latyn appellez Pontifical de Istovies de diverses Papes, ij*s.*

j gros livre Fraunceys de Merlin, iij*s.* iiij*d.*

j large livre des Passions de divers Seintz, iiij*s.*

[1] Lutin, a goblin. (Cotgrave.)

j petit livre de Beux de Hampton en Fraunceys, xx*d.*

j livre en Fraunceys del vie de St. Thomas de Cant', xij*s.*

j livre en Latyn de S. Escripture appeller Abies cov'ez de blanc quyr, xx*d.*

j livre en Fraunceys appellez Tancr,[1] xx*d.*

j livre en Fraunceys de Histories de Evangelier, iiij*s.*

j livre appellez Bartholomæus[2] de proprietatibus rerum, xx*d.*

j livre covez de blanc quyr appellez les Cronicles Tryvet, xx*d.*

j large livre appellez Racionale Divinorum en Latyn covez de blanc quyr, xxvj*s.* viij*d.*

j large livre en Fraunceis appellez le Romaunce de Launcelot, xiij*s.* iiij*d.*

j veil livre rumpuz de Fraunceys de reymaunces, xij*d.*

j novel livre de les Evangelies glosez en Engleis, x*s.*

j large livre en Fraunceys tres bien esluminez de la Reymaunce de Alexandre et de les Avaves al poun, xvj*s.* viij*d.*

j petit blanc livre appellez Pastorale Gregorii, xij*d.*

j livre de statutz de Fraunce, xij*d.*

j veil livre petit de Fraunceis dount le comencement faut, iiij*d.*

j quayer peintez appellez le Mirrour de divinitee, xij*d.*

Divers veil quayers Fraunceys saunz nouns, xij*d.*

j petit livre de Meditations de S. Bernard ove j claspe dargent, xx*d.*

j petit veil livre des Estatutz dengleterre, xx*d.*

j livre appelle La Coron de tribulation et Les Vies de divers Seintz ove claspes dargent enorrez, xiij*s.* iiij*d.*

j livre Fraunceis de la vie de Alexander, ij*s.*

j petit livre d'orisons covez de rouge chev' et ove ij claspes blanc dargent, xx*d.*

j livre de mesme volume de la Sege de Troie cov'ez de rouge quyr ij claspes dargent enorrez, vj*s.* viij*d.*

j veil livre appellez Egidius[3] de regimine Principum, viij*d.*

j veil livre appellez Prologus S. Ysodori, viij*d.*

j large livre esluminez de la Vie de Alexandre cov'ez de quyr ove ij claspes darg. enamaillez, iij*s.* iiij*d.*

[1] Tancredus de ordine judiciorum. (MS. Cath. Dunelm. 518.)

[2] Bartholomew de Glanville, a friar minor, 1360. (Fabricius, i. 479.) The work also occurs in William of Wykeham's library (William of Wykeham and his Colleges, 248); it cost £2 13*s.* 4*d.*; the next work but one written by Durandus, Bishop of Mende.

[3] Ægidius de Columnâ, a Friar Eremite; a pupil of Thomas Aquinas, author of three books De Institutione Principum, and one De Regimine Principum; called Doctor Fundatissimus, Bishop of Bourges, 1294; died Dec. 22, 1316. (Fabricius, i. 21.)

j large livre rouge del Tretiz de Roy Arthur ove iiij claspes de laton, iij*s.* iiij*d.*

j livre Franceys dune Tretee de Mercy grant mercy, xx*d.*

j livre blanc Franceys del ymage de mound coverez de blanc quyr ove claspes de laton, xiij*d.*

j livres appellez Elucidarium[1] et autres treitz covez de chevrel ove claspes dargent endore, vj*s.* viij*d.*

j livre Frauncejs davowes faitz al poun, xiij*d.*

j livre de Boys[2] de consolation en Fraunceys ove claspes dargent endorez, vj*s.* viij*d.*

j petit livre de Fysick ove claspes de cupr' enorrez, xii*d.*

j veil de Latyn de Cronicles, xij*d.*

j blanc livre appele le[3] Meistre de Sentences ove claspes de laton, vj*s.* viij*d.*

j rouge livre appellez Maundevylle, iijs. iiij*d.*

j blaunc livre de Cronicles Trivet ove claspes de laton, iij*s.* iiij*d.*

j livre fait de Vices et Vertues[4] nient esluminez, xij*d.*

j livre plein de orisons coverez de veil drap dor de Luk ove claspes dargent endorrez, iij*s.*

j livre appellez Neustria sub Clipes ove claspes de laton, xx*d.*

j livre gros appellez Rationale Divinorum ove claspes de Laton, xx*d.*

j rouge livre de Bastaham et Josephath ove claspes de Laton, vj*d.*

j livres des Apocalipses, xx*d.*

ij large livres de lez Cyville en Latyn lun appellez digest veil lautre code, vj*s.* viij*d.*

j veil livre Fraunceis appellez Tanere, xiij*d.*

j viel livre des Cronicles dengleterre, xij*d.*

j livre appelle Flor Historiarum, xx*d.*

j petit livre Fraunces del Reclus de Melans, xij*d.*

j viel petit livre comenc "A Dieu rent graces et mercies," xij*d.*

j petit livre de Decretals, xx*d.*

j veil livre de dict' poetars, xx*d.*

j livre plein de ymagerie appelle Speculum Humanæ Salvationis,[5] xij*d.*

j grant quayer de Job glosez, xij*d.*

j livre de mesne volume des Apocalipses, xx*d.*

[1] MS. Bibl. Bodl. 674. [2] Boëthius. [3] Peter Lombard.

[4] Bromzerd de Virtutibus et Vitiis, xxvi*s.* viii*d.* (William of Wykeham, &c., 248.) Gulielmus Parisiensis likewise wrote on Virtues and Vices. (Fabricius, iii. 116.)

[5] MS. Bodl. 2469.

j petit livre appellez Flour de Histoires, xij*d.*
j veil livre Fraunceys appellez Will. March, xx*j d.*
j livre de la bataille de Foie en Fraunceis, vj*s.* viij*d.*
j livre en Latyn appellez Tripartita Historia,[1] xij*d.*
j veil quayer Fysik, vj*d.*
j livre appelle La Lumer Asleys en Fraunceis, xx*d.*
j quayer de S. Augstyn de divinitee del Trinite, iij*s.* iiij*d.*
j livre de istoires del Bible briefment compilez, xij*d.*
j veile livre de Fraunceys appellez La Gest de Fouke Fitz Waryn, xx*d.*
j large livre de Godefroy de Boillon ove claspes d'argent enorrez et enamaillez, xiij*s.* iij*d.*
j large livre de Vices et Vertues en Latyn ove claspes de Laton, ij*s.*
j large livre de Tretes Armoireux et Moralitez et de Carott Fraunceis bien esluminez coverez de blu velvet ove bosses et claspes de Cipr' endorrez et enamaillez, vj*s.* viij*d.*
j veil livre de Latyn et de Fraunceys bien esluminez de divers p'iers al Seinte Crois ove claspes de laton, xij*d.*
Divers paunfilettes et rolles en un coffre de petit, value xij*d.*[2]

A New York Private Library.

AT the present time Mr. Robert Hoe, the printing press builder, owns the finest private library in New York. It is in his city home at 11, East Thirty-sixth-street, and is the delight of all his friends. The library is a spacious apartment finished in mahogany, with gallery nearly fifty feet in depth, and it is estimated that over 8,000 volumes of unique interest are stored on the shelves. Mr. Hoe's cultivated taste as a collector is proven by the comprehensive scope of this magnificent collection. It is rich in old manuscripts, contains some of the rarest of missals and choice examples of the Gutenberg press, and a varied group of incunabula or specimens of the presses of the first century of press-work. Mr. Hoe has gathered together also some of the most exquisite specimens of the bookbinders' art, sparing no money to secure the prizes that his literary enthusiasm craved possession of.

[1] MS. Magd. Coll. Oxon. 210.
[2] MS. Add. 24, 459, 214–216, C.

Notes on some Literary and Historical Finds.

I.

A SPEECH AT THE STATES GENERAL OF 1614.

"*Harangue prononcée devant le Roy et la Royne en le Salle de Bourbon . . . par Messire Robert Miron, Conseiller du Roy, President du Tiers Estat et Prevost des Marchands de la Ville de Paris, le Lundy, 23 Feburier*, 1615." [1]

STUDENTS of French history must acknowledge a debt of gratitude to Messrs. Morel of the "Imprimerie Royale," Sebastien Cramoisy, and the other printers and publishers, for the production in such an attractive and readable form of the report of the "States General" last preceding that of 1789, containing the substance of the history of this important assembly.

If the speech of M. Robert Miron strikes a modern reader as the most interesting of the collection, that is largely owing to its subject, for though not a "cahier" in itself, the "harangue" accompanied

[1] Thin 8vo. Chez Sebastien Cramoisy, rue Sainct Jaques aux Cicognes, 1615, avec Privilege du Roy. The others, fifteen or sixteen pieces in all, bound in one small volume, contained the following items, printed for Ant. Estienne, F. Morel, P. Mettayer, S. Cramoisy, Ant. de Brueil and others, and all bearing the date of 1615 or 1616:—

"Articles presentez au roy par les deputez de la Chambre du tiers Estat—avec les responses de sa majesté"; "Homelie des desordres des trois ordres de cette Monarchie par J. P. Camus (the friend of St. Francis de Sales), Advis de Caton en l'assemblée des chambres . . . sur le sujet de la Paulette"; "Cahiers generaux des articles resolus et accordez entre les Deputez des 3 Estats" (40 pp.); "Harangue prononcée en la Sale du petit Bourbon, le xxiii. Febr. 1615, par le Rev. Pere en Dieu Armand J. du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu, Evêque de Luçon (he became a cardinal in 1622) à la closture des Estats" (66 pp.), &c.

the presentation of the formal petition of the "Tiers Etat," and was moreover one of the last speeches delivered at the closure of the session. It has, moreover, the additional interest of a decidedly eloquent and singularly candid political oration.

It is an inevitable reflection for the historian to compare the popular grievances of 1614 with the popular grievances of 1789. Their similarity has been the subject of frequent comment, a similarity *souligné* by the extraordinary coincidence that the place of meeting was closed in March, 1615, as in June, 1789, on a similarly fictitious pretext, in order to prevent further discussion. The nobility had already refused to contaminate themselves by association with the commons, and the clergy, who had selected as their president Armand Plessis, Duc de Richelieu, then Bishop of Luçon, declined in a like spirit to undertake any share of charges which would "diminish the honour due to God."

Reading in the picturesque type of this period, with device and woodcut initials yet suggestive of the renaissance, just such pathetic stern and warning words as heralded the dreadful close of the eighteenth century, one is moved to ask where in all history were evils ever so clearly seen and so deliberately disregarded, where such lofty ideals side by side with such deplorable practice, as in France?

In 1614 the representatives of the people, it has been well observed, were in advance of the country, and comparatively unsupported; and there indeed is the difference. Yet it must remain a remarkable fact that while Miron (himself a man of education and position, who quotes familiarly many classic and mediæval authors, and knew Greek) had so mastered the miseries of the lower orders, yet the upper classes in general showed such indifference.

The dignity and moderation of his address is unsurpassable.

"Sire," he begins, "when I cast my eyes over this august and famous assemblage, honoured with the presence of your majesty, I am reminded of the ancient custom recorded of this realm by divers historians, who tell us that every year in the month of May was held an Assembly of all the orders of the people, and the king, sitting on a throne of gold, provided with the help of his subjects for the weighty matters of the State."

"Would to God," he continues, in his lament after some kind of representative government, "that this most salutary form, borrowed from us by the monarchs of other lands, had remained among us in its full vigour, flourishing and untarnished."

A similar method of government, he points out, was in use in the

Church, and its abrogation has had the same result—licence, immorality, oppression, disorder. Yet more, coming to the root of the matter, does he lament the decay of Piety and Justice ("those two pillars of the realm" now overturned, broken down, ruined) among the nation generally, the dulling of the edge of that ingrained religious feeling (if one may so render the striking phrase "*ceste sainte humeur radicale*") of the fear of God.

The practical evils exposed by the speaker with unsparing candour will be, if only for the reason already given, tolerably familiar to the reader. The administration of law we find corrupted at its source, judges are bought and sold, suits are carried by the numerous appeals of the rich "through every jurisdiction in the kingdom," demandant and defendant, often as not, are both ruined. The Church is no better. Simony, corruption and luxury are rampant. The wretched curé is paid a miserable pittance to do the duty of the wealthy and idle pluralist. As to the nobility, "At this day," we read, "their principal activity is exhibited in excessive gambling, debauchery, extravagance, public and private violence, the scandal and prodigy of our generation, which disgrace the ancient renown of an order honoured and feared through all the world. The military system, too, is corrupt. "That the commands and offices of the royal army should be bought and sold is no less shameful than the simony of ecclesiastics."

Meanwhile the *people*, "ce pauvre peuple," a body not yet to be identified with the "third estate"—what of them? It is they who, plundered by men-at-arms who, "*without fighting a stroke*, retire with ill-gotten fortunes," taxed to starvation point, trampled down and persecuted by tyrannical and avaricious nobles, is yet for ever labouring in the sweat of its brow, wearing out soul and body to maintain the whole realm. "Whence," asks the Provost-merchant, "come the tithes of the clergy, and all their wealth? What makes the value of the great estates of the nobility? Nay, I go further, what enables your majesty to maintain your royal state, to provide the necessary forces for the protection of this realm?" The *taille*, *the labourer*, the people. It is not too much to say that there pervades the speech an ominous despair of real improvement. A pathetic reference to the beloved Henri Quatre, "que Dieu absolve," seems to suggest that royalty had already lost sight of the ideals which for one moment, when emerging from the fiery furnace of civil religious war, it had so firmly grasped.

Miron himself does not ask for new laws, for theoretical reform. He cites from Gerson the saying of St. Louis that the glory of a

prince was not "in the abundance of decrees," but in making them obeyed. The laws, the political ideals, are in fact already present. But who shall realize them?

The general distress and oppression are appalling. One must have a heart of "triple steel" not to weep at the sight. The noblesse, it is added, do not actually do all the harm, "*but they might prevent so much of it.*"

The solemn words of warning with which we must conclude this notice, form the most remarkable passage in the speech, and might well have been inscribed upon some monument, "ære perennius," for the warning of France. "If your majesty do not take thought for this, it is to be feared that despair may teach the unhappy people *that the soldier is but a peasant in arms*, that the vinedresser shall take up the arquebus *and become the hammer instead of what he now is, the anvil*, and so all the world turn soldier, and there be none to till the soil, and nobles, ecclesiastics, princes and the highest perish of hunger" (or, but perhaps no prophetic insight could foresee this, of la Guillotine!).

G. H. POWELL.

A Mortifying Catalogue.

J. C. BUCHOZ, who died in 1807, was very anxious lest the public should not know how much they owed to his literary industry. He, therefore, in the year 1802, printed at Paris a catalogue of his various publications, which are chiefly known from this list. In it are specified 99 folio volumes, 7 in quarto, 71 in octavo, 138 in duodecimo, 15 in 18mo; in all, 333! And very insignificant publications they are.

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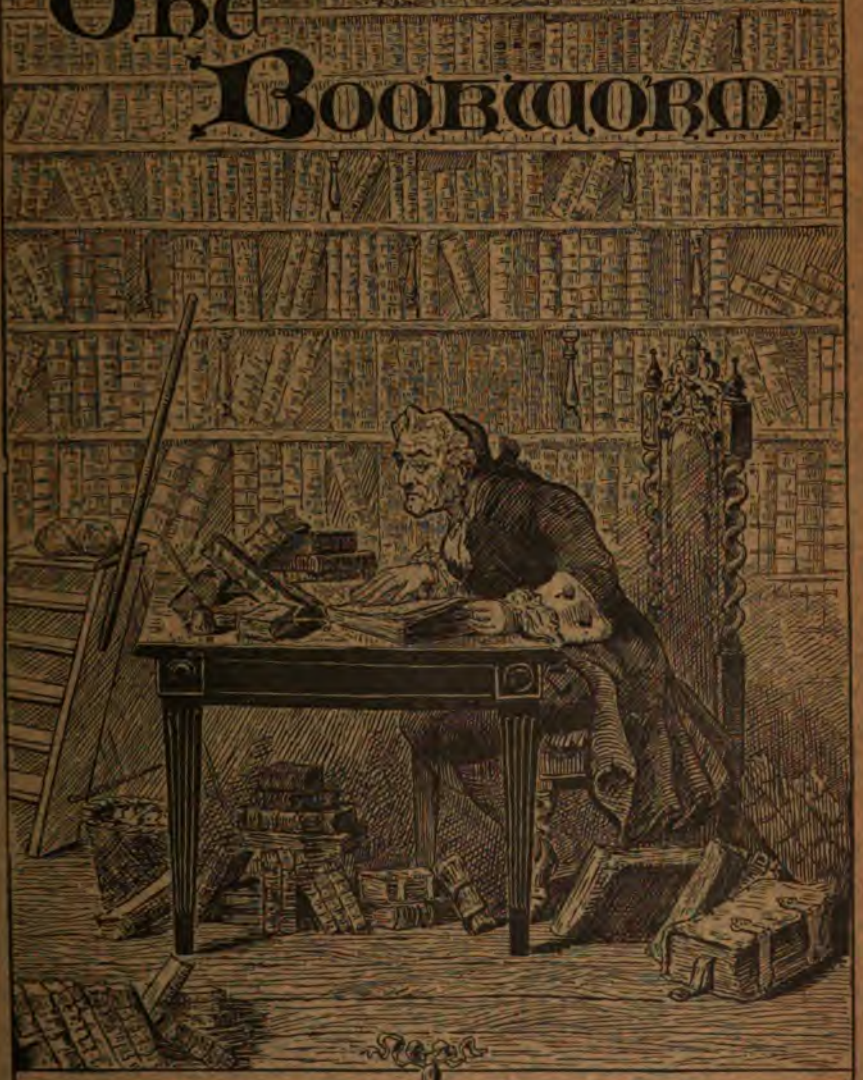
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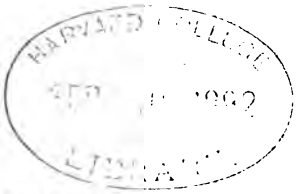
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Some Technical Libraries.

II.

THE LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

IN the handsome pile of buildings in Piccadilly known as Burlington House, are located some of the oldest and most distinguished societies in the kingdom. The whole place is redolent of erudite minds, and of the memories of conspicuous achievements in science, literature and art. The quadrangle shadowed by the massive walls seems pervaded by an odour of learned sanctity, and as we cross the threshold and enter the classic precincts, and pass through corridors, halls and rooms, we are conscious of a certain feeling of restraint, a subtle but not unpleasant oppression of spirits, while to our imagination every person we meet seems haloed about by an atmosphere of scholarly attainment.

The Royal Society is the first in antiquity and dignity among the societies of Great Britain, and one of the oldest in Europe, and dates back from the year 1660. It had, of course, like most organizations of a similar kind, its initial difficulties and its early vicissitudes, but it was never lacking in dignity, and from the first enjōyed royal patronage. From the first also, and to within eighty or one hundred years ago, it included in its circle all the great contemporary minds, and the brilliant roll of its presidents and members contains the aristocracy of the learned world. In comparatively later years —that is, since the establishment of other scientific bodies, each of which having its own special *cult*—owing to the narrowing of its boundaries, the Royal Society has not had a monopoly of the names of eminent scholars, but it has always maintained its high level of vitality, and held a pre-eminent position. A little over one hundred years ago a great ebullition of feeling broke out among the members,

some being in favour of rendering the fellowship more difficult of attainment than it had been, and others wishing to remove some of the restrictions. Eventually the policy of exclusiveness advocated by the President, Sir Joseph Banks, was confirmed and carried out, but this was not brought about until after a great expenditure of ink, and many exciting discussions. In the result the Linnean Society, the Geological Society, the Royal Astronomical Society, and other important associations of learned men were established, and the movement has been of undoubted advantage in the concentration of study and research to particular branches of science.

The first place of meeting of the Royal Society was in the old Gresham College. After the Fire of London the members met in Arundel House, on the invitation of the Duke of Norfolk. From Arundel House they migrated to Crane Court, and later on again, that is in 1780, they took up their quarters in the apartments assigned to them by the Government in the new Somerset House, where they remained till they made the final move to Burlington House in 1857. In this place the Society have a splendid suite of apartments, the basement being occupied by several large rooms designed for meetings, &c., and the upper floor by the library. The latter comprises three main rooms opening into one another. Such parts of the walls as are not occupied by bookshelves are hidden by portraits in oils of eminent deceased Patrons and Fellows of the Society. The innermost room, a sort of *sanctum sanctorum*, where are enshrined many treasures of priceless value, is a handsomely designed apartment with a gallery on three sides. The pillars and the ornate ceiling are rich in tints of gold, and there is a profusion of portraits and statuary. The whole of the rooms are splendidly lighted by lofty windows, and the electric light and the heating arrangements are most efficiently carried out.

There are upwards of fifty thousand volumes in the library, and these are carefully arranged and classified, the cataloguing having been carried out in a very thorough manner. Very complete catalogues of the books, MSS., and letters, were published in 1841 in two octavo volumes, one containing the scientific works, and the other the miscellaneous literature, MSS., and letters. Seven years later a catalogue was issued of the maps, charts, engravings, drawings, &c., in the possession of the Society, which at that time exceeded five thousand in number. One of the most important of the Society's undertakings within late years is the great catalogue of scientific papers, completed about ten years ago. This index is in eight quarto volumes, and under the authors' names contains memoirs of

importance in the chief English and foreign scientific serials from the year 1800 to the year 1873. This was prepared under the direction and at the expense of the Royal Society, and was printed by Her Majesty's Stationery Office. Many efforts have been made from time to time to tabulate and analyse the literature published in the Proceedings of the various learned societies, and the indexes of the Royal Society published 1867–79, for physics and natural science, are a good example, and form an invaluable addition to the ever-increasing library of catalogues.

While the library of the Royal Society consists principally of works on general science, more especially of the Transactions and Journals of scientific bodies in all parts of the world, it yet contains a considerable number of rare and valuable theological and historical works. Regarded as a scientific library, it is the largest in Europe, and is the repository of many very rare books.

The Norfolk Library, which was the nucleus of the library of the Royal Society, is still kept separately. This was presented to the Society in 1667 by "Mr. Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk," with the condition only "that in case the Society should come to faile, it might return to Arundel House, and that the inscription *Ex Dono Henrici Howard Norfolciensis* might be put upon every book given them." This fine collection consists of 3,287 printed books in various languages, and are chiefly the first editions of books issued soon after the invention of printing. The valuable and choice collection of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Turkish and other rare manuscripts is contained in 544 volumes. The bulk of the MSS. was sold to the trustees of the British Museum in 1830, and fetched no less than £3,559, the proceeds being devoted to the purchase of scientific works. These MSS. are still kept in the Museum as a separate collection. It is curious to note that at the time of the gift of the Norfolk Library to the Royal Society the collection was valued by the Society at £1000. Evelyn, by the way, says of the donor of the Library, that this gentleman "had so little inclination to bookes that this was the preservation of them from embezzlement," and he further adds "that many of the bookes had been presented by Popes, Cardinals, and great persons, including most of the Fathers printed at Basil, before the Jesuites abus'd them with their expurgatory Indexes." So little value did the Duke appear to place on the books in his possession, that another writer declares that he allowed any one to carry away and dispose of copies as they pleased, and so he laments that "from this cause great abundance of rare things are irrecoverably gone."

Among the supreme treasures of the Royal Society, the manuscript copy of Newton's "Principia" is justly esteemed the most precious. It is in admirable preservation, and kept under a glass case, together with the autograph letter of Sir Isaac Newton in which the great man dedicated the work to the Society. These rare curiosities attract a large number of visitors to the Society's rooms, especially Americans. Two months after the presentation of the work, the Society resolved that "Mr. Newton's 'Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica' be printed forthwith in quarto in fair letter." At this time the funds of the Society were exhausted, as they had just published an edition of five hundred copies, at a cost of £400, of Willoughby's "De Historia Piscium." Mr. Hally therefore offered to print the work at his own expense. London publishers were at this time extremely averse to undertaking the printing of mathematical books, and some little time after this we find the Royal Society giving £5, with the copy of Horrax's "Opera Posthuma," to encourage a bookseller to print it. It was under such depressing circumstances that Hally did a service to literature by printing Newton's immortal work. The cost of producing it must have been considerable. The book contains above one hundred diagrams cut on wood, besides an engraving on copper. The number of copies printed of the first edition is not known; the price was twelve shillings.

Of printed books the two rarest in the library are, one of the works of Pope Boniface, "Liber Sextus Decretalium," and the "Officia et Paradoxa" of Cicero. The "Liber Sextus" was printed in 1465 by Fust and Schœffer, and is among the earliest of their productions. This is the *editio princeps*. The "Officia" by the same printers, and dated 1466, also ranks as the *editio princeps*, though some are inclined to think that to the "Officia" printed by Ulric Zell in 1465 belongs that distinction. These books are esteemed among the greatest curiosities in the art of printing. Weld remarks of the "Officia," that from the diversity of the colophons in this edition some have been mistakenly led to suppose that there were more than one edition. Both works are printed on vellum, and elaborately illuminated. The copies in the possession of the Royal Society are in good preservation.

Another highly prized book consists of a collection of Greek Epigrams, under the title of "Anthologia," made by Maximus Planudes, and published at Florence, 1494. This is the *editio princeps*. The antiquary might consider this book and some others in the library rather spoiled, inasmuch as they have been put

between modern bindings. A copy of the *editio princeps* of Homer's "Opera Omnia," in 2 vols., 1488, is also to be found on the shelves of this library. It is a superb work, printed in fine characters on strong white paper and with "all the luxury of the typographical art," and is considered by bibliographers to be one of the most celebrated publications of the fifteenth century. It was executed at the expense of two Florentine brothers of the name of Nertius, edited by D. Chalcondyles, and printed by D. Cretensis.

In a case of rare books we have three copies of the works of Chaucer. The first is "The Tales of Canterburie" printed by Caxton, 1480. There is also another volume of the Canterbury Tales, printed by Pynson in Old English or Modern Gothic letter. This is Pynson's first edition, and is supposed to have been printed not long after 1491, the year of Caxton's death. Another work on the same poet, one of the numerous early works on Chaucer, is also here. It was edited by Thomas Speght, and printed at London, 1598. The history of the Latin historian Livy, or rather such part of the original work as is extant, printed by Joannes Vercillensis in 1482, is supported on one side by two very rare editions of Lucian, dated 1482–94. There is an edition of Ovid's "Fasti," or the Roman Sacred Calendar, dated 1495. A work which has seen some rough handling even for such an ancient specimen of printing, contains the extant satires of the great Latin satirist Persius, and is dated 1486. Other rare works of the fifteenth century include copies of the "Codex" or Statute Law of the Emperor Justinian, 1487–8–90, and of the "Institutes," dated 1486; a copy of Juvenal's "Satires," 1487; of the works of Diodorus Siculus, 1493; the "Opera" of Virgil, 1489; the "Epigrammata" (with notes by Calderini) of Martial, 1482; a very early edition of the extant books of the historian Cassius Dion, 1499; the "Opera" of Josephus by Rufininum, printed at Venice, 1480; and three rare copies of the works of Plutarch, viz., "Vitæ," printed at Venice by Montefei, 1491, "De Virtutibus," printed at Brescia by Bominis de Boninis, 1485, and "De Liberis," 1485.

Among later works is a very perfect copy of Plato's "Opera Omnia," by Aldus, 1513, known as the *editio princeps*. Among the earliest and best editions of Boccacio's works is his "Il Decamerone," that of A. Brucioli, and is dated 1538. The "Pharsalia" of Lucanus, one of the many early editions in existence, is printed in a rude Italic character on rather coarse paper; it was issued at Venice in 1502. Numerous copies of the early editions, including the first of Milton's "Paradise Lost," are also found here. Inigo Jones'

original work on Stonehenge, being left unfinished at his death, was completed and published, with cuts, by C. Webb, London, 1655, and a copy of this edition is in the library. The last among the rarer books we shall mention here are well-handled copies (Parts 1 and 2) of Samuel Butler's "Hudibras," dated 1674. The first edition was published in 1663. The first edition of Part 3 was issued in 1676, and a copy of this we find here.

There are some other early works to which we might refer; but we have noticed all the very rarest.

Two important serial publications are issued by the Society, viz., "The Philosophical Transactions" and the "Proceedings." The first number of the "Transactions" appeared March, 1664, which had been ordered "to be prepared by Mr. Oldenburg," to be published "the first Monday in every month if he have sufficient matter for it," and to be printed by "John Martyn and James Allestree, printers to the Society." The first number consisted of 16 quarto pages, but it has since swelled to very much larger proportions. During the Plague, the 7th and 8th numbers of the "Transactions" were printed at Oxford in consequence of the impossibility of finding printers in London to execute the work. Some years later, when the Society was in rather low circumstances, the publication of the "Transactions" was suspended, but in 1691 it was again commenced and has been issued uninterruptedly ever since.

We have already said that among the scientific bodies of Great Britain, perhaps indeed of Europe, the Royal Society is *facile princeps*. At the venerable age of over 200 years it shows no sign of decay, but rather grows in vigour, and still numbers amongst its members the light and leading of the scientific world. Not content to rest upon laurels already won, to live on the glorious record of past achievements, it is eager to lead the van of scientific research and discovery, and to maintain the proud traditions of a long and noble career.

E. W. Crofts.

The "English" of the "Index Librorum."

IF we had a right to expect infallibility anywhere (observed Mr. J. F. Young, F.G.S., in an interesting lecture on Errata in books of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries) it would surely be in the Papal printing office and in the production of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* or the *Index Expurgatorius;* but I daresay you would be willing to take my word for it that the typography even of such books is not always perfect. I will, however, give you some samples of "English as she is printed" in the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* of 1744 printed at Rome, and leave you to form your own conclusions —though I almost despair of adequately representing them by sound:—

"General Istructions, By Vuayof Chatechism, in Vvhichthe Historii anid Tenets, of Religion the, Christian Moralitio, Sacraments, Proyers, Ceremonies, and Rites, of the Curch, are briefly explain daby Hoiy scripture and Tradition Transalted from the original French, and are fullis Compar'd vuith, the Spanish Appron d' Translation, &c. &c.

"Rematks Uponhte Bookof. E.B.DD. Induhitk Discipline is vindicated, au dthe divinæ Rightof Bishops asierted,: In Ansuuer fo a Letue fo a certian Clergyman: By Philalethes; Bouvay, 1728."

This entry reappears in another part of the Index, when it assumes the following form:—

"Remarks ypouthe Bookof F.B.D.D. In Ursuch Discipline is vindicated, and the divine Rightof Bishops asserted: In ansuver to a letter of a certain Clergiman: By Philalethes; Douvay 1728."

Here is another:—

"The Spiritual Director for those vuho have nove translated autof Prarch Printed in the yeaer 1703."

There are, happily for the reputation of the Papal press, but few English entries—though many English authors are condemned and prohibited. They are, however, generally entered in Latin, French, or Italian. Turning over the pages, we come, for instance, upon—

"Paradiso perduto. Poema Inglese del Signor Milton tradotto in nostra lingua, al quale si premettono alcune osservazioni sopra il libro del Signor Volteire, che esamina l'Epica Poesia delle Nazioni da Paolo Rolli Verona 1730. decr. Sacr. Congreg. Ind. 21 Jan. 1732.

A Curiosity.

A BIBLE "imprinted by Bonham Norton and John Bell, deputies and assignees of Robert Barber, printer to the King's Most Excellent Majestie; Anno, 1618," is the property of Mrs. Annie Hadfield, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Brackenbury, of Maspeth, Long Island, U.S.A. An exchange says: "Bound in the same volume is a work of 130 pages, entitled 'The Way to True Happiness; Leading to the Gate of Knowledge, or an entrance to Faith, without which it is impossible to please God. . . London, printed by Thomas Snodham for Thomas Panier, and are to be sold at his shop, Ivy Lane, 1615.' And also 'The Whole Book of Psalmes, collected into English Meeter by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others, conferred with apt notes to sing them withall. London, printed for the companie of stationers, 1618.' It is a work of great interest to a bibliophile and admirer of the antique. Its quaint little pages, old style print, long lower case s, use of the capital V for U, and two V's for W and other old-time typographical eccentricities indicate something of the progress the art of printing has made during the two and a half centuries since this book was issued." It would be exceedingly interesting to know how long this curiosity has been in the possession of its present owner, when it was taken over to the United States, and if the binding is English or American.

The New Edition of Sidney's "Arcadia."

DR. OSKAR SOMMER'S photographic facsimile of the original quarto edition (1590) of Sidney's "Arcadia" is a book which will receive a very hearty welcome from all genuine book-lovers, and more especially from the many students who can only refer to the original in one of the great public libraries. Every typographical eccentricity and error is here preserved, so that, to all intents and purposes, it is as good as that issued just over three hundred years ago by the industrious publisher, William Ponsonbie, or Ponsonby.

The story of the "Arcadia"—that is to say, as regards its origin and appearance in print—is so simple as to be even prosaic in its particulars. The brief dedication to Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke—for whom, in fact, it was written—tells its history. "It is done onelie for you, onely to you," wrote its talented and heroic author, it being mostly written on "loose sheetes of paper" in her presence. Publicity was never intended by the author, and but perhaps for the sudden termination to his career, it might never have emerged from the manuscript state—unless, indeed, one of the many publishing "sharks," as Anthony à Wood calls them, had by some surreptitious means obtained possession of the "copy." The sixteenth century publishers were rarely men with unpleasantly particular scruples about the sacred rights of literary property—as witness many of Shakespeare's plays in quarto—and it was a matter of supreme indifference to them whether the "copy" of anything by an eminent person were a garbled one or no—they printed it all the same. An author's protest counted for rather less than nothing, inasmuch as his complaints only served to advertise the piracy.

It is a matter of all but absolute certainty, that if Sir Philip Sidney intended for the "Arcadia" to be given to the world, it would not have appeared in its present form. As it is profitless to conjecture of the manner in which he would have sanctioned its appearance, we may rest thankful that so splendid an inheritance has come down to us even in its present incomplete state.

The immediate popularity of the "Arcadia" is in strange contrast to its subsequent and almost complete neglect. Between 1590 and 1674, thirteen editions had appeared; the fourteenth was not called for until 1725, and the next (a modern edition) was not published until 1867. This neglect is extraordinary, considering the revival in Elizabethan literature. Great men in the past had disliked the "Arcadia," just as others have praised it. Milton denounced it as "vain and amatorious," whilst Walpole declared it to be a "tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot wade through;" and for another and totally distinct reason, Powell, in his "Tom of all Trades," advises the gentlewomen of the period to read the "Groundes of Good Huswifery" instead of the "Arcadia." "I like not a female poetess at any hand," is the sententious remark. But for three-quarters of a century the "Arcadia" was a book which not only no gentleman's library was without, but was equally in favour with the ladies.

In his admirable bibliographical Introduction, Dr. Sommer quotes the following quaint and interesting letter—endorsed 1586—from Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke, to Sir Francis Walsingham, Sidney's father-in-law:—

"S^{r}, this day, one ponsonby, a booke-bynder in poles church yard, came to me and told me that ther was one in hand to print S^{r} Philip Sydney's old arcadia, asking me yf it were done with your honors consent, or any of his frendes? I told him, to my knowledge, no: then he advysed me to give warninge of it, either to the archbishope or doctor Cosen, who have, as he says, a copy to peruse to that end.

"S^{r}, I am loth to renew his memory unto you, but yeat in this I must presume; for I have sent my lady, your daughter, at her request, a correction of that old one, don 4 or 5 years sinse, which he left in trust with me; whereof there is no more copies, and fitter to be reprinted then the first, which is so common: notwitstanding, even that to how and why; so as in many respects, espetially the care of printing of it; so as to be don with more deliberation."

Under the name of Ponsonby, the "Arcadia" of "Sir Philippe Sidnei" was entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company on

August 23, 1588, and it was published in a quarto volume of 764 pp. about two years later. There are very few perfect copies of the *editio princeps* in existence, the most carefully preserved being that in the Greville collection in the British Museum, from which the present photographic facsimile is taken.

As a specimen of sixteenth century typography, with its tasteful initials and its quaint contractions, the "Arcadia" is a perpetual joy to the lover of the art preservative of arts. To the student of sixteenth century literature, as to the student of the English language of the period, the "Arcadia" is full of the deepest interest; but it is, perhaps, as the first great English essay in romance that it will hold for all time its position in the literature of this country. Its length alone will prevent it from ever becoming a popular book, and the present facsimile is not at all likely to render it much more generally known, inasmuch as only three hundred copies have been struck off, and the price is correspondingly high. That there is no cheap *verb. et lit.* reprint is, it seems to us, a matter for general regret, and one of some surprise in a time when reprints of so many less promising classics have been executed.

W. ROBERTS.

Dust on Books.

MISS H. P. JAMES, Librarian of the Osterhout Free Library, Wilkesbarre, Pa., U.S.A., sends the following to the *Critic*: "I have just read your wail over the dust on the rough tops of uncut books. If you wish to clean them, and also to leave them a little rough, take the finest grade of sand paper and rub them with it. If a piece is tacked on a bit of wood about an inch square at the end and three or four inches long, the work can be done very rapidly. I have treated uncut books in that way, and find it works admirably."

A Quaint Title.

THE following is the title of an old theological work: "A Few Notices on Predestination and Election, compos'd for the Edification of a Gentleman, friend to the Author, publish'd to prevent Calumny, again publish'd to stop its mouth, and now a third time publish'd because its mouth will not be stopp'd."

"Every Book its own Cataloguer."

"EVERY book its own Cataloguer" may be taken as a new device of the fertile American brain. An extra fly-leaf, inserted in each important new book, gives the brief title, place of publication, name of publisher, description of book, size, number of pages, number of plates and maps or illustrations, and the number of volumes. This labour-saving device is for the benefit of the librarian, who simply detaches it and pastes it upon the card of the library catalogue wherein the book is to be entered.

The Book Thief.

AN interesting sequel to our recent Note on book thieves is reported in the daily papers of January 5th. It will be remembered that one of the books stolen from Messrs. Sotheran was a first edition of Burns' poems, valued at £30. This was traced to one Collins, a bookbinder, who offered it to a Mrs. Groves, who wisely declined to lend money on it. Subsequently the book was sent to Mr. Pearson, of Exmouth, who, knowing it had been stolen, at once communicated with the prosecutors. The two other books were traced to New York, and had been returned to the firm at cost price. A previous conviction was proved, and the prisoner was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour, where, no doubt, Mr. Collins will have time to consider whether, after all, book-stealing is a profitable game.

In the Footsteps of Charles Dickens.



MR. WILLIAM R. HUGHES, F.L.S., has compiled an exceedingly interesting and useful book in "A Week's Tramp in Dickens-land," which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have recently published. As there are upwards of a hundred illustrations by Mr. F. G. Kitton—himself an enthusiastic Dickens-collector—and other artists, the value of the "Week's Tramp" is enhanced in an unmistakably useful manner. As there are over 400 pages, it will be assumed—and correctly we think—that the author, in his week's wanderings, carried home a pocket-book sufficiently full of notes and gleanings to keep him writing for several months. Mr. Hughes was accompanied by the artist, Mr. Kitton, and nothing seems to have escaped these indefatigable snatchers up of considered and unconsidered Dickensian trifles. Mr. Hughes has freely availed himself of the labours of his predecessors, and as his own work is so complete and exhaustive, his book must be considered final. The next comer—should there be one—will find nothing but things too trivial to be worthy of paper and ink.

Passing over much that is valuable, it must be admitted that many of the anecdotes here recorded by Mr. Hughes—who, like all genuine enthusiasts, is occasionally led away by the wish that is father to the thought—make rather a large demand upon the reader's credulity. We all know how that distinguished antiquary, Mr. Pickwick, readily accepted a genuine bit of antiquity—the stone which contained the "mark" of a certain Bill Stumps. Wherever a

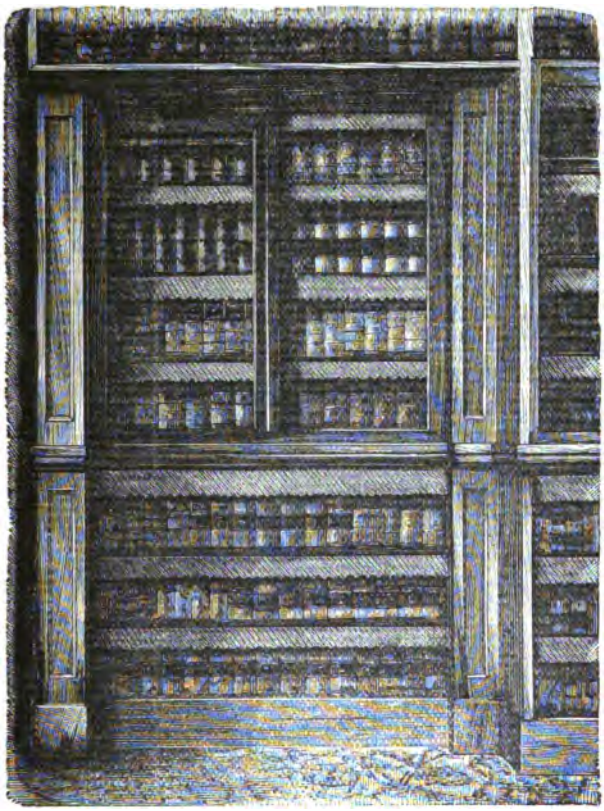
literary celebrity has lived, or where an incident of general interest has transpired, there are always plenty of "artful dodgers" with an apparently inexhaustible source of anecdotes to retail for a little "consideration," the length and strength being regulated by the appearance of the inquirer or enthusiast. Visitors to places of note both at home and abroad invariably meet with this class of irre-



THE PORCH, GAD'S HILL PLACE.

sponsible historians—generally men in whom greyness is equivalent neither with truthfulness nor venerableness. The haunts and homes of so distinguished a man as Charles Dickens would naturally call into activity plenty of men of this type. And it is on this account that some of the anecdotes to be found in Mr. Hughes' book must not be taken as "gospel."

Rochester was, as a matter of course, the headquarters of the "Tramps," but the book begins with a preliminary tramp in London. As we dealt with the various residences of Dickens in the city which he loved and knew so well, in a previous volume of THE BOOKWORM, we need allude no further to this excellent chapter. Mr. Hughes deals in a pleasant and sufficiently full manner with the histories and



COUNTERFEIT BOOK-BACKS ON STUDY DOOR.

antiquities—when they have any—of the various places which have been identified as "Dickensian," thereby adding very greatly to the value of the book as a work of reference. Rochester, for example, receives ample justice in the three chapters dealing respectively with the city, the castle, and the cathedral, whilst a fourth describes the quaint and curious institute known as "Richard Watts's Charity." The seventh chapter is entitled, "An Afternoon

at Gad's Hill Place"—("This has been a happy home. . . . I love it"[1])—and is, perhaps, the most interesting in the book. The gentleman who lived in this famous house at the time of Mr. Hughes' visit generously permitted the Tramps to fully inspect it, and we can quite enter into the enthusiasm which this hallowed ground called forth from our author and his companion. Messrs. Chapman and Hall kindly permit us to reproduce a sketch of "The Porch, Gad's Hill Place," and also of the ingenious counterfeit book backs adopted by Dickens for the door of his study. They number nearly eighty, and include such eccentricities as "The Quarrelly Review," "King Henry the Eighth's Evidences of Christianity," "Noah's Arkitecture," "Chickweed," "Groundsel" (by the author of "Chickweed"), "Cockatoo on Perch," "History of a Short Chancery Suit" (21 vols.), "Cats' Lives" (9 vols.), "Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep" (many volumes), "The Wisdom of our Ancestors,"—1, Ignorance; 2, Superstition; 3, The Block; 4, The Stake; 5, The Rack; 6, Dirt; 7, Disease. It was here in this study that "Little Dorrit," "Hunted Down," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Great Expectations," "The Uncommercial Traveller," "Our Mutual Friend," and "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"—all issued between 1856 and 1870—were chiefly written, and the room therefore has an interest more general than any room in any other private house in the country. The garden, like the house, has many interesting reminiscences of Dickens. Not the least interesting is an affectionate tribute to the memory of a favourite canary: "This is the grave of Dick, the best of birds, born at Broadstairs, Midsummer, 1851, died at Gad's Hill Place, 4th October, 1866"; and of this quaint grave, under a rose tree, flanked by a *Yucca*, we reproduce a little sketch from Mr. Hughes' book. The remaining chapters deal respectively with Dickens' connection with Strood, Chatham, Aylesford, Town Malling, Maidstone, Broadstairs, Margate, Canterbury, Cooling, Cliffe, Higham, Cobham, &c., and concludes with a final tramp in Rochester and London. An excellent index renders the book quite complete. From the Visitors' Book at the "Bull," Colchester, we quote the following lines:—

> "The man who knows his Dickens as he should
> Enjoys a double pleasure in this place;
> He loves to walk its ancient streets, and trace
> The scenes where Dickens' characters have stood.
> He reads 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'

[1] "The Cricket on the Hearth."

In Jasper's Gatehouse, and with Tope as guide
Explores the old cathedral, Durdle's pride;
Descends into the crypt, and even would
Ascend the tower by moonlight, thence to see
Fair Cloisterham reposing at his feet;
And, passing out, he almost hopes to meet
Crisparkle and the white-haired Datchery.
The gifted writer 'sleeps among our best
And noblest' in our minster of the west;
Yet still he lives in this, his favourite scene,
Which for all time shall keep his memory green."

Whilst we may fittingly conclude with the following amusing story relating to the waiter at the "Sir John Falstaff" Inn. A few days after Dickens' death an Englishman, deeply grieved at the event, made a sort of pilgrimage to Gad's Hill, to the house of the great novelist. He went into the famous "Sir John Falstaff" Inn, near at hand, and in the effusiveness of his honest emotions he could not avoid taking the country waiter into his confidence. "A great loss this, of Mr. Dickens," said the pilgrim. "A very great loss to us, sir," replied the waiter, shaking his head, "he had all his ale sent in from this house."



"The Smallest Bible."

IN the last volume of THE BOOKWORM we had the pleasure of noticing the smallest Testament and the smallest Prayer-Book ever printed—each of which came from Mr. Hy. Frowde, of the University Press, Amen Corner. We wish now to acknowledge another and much more ambitious piece of typography—the smallest Bible ever printed, also from the same source. It is a beautiful little book, consisting of 1,566 pages, in "diamond" type —exceedingly small of course, but perfectly clear. Its size is 3¾ in. by 2⅛ in. by ⅞ in. The best India paper is used, and its extreme thinness is only equalled by its remarkable toughness. The Oxford Miniature Bible is published at the low price of five shillings, and will unquestionably have a very extensive popularity.

"What to Read."

THE Fabian Society (276, Strand, W.C.) has issued a very useful little threepenny tract with the above title, containing a list of books for Social Reformers. Although it makes no pretention to completeness, it is nevertheless sufficiently full to meet with present and prospective needs of students of nearly all social questions. No work has been included which cannot be obtained in English, and few that do not deal almost exclusively with English problems. The hundreds of books here enumerated are classified in such a manner as to facilitate reference, and those who are studying particular subjects for the first time will be grateful to the compilers for indicating the best introductory handbooks by distinctive black-type titles.

Some Beautiful Books.

AMONG the books collected by Horace Walpole, and sold at the famous Strawberry Hill sale, was a magnificent Missal, perfectly unique, and superbly illuminated, being enriched with splendid miniatures by Raffaelle, set in pure gold and enamelled, and richly adorned with turquoises, rubies, &c. The sides were formed of two matchless cornelians, with an intaglio of the Crucifixion and another Scripture subject; the clasp was set with a large garnet and other gems. This precious relic was executed expressly for Claude, Queen of France; it was bought by the Earl Waldegrave for 115 guineas. Another curious and costly specimen was a sumptuous volume, considered to be one of the most wonderful works of art extant, containing the Psalms of David written on vellum, embellished by twenty-one inimitable illuminations by Don Julio Clovio, surrounded by exquisite scroll borders of the purest arabesque, of unrivalled brilliancy and harmony. Its binding was of corresponding splendour. Its date was about 1537.

Antoine Zarot, an eminent printer at Milan, about 1470, was the first on record who printed the Missal. Among other works, his execution in colours of the celebrated "Missale Romanum," in folio, afforded a beautiful specimen of the art. The MS. copy seems to have been of a most dazzling description; its original date was 1410. Every leaf is appropriately ornamented with miniatures surrounded with exquisitely elaborated borders; and its almost innumerable initials, which are richly illuminated in gold and colours, render it unsurpassed by any known production of its class. It has been valued at 250 guineas. The "Complutensian Polyglott," otherwise known as "Cardinal Ximenes," deserves a passing notice

among the renowned books of bygone times. This prodigious work was commenced under the auspices of the above-named prelate in 1502, and for fifteen years the labour was continued without intermission; its entire cost amounted to 50,000 golden crowns! Arnas Guillen de Brocar was the celebrated printer of this stupendous work. Of the four large vellum copies, one is said to be in the Vatican, another in the Escurial, and a third was bought by Herbert, at the sale of the McCarthy library, for 600 guineas.

The "Spanish Polyglott," printed by Cristopher Plantin, about 1572, is another splendid production. A most magnificent copy, on vellum, in the original binding, was sold in London some forty years ago for 1,000 guineas, and, enormous as was this price, the copy was actually wanting three out of the ten volumes—these being in the National Library, Paris.

Amongst the numerous rare and costly manuscripts preserved in the Vatican Library is the magnificent Latin Bible of the Duke of Urbino, which consists of two large folios, embellished by numerous figures and landscapes in the ancient arabesque, and is considered as a wonderful monument of art. The mutilated parchment scroll, thirty-two feet in length, literally covered with beautiful miniatures representing the history of Joshua—a Greek MS. of the seventh century—is perhaps the greatest literary curiosity in the Vatican. The "Menologus," or Greek Calendar, illustrated by four hundred rich and brilliant miniatures, representing the martyrdom of the saints of the Greek Church, with views of the churches, monasteries, and basilicas, is also curious, as presenting specimens of the painting of the Byzantine school at the close of the tenth century. It contains also a fine copy of the Acts of the Apostles, in letters of gold, presented by Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus, to Innocent VIII.; an edition of Dante, exquisitely illuminated with miniature paintings by the Florentine school; these pictures are about the ordinary size of modern miniatures on ivory, but far surpassing them in delicacy of finish.

The oldest specimen of illuminated manuscripts is the renowned "Codex Argenteus," an extremely beautiful volume in quarto form. Its leaves, which are of vellum, are stained with a rich violet colour, and the chirography is executed in silver, from which circumstance it derives the latter part of its title. The book is further remarkable as being the only specimen extant of the parent tongue from which our own language, as well as some of those of northern Europe, including Germany, the Netherlands, &c., has descended. It exhibits a very close resemblance to printing, although executed ten centuries prior

to its invention. This Codex was found in the Benedictine Abbey of Werden, in Westphalia, about 1517; it subsequently passed into the possession of Queen Christina of Sweden, then into that of Isaac Vossius, and finally was purchased by a northern Count, Gabriel de la Gardie, for £250, and by him presented to the University of Upsal. This copy is said to bear great analogy to the reading of the Vulgate; three editions of it have been printed.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

The Latin Bible, 1450–1500.

MR. W. A. COPINGER'S work on "The First Half-Century of the Latin Bible: being a Bibliographical Account of its Various Editions between 1450 and 1500," will be published towards the end of the month. A collation of each edition will be given, and information afforded as to where copies are preserved in public or private collections. The work will also contain a chronological list, in a tabular form, of the editions of the Latin Bible produced in the sixteenth century, which exceed four hundred in number. Over fifty facsimiles (unreduced) will be given of the most important editions of the fifteenth century. These will include the Gutenberg and Pfister, the 42-line and 36-line; and many of the most important presses in the infancy of printing will be represented.—*The Athenæum.*

Correspondence of Cowper.

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, of Cowper School, Olney, sends the following interesting communication :—

"I think your readers will be interested to know that for some time I have been engaged in collecting, annotating, and arranging in chronological order the correspondence of the poet Cowper, with a view to publication. The work is fast approaching completion, and stands before me at the present moment in ten bulky volumes (a local bookbinder having so put them together for my convenience), the printed letters and the copies of those in MS. all in proper order. The best collection hitherto published is, of course, that of Southey, which, appendix included, contains all the letters that are in Grimshawe except four or five, and a large number besides. Southey, moreover, whenever it was possible, printed the letters entire, whereas his rival not only gave them in a mutilated form, but also, in many instances, omitted the very cream. Southey's misfortune was that in most cases he was not permitted to see the originals, but had to content himself with the portions to be found in Hayley. Consequently, even in Southey, the letters appear very imperfectly. Grimshawe, however, who did see, or could have seen, the majority of the originals, was far and away the greater sinner. Moreover, being debarred from the so-called 'private correspondence,' Southey was unable to give the letters in consecutive order. Then, too, a number of letters have been brought to light since Southey's time. These are scattered up and down the pages of a dozen different books and periodicals. Lastly, I have a goodly number that have not been printed at all. Altogether there are in my possession about four hundred letters that are either not in Southey, or of which Southey gives only scraps. I should be exceedingly glad if persons possessing originals would communicate with me, for every letter ought to be re-examined. The publication in chronological order of the complete correspondence of the prince of English letter-writers is certainly a great desideratum. It may not be generally known that a certain amount of material (which I have made use of) was collected by the painstaking John Bruce with a view to a publication of a similar nature to the one I am engaged upon. Mr. Bruce died, however, before the work had proceeded far."

Bonaparte's Library.

THE following communication, written in 1823, has a quaint and curious interest, and is, for several reasons, quoted in its entirety. Several of the points are naturally quite out of date, but do not, however, diminish the value of the letter as a whole :—

We are threatened to be inundated with *Bonapartiana*. Books pictures, snuff-boxes, and we know not what, have successively made their appearance ; and, last of all, O marvellous circumstance ! comes Bonaparte's CANE [1]—that very cane with which he cudgelled, in turn, all his marshals—from the sturdy Lasnes to the compliant Marmont. It is not less true than strange, that Bonaparte's *cane* followed on the heels of his library ; and whoever chooses to visit the richly-stocked repository of Messrs. Bosange and Co., in Marlborough Street, may be convinced that we are uttering truths, and not disporting ourselves in fiction—for THERE are the books and the walking-stick of Bonaparte.

Our business is more especially with the *books ;* leaving Napoleon's cane, and that of the great Frederick of Prussia (which latter, it is said, John Kemble used, about twenty years ago, when he played King Lear) to contest the palm of interest with the latest posterity. For our parts, we prefer a good *oaken* staff to either. Whoever prepares himself to inspect a library of curious, or rare, or richly-decorated books, in that of the late Emperor, will be disappointed. The collection is of the most ordinary occurrence, and its

[1] It is tortoise-shell, mounted with gold, on the top of which is a musical box.

chief interest consists in the scraps of writing, more or less, from the pen of Napoleon. Almost *every* book is charged with some written demonstration of its having been perused—but they are books that betray no particular depth of reading. We predict that almost every one of these books will *march off* (as their owner once did!) in the course of the present year; because every person, at all interested in the fortunes of the Ex-Emperor, or desirous of placing some book-memorial of him on their shelves, will be glad to take away one or more specimens, at a moderate cost; while others, more thoroughly bitten with the *book-mania*, or tainted with the *Bonaparte-fever*, will not fail to load their shelves with a more abundant supply.

It remains, therefore, only to give a list of a few of the articles which contain a larger portion, more or less, of the MS. notes of their late extraordinary owner, for the purpose of general information. Most of the books have only the Emperor's autograph—and some, *oh fortunate trouvaille*, contain THREE WORDS! Collectors of autographs will quickly, we presume, set the wheels of their carriages in motion towards Great Marlborough Street.

"Bernard, ses Œuvres." Royal 4to, vellum paper, with beautiful plates after Prudhon, proofs, red morocco, gilt leaves, silk insides, 1797, Paris, Didot.

"Bonaparte (Lucien), Charlemagne, ou l'Eglise délivrée," Poème en twenty-four chants. 2 vols. 4to, portrait, bound—three words by Napoleon.

"Bruce (Capitaine), ses Voyages aux Sources du Nil," trad. par Castéra. 5 vols. 4to, and atlas (the atlas with notes, by Bonaparte).

"Correspondance Inédite officielle et confidentielle de Napoléon Bonaparte, avec les Cours étrangères, les Princes, les Ministres, et Généraux Français et étrangers." 7 vols. 8vo, 1819.

Denon, "Voyage en Egypte." 2 vols. atlas folio, russia, some plates torn out, and some with Napoleon's notes.

Macartney (Lord), "Voyage dans l'Intérieur de la Chine et en Tartarie fait dans les Années, 1792–93–94," traduit par Castéra. 5 vols. 8vo, and atlas, 1804, neat.

Mentelle, Malte-Brun, et Herbin, "Géographie, Mathématique, historique et politique de toute les Parties du Monde." 16 vols. 8vo, and atlas, folio, half bound, russia.

Derby Printers and Booksellers of the 18th Century.

THE first person who carried on the business of a bookseller in Derby, as far as I have been able to ascertain, was John Hodges. Here let me say parenthetically that Derby and Nottingham were intimately associated during the first half of the last century in printing and publishing. Hodges was the local agent of London and Nottingham printers and publishers. In 1713 he published a Nottingham-printed pamphlet entitled "An Answer to a late Pamphlet Intituled the Validity of Baptism Administered by Dissenting Ministers," and in 1714, as another Nottingham pamphlet—"A Vindication to an Answer." In the same year "the bookseller at Derby" engaged Wm. Ayscough, Nottingham's first printer, to produce Cantrell's "Invalidity of the Lay Baptism of Dissenting Teachers," and in the same year sold the Ayscough-printed pamphlet, Harris' "Unepiscopal Ordination Baptism null and void." He was also the local publisher of Cantrell's "Royal Martyr, a True Christian," which was issued in 1716. It will thus be seen that John Hodges was the publisher for the Episcopalians. A contemporary with Hodges was Henry Allestree.—Henry Allestree was the Nonconformist publisher of Derby during the early portion of the 18th century. Like his predecessor and contemporary, John Hodges, he was also the local agent of a Nottingham paper, but not of Ayscough, but of John Collyer, who was the Dissenting printer of Nottingham. He published Fernando Shaw's book on "The Validity of Baptism administered by Dissenting Ministers." Allestree carried on his business at the Market Head and was probably a son of the Derby Recorder. In 1715 he published a Nottingham-printed book, Robinson's "Essay upon Vocal Musick." For him Ayscough, of Nottingham, printed

Hutchinson's "Counterfeit Loyalty Displayed." Allestree was also the Derby agent of Wm. Ward, another Nottingham printer, and sold Parkyns' "Introduction to the Latin Tongue." About 1719 he was a local agent of *The Nottingham Mercury*. In 1725 he sold Cotton's "Wonders of the Peak," which was printed by Collyer, of Nottingham. In 1726–7 he sold *The British Spy*, and in 1732 was an agent of *The Derby Mercury*. His contemporaries as booksellers and newsagents were John Hodges, Wm. Cantrell, Saml. Hodgkinson, J. Hodgkinson, Jeremian Roe, and Saml. Drury.—Wm. Cantrell was possibly brother of the head master of Derby school, and lecturer at All Hallows', and vicar of Elvaston. He appears to have carried on his business from about 1717 to about 1727. He published the first edition of Blackwall's "Introduction to the Classics" in 1717, and was a Derby publisher of the 1725 edition of Cotton's "Wonders of the Peak." In that year he published Blackwall's "Sacred Classics," and three years later sold the 4th edition of Blackwall's "Classics." Cantrell's stock was sold in 1727. —Up to the year 1719 there does not appear to have been any printing done in Derby. Probably the earliest production of the Derby press is the first number of *The Derby Postman*, a quarto Thursday three-halfpenny paper, which was published on December 1, 1719. It was printed near "St. Warburg's Church," by S. Hodgkinson. In 1726 the title of this paper was changed to that of *The British Spy*. This newspaper was published at irregular periods, and was issued for several years, before it ceased to exist in 1731, by J. Hodgkinson, of Sadler Gate. Saml. Hodgkinson ceased printing about the year 1732.—Jeremiah Roe was an agent of *The British Spy*, and appears to have carried on his business as bookseller and newsagent from about 1726 to about 1753. His place of business was at the upper end of Sadler Gate. He sold *The Derby Mercury* from 1732 onwards. In 1737 we find him selling a Nottingham sermon on "Christ's Fear of Death," and in the following year Taylor's "Further Defence of the Common Rights of Christians," and Clegg's sermon on "The Things that make for Peace and Edification among Christians," which was a sermon preached by Dr. Clegg, at the High Pavement Chapel, in Nottingham, and printed by Thomas Collyer of the same town. In the same year he sold the second edition of a pamphlet which emanated from the same press, entitled, "A Copy of the letters lately published, occasioned by Mr. Sloss' circular letter." He also sold the 2nd Nottingham edition of Cotton's "Wonders of the Peak;" this was in 1744. In 1753 his name appears on the title-page of Barber's "David's Harp

well tuned."—Samuel Drewry was the printer of *The Derby Mercury*, the first number of which was issued on March 23, 1732. His office was in the Market-place. His contemporaries were S. Hodgkinson, H. Allestree, Jeremiah Roe, S. Trimer, and S. Fox. Drewry issued literature of "the dying speeches and confessions" type. In 1735 he printed a quarto sheet on the Duchy of Lancaster, and in 1741 a Derby Poll Book. He was the printer of *The Derby Mercury* for a period of 38 years, and died in 1769.—Samuel Trimer carried on business as a bookseller in 1741, as also did Samuel Fox.—Mention has been made of Samuel Drewry. Attention must now be called to John Drewry (*primus*). He was a nephew of Saml. Drewry, and succeeded him in 1769, and in that year he altered the title of his newspaper to that of *Drewry's Derby Mercury*. He was evidently the most enterprising Derby printer of the 18th century, and printed several important volumes in good style for the period. Among these are Woty's "Poems" (1780); Bennett's "New Experiments in Electricity" (1789); Pilkington's "New View of Derbyshire," two vols. (1789); Watt's "Divine Songs" (1792), and Davenport's "Quotations" (1793). He died Sept. 30, 1794, in his 55th year.—John Drewry (*secundus*) succeeded his uncle just mentioned. He produced Erasmus Darwin's "Plea for the conduct of female education in boarding schools" (1797). He also issued Smith's "Spelling Book," which ran through many editions, and other school books. Drewry also produced coarsely printed and rudely illustrated chap-books. Some of the illustrations of Drewry's books were by Bewick, who engraved the heading and other blocks of the *Mercury*.—James Harrison carried on his business as a printer in Rotten Row, Derby. On August 2, 1776, he revived the *Derbyshire Journal* (which first appeared in 1738, but soon died a natural death), but altered the title to *Harrison's Derby Journal*, and in November of the same year changed it to *Harrison's Derby and Nottingham Journal, or Midland Advertiser*. Harrison failed in 1781, when the paper ceased to exist. The local sellers of the journal were Trimer, Roome, Sanders, and Almond.—Thomas Trimer appears on the scene in 1783 as the printer of some "Poetical Attempts." In 1786, probably a son named Thomas Paget Trimer, issued "An Illustration of the Holy Bible." This was a large volume and was most likely printed by the celebrated Birmingham printer, John Baskerville. Trimer's shop was in Iron Gate.—A Nottingham man named Charles Sambroke Ordoyno carried on the business of printer at Derby in 1792. In that he issued the first number of a Jacobin newspaper called *The Derby*

Herald. This was printed in King Street. The paper only lived three months, and the printer returned to Nottingham, where he found occupation as a jobbing printer, and died there in November, 1826. It should be added that the information just given is culled from books in the Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire collections at the Free Public Reference Libraries of Derby and Nottingham respectively; a paper by Mr. Wallis which appears in a volume of the Derbyshire Antiquarian and Natural History Society's transactions; Creswell's "Collections towards the history of printers in Nottinghamshire," and from my own notes. This may form a sketch which some Derbyshire bibliographer may amplify and thus produce a history of the typographic art as carried on in Derby during the 18 th century.

J. POTTER BRISCOE.

Mr. Swinburne in French.

IT seems more than passing strange that Mr. Swinburne should be almost completely unknown in France, and that his "Poems and Ballads" should wait just a quarter of a century before finding a translator. They have recently been "done into French" by M. Gabriel Mourey. M. Guy de Maupassant contributes a preface. "Lyrique, épique, épris du rythme, poète d'épopée, plein du souffle grec, il est aussi un des plus raffinés et des plus subtils parmi les explorateurs des nuances et de sensations qui forment les écoles nouvelles." Such is the judgment of the leading French novelist—whose recent and lamentable attempt on his own life is a matter of very widespread regret—and there can be no doubt that, from his point of view, the conclusion is correct and sound. But even Mr. Swinburne's most ardent admirers lament some of his latest quasi-political effusions.

Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography."

ALTHOUGH several of Leigh Hunt's books have distinctly autobiographical features, the most entertaining is his "Autobiography"—a book full of literary interest, by no means no widely read at the present day as its merit deserves. The following letter of appreciation, addressed to Hunt by Thomas Carlyle, June 17, 1850, was recently sold by auction for £8 10s:—

"I have just finished your 'Autobiography,' which has been most pleasantly occupying all my leisure these three days; and you must permit me to write you a word upon it, out of the fulness of the heart, while the impulse is still fresh, to thank you. This good Book, in every sense one of the best I have read this long while, has awakened many old thoughts, which never were extinct, or even properly *asleep*, but which (like so much else) have had to fall silent amid the tempests of an evil time,—Heaven mend it! A word from me, once more, I know, will not be unwelcome, while the world is talking of you.

"Well, I call this an excellently good Book; by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language; and, indeed, except it be Boswell's of Johnson, I do not know where we have such a Picture drawn of a human Life, as in these three volumes. A pious, ingenious, altogether *human* and worthy Book; imaging with graceful honesty and free felicity, many interesting objects and persons on your life-path,—and imaging throughout, what is best of all, a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way thro' the billows of the time, and will not drown, tho' often in danger; *cannot* be drowned, but conquers, and leaves a track of radiance behind it: that, I think,

comes out more clearly to me than in any other of your Books; and that I can venture to assure you is the best of all results to realize in a Book or written record. In fact this Book has been like an exercise of *devotion* to me: I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy or litany, this long while, that has had so religious an effect on me. Thanks in the name of all men! And believe along with me that this Book will be welcome to other generations as well as to ours—and long may you live to write other Books for us; and may the evening sun be softer on you (and on me) than the noon sometimes was!

"Adieu, dear Hunt, (you must let me use this familiarity, for I am an old fellow too now as well as you). I have often thought of coming up to see you once more; and perhaps I shall one of these days (tho' horribly sick and lonely, and beset with spectral lions, go whitherward I may); but whether I do or not, believe for ever in my regard. And so God bless you."

"The House of Cromwell."

MR. JAMES WAYLEN has compiled, and Mr. Elliot Stock has published, "The House of Cromwell, and the Story of Dunkirk," an exhaustive genealogical history of the descendants of the Protector, with anecdotes and letters. To those interested in one of the most striking figures in English history, the volume will commend itself, as being full of quaint and little-known facts. The book appeals more to the genealogist than to the bibliographer; but in any case the meagre index gives no indication of the numerous literary subjects discussed in the body of the work. It contains over one hundred letters not noticed by Carlyle, and some curious Cromwelliana will be new to many readers.

Alphabetical Whims.

IN No. 59 of the *Spectator*, Addison, descanting on the different species of false wit, observes: The first I shall produce are the Lipogrammatists, or letter-droppers of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once in a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an Odyssey, or Epic Poem, on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four-and-twenty books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called *Alpha* (as *lucus a non lucendo*), because there was not an alpha in it. His second book was inscribed *Beta*, for the same reason; in short, the Poet excluded the whole four-and-twenty letters in their turns, and showed them that he could do his business without them. It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it, through the different Greek dialects, when he was presented with it in any particular syllable; for the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with the wrong letter.

In No. 63, Addison has again introduced Tryphiodorus in his Vision of the Region of False Wit, where he sees the phantom of this Poet pursued through the intricacies of a dance by four-and-twenty persons (representatives of the alphabet) who are unable to overtake him.

Addison should, however, have mentioned that Tryphiodorus is kept in countenance by no less an authority than Pindar, who, according to Athenæus, wrote an ode, from which the letter *sigma* was carefully excluded.

This caprice of Tryphiodorus has not been without its imitators.

Peter de Riga, a canon of Rheims, wrote a summary of the Bible in twenty-three sections, and throughout each section omitted, successively, some particular letter.

Gordianus Fulgentius, who wrote "De Ætatibus Mundi et Hominis," has styled his book a wonderful work, chiefly, it may be presumed, from a similar reason; as from the chapter on Adam he has excluded the letter A; from that on Abel, the B; from that on Cain the C; and so of the rest.

This alphabetical whim has assumed various shapes. It has sometimes taken the form of a fondness for some particular letter. Petrus Placentius wrote a poem, entitled "Pugna Porcorum," in which every verse began with a P.

The Lipogrammatists have been far outdone by the Pangrammatists, who contrive to crowd all the letters of the alphabet into every single verse. The Prophet Ezra may be regarded as the father of this tribe, as witness his Book of Prophecies (chap. vii. ver. 21); of modern authors, Ausonius is the fullest of these fancies.

Mr. Gladstone's Book-Plate.

THE principal illustration in the January number of *The Ex-Libris Journal* is the book-plate of Mr. Gladstone, which that distinguished statesman has permitted Mr. W. H. K. Wright to use for that purpose. This particular plate was a gift from Lord Northbourne to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone on the occasion of their Golden Wedding in 1889, and bears an appropriate inscription. It is partly armorial and partly symbolical, and was designed by Mr. T. Erat Harrison, of Chiswick.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST

(Were awarded the Grand Diploma of Honour—Highest Award for Irish Damask Table Linen, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.)

IRISH CAMBRIC

Children's Bordered... 1/3 per doz.
Ladies' 2/2 ,,
Gentlemen's 3/3 ,,

Hemstitched:
Ladies ... 2/11½ the doz.
Gentlemen's 3/11 ,,

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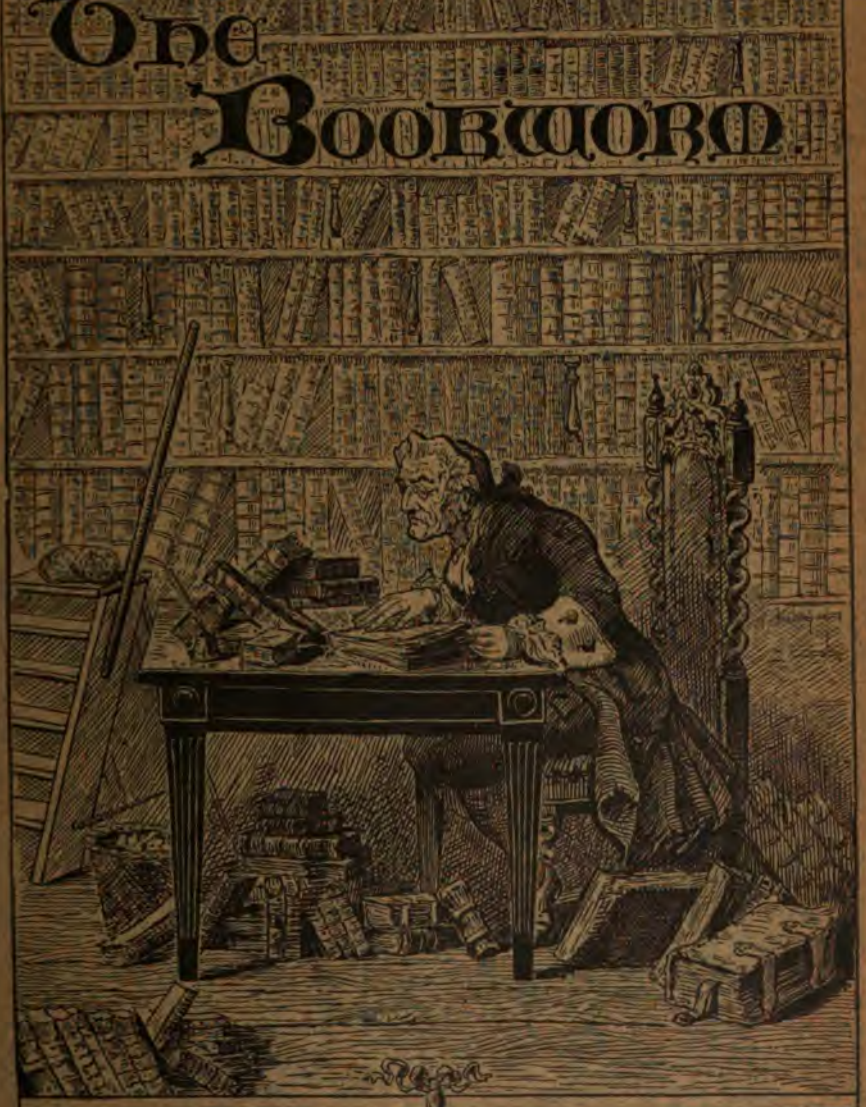
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No. 52. March, 1892.

The Bookworm



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Some Illustrated Books of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries.

FEW subjects are more generally interesting to the genuine booklover than that of the illustrated books of the first century and half after the introduction of printing. Although it cannot be said of these illustrations, as it may be truly advanced on behalf of the art of typography itself, that their beauty and perfection almost synchronized with the introduction of the invention, their points of interest are nevertheless manifold. In the first place, the methods of illustrating books to-day differ only in degree from those employed four centuries ago; and these may be placed under three heads: engravings, printed from an intaglio plate; woodcuts, printed from the surface of a relief block; and lithographs, printed from a stone or other smooth surface. We need not enter here into a description of either the old or the new methods of illustrating books, which will be found dealt with in an excellent little work published in the "Booklover's Library" series. But the most superficial comparison between the results of the old and the new will yield a vast amount of pleasant surprise. The old printers were, in many instances, prodigal in the profuseness with which they had their books illustrated. No difficulty appears to have daunted, and no expense deterred them from doing the thing thoroughly when once they set about it. Many of the illustrations are crude to an extreme, but in nearly every instance they show a vividness and a virility by the side of which so many modern attempts are puerile. Where, for example, shall we find, in a general way, anything to bear comparison with the Æsop's "Fables," 1471, with its wealth of initial letters and curious woodcuts, or the "Nuremburg Chronicle," 1493, with its between two and three thousand spirited illustrations and initials?

But one might go on, page after page, enumerating the early masterpieces of typographical and pictorial art. Our object now,

however, is to describe a few early books, not so generally known as many others, and to reproduce some characteristic examples of their illustrations. These examples lose much in reproduction, not that they are not faithful to the originals, but because their quaintness and their beauty are seen only to the best advantage in their original places. The ruffles, the wigs, and the sedan chairs of a bygone age were in keeping with one another, but the harmony is completely destroyed by either being introduced into the present period of prose and rapid movement. Many elements also combine to render the magnificent and everlasting books of three or four centuries ago an impossibility of modern life. Where our forefathers spent years over



"DE PLURIMIS MULIERIBUS," FERRARA, 1497.

the production of one book, the publishers of to-day could turn it out in almost as many months. The comparison stops here, for recent books have only an ephemeral interest—to-morrow some one will produce a better than his predecessor—but those issued when the world was young were permanent, abiding, and definite. A second or even a third edition may have appeared, but it did not materially differ from the first; and it is curious to note how few of the *incunabula* have been reprinted even in an age of reprints. Modern or new editions, where they have been executed, do not in any way affect the value or the interest of the *editiones principes*, and, like modern books, are only in vogue until a better or still more modern example is brought into the market.

The first and earliest book from which we reproduce an illustration is "De Plurimis Claris Sceletisque (*sic*) Mulieribus," of Jacobi Philippi Bergomensis, and was printed at Ferrara in 1497 by "Laurentij de rubeis de Valentia." It is a small folio containing 175 very fine woodcuts of women, "two of which, the full size of the page, are exquisite specimens of elaborate Italian design." This is unquestionably one of the most beautiful monuments of wood engraving of the first epoch of the Italian renaissance. It is not only interesting as one of the first books to contain portraits, but its value as indicating the costumes and head-dresses of the period



"LIBRO DI MERCANTIE," FLORENCE, 1496.

cannot be exaggerated. The superb frontispiece, dated 1493, represents the author offering his book to the Queen Beatrice of Aragon, daughter of the King Matthias Corvinus of Hungary. The beautiful title, in large Gothic characters, is zylographic. This book must have had an extensive popularity in its day—which is perhaps not to be wondered at, considering that the portraits were of women contemporary with the author—for very few copies are now existing in good condition. The Didot copy sold for £60, in 1879, but Mr. Cohn, of Berlin, and Mr. Quaritch, of London, offer faultless examples at about half the price.

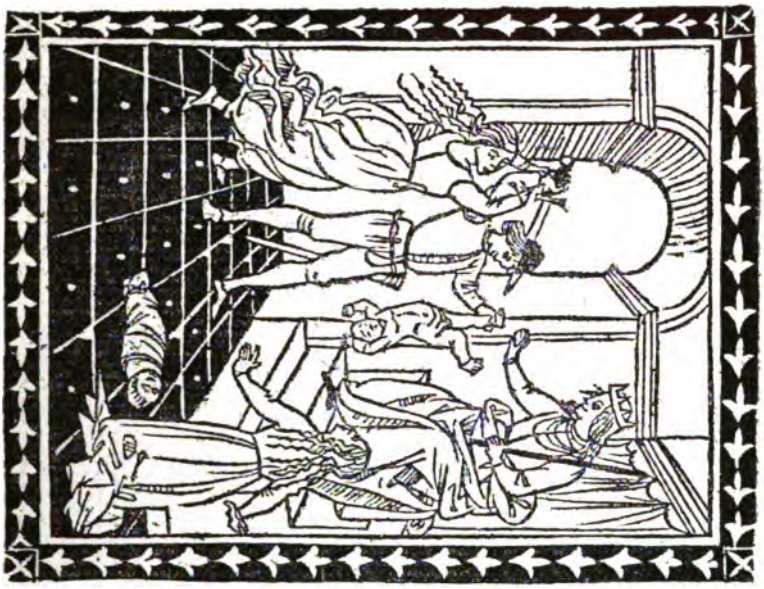
Of a totally distinct, but in other ways quite as great an interest is offered by the "Questo e ellibro che tracta di Mercatātie & usanze depaesi," of Giogio Chiarini di Lorenzo, printed at Florence in or about 1496 by Piero Pacini da Pescia. This very rare volume, which appears to have escaped the notice of many bibliographers, is of the foremost importance to those interested in the history of European commerce during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, containing as it does full information of the monies employed, the medium of communication, the commercial costumes of each county, weights and measures, specimens of business letters, and many other items of everyday life. The woodcut (here reproduced) on the title-

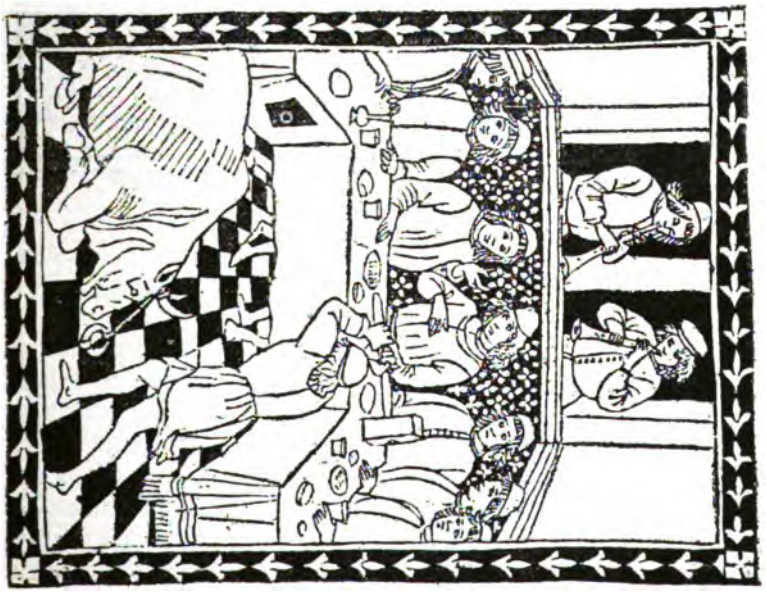


"EPISTOLE ET EUANGELII," FLORENCE, 1515.

page represents the interior of the counting-house of an Italian banker of the fifteenth century.

From the "Epistole and Euangelii Uulgari in Lingua Thoxanā," printed at Florence in 1515, we reproduce three illustrations. The colophon runs: "Impresso in Firenze per Jo. Stephano di Carlo da Pauia Ed adinstantia di Bernardo di Ser Piero Pacini da Pescia. Anno Domini 1515. Adi 13. di Febrario Alluso Fiorentino." This fine volume consists of 122 folios, and is decorated with 210 very beautiful woodcuts designed and engraved by Florentine artists of the fifteenth century, and very many pretty ornamental initials. This

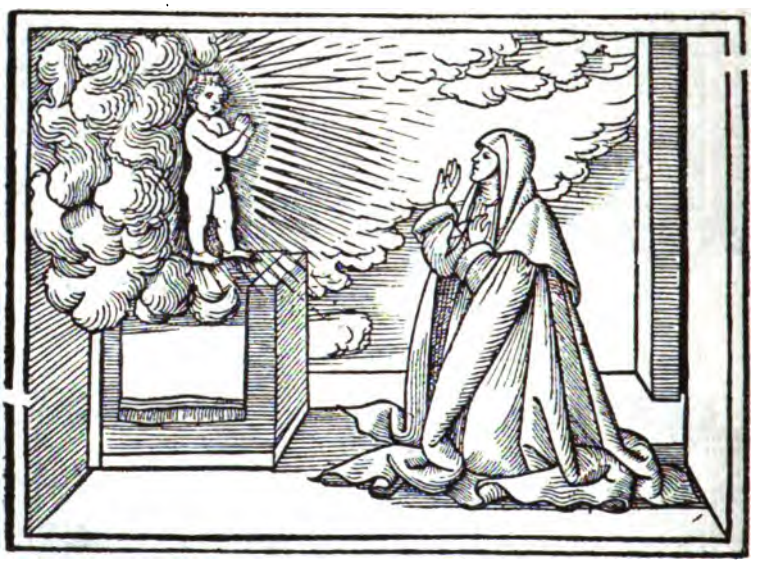




"EPISTOLE ET EUANGELII," FLORENCE, 1515.

work comes in the first rank of beautiful books produced by the Florentine School. The first edition of this had appeared in 1495, issued by the same publisher, bnt of this only one copy is known, and this is badly preserved and incomplete. The 1515 edition is also excessively rare, particularly in good condition. Mr. Cohn, of Berlin, catalogues a small but perfect copy at 2,500 francs, which is by no means an excessive price for it.

The illustrations in the "Inexplicabilis mysterii gesta Beatæ Veronicæ Virginis" derive a special interest from the fact that they are attributed to Bernardino Luini, the Milanese artist, a pupil of Leonardo de Vinci, whose style in these woodcuts is very evident.



"INEXPLICABILIS MYSTERII GESTA B. VERONICAE VIRGINIS," MILAN, 1518.

Besides the larger woodcuts, the initial letters are gems in their way. This volume was printed at Milan "apud Gotardum Ponticum Impressorum," in 1518. In the same category we may include the "Meditationes" of John Turrecremata, printed at Albi, Languedoc, by John Neumeister, in 1481. It is one of the rarest and most remarkable monuments of French typography in the fifteenth century. It is the first book with a date printed at Albi, where the art had been introduced at the end of the year 1480, or at the beginning of 1481, by Neumeister, who was associated with Gutenberg at Mayence, and who ultimately went there to live and to print. There are only two copies known of this book: one being in the National Library at Paris,

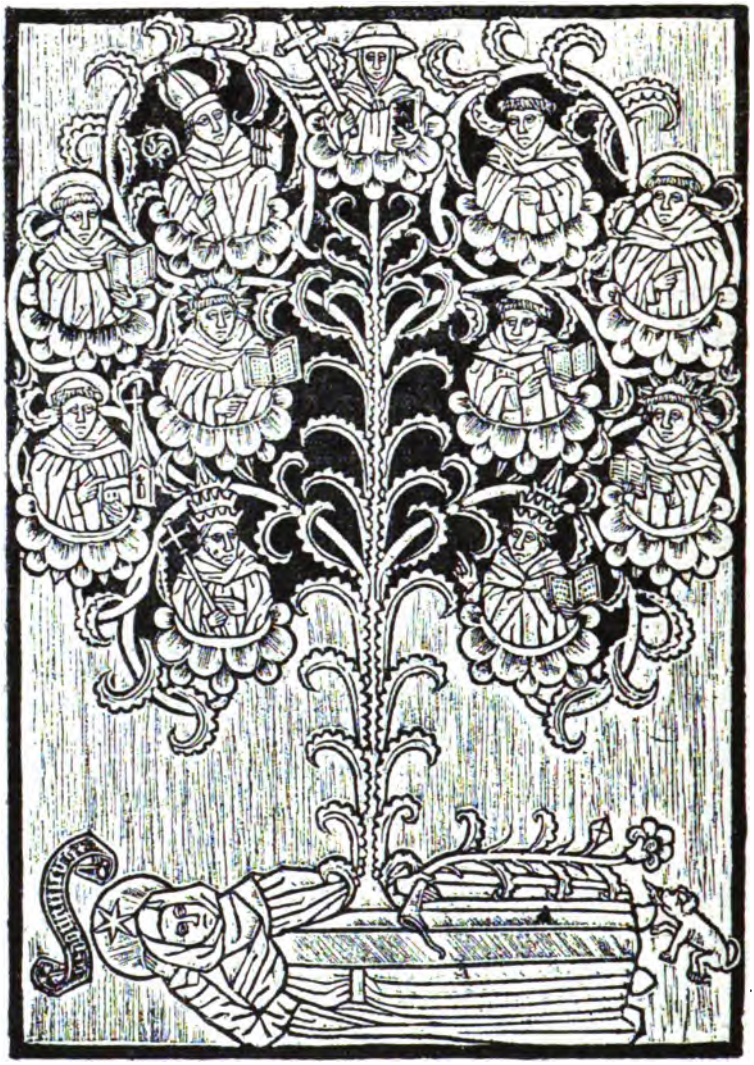
and the other belongs to Mr. Cohn, of Berlin. Great as is the typographic interest of this book, it is even exceeded by that of the thirty-three illustrations. These are not woodcuts, but are stamped on metal *en relief*, and offer a slightly mildewy appearance, of which our reproduction gives an indication. This species of engraving is extremely rarely met with, particularly in books, and was unknown to such eminent writers on iconography as Heinecken, Bartsch, and Ottley. A full account both of the work in which they occur and of the method of engraving will be found in M. Claudin's "Origines de l'imprimerie à Albi en Languedoc" (Paris, 1880).



RUMPOLT'S "KOCHBUCH," FRANKFURT, 1581.

Not a little of our present knowledge of the Germans of the sixteenth century is derived from the spirited and composite illustrations of Jolist Amman. Here is a peculiarly excellent vignette from the title-page of Marx Rumpolt's "Ein Newes Kochbuch, d. if Gründliche Beschreibung wie man . . . allerley Speyfs, &c., au Teutsche, Ungerische, Hispanische, Italienische, Frantzösiche weifs zu bereyten soll." This folio volume on cookery was issued at Frankfort by J. Feyerabendt in 1581. The vignette is full of interest; the unconscious earnestness of the woman in testing either the quality or the heat of the soup is especially amusing.

In concluding this brief sketch, it is only fair to add that we are indebted to the well-known antiquarian bookseller, Herr Albert Cohn, of 53, Mohrenstrasse, W, Berlin, for the reproductions which he had made at considerable expense for the purpose of illustrating



TURRECREMATA, "MEDITATIONES," 1498.

one of his numerous and excellent catalogues. An illustrated price list of old books is a very excellent institution practically unknown in this country. We have much to learn from our German, French, and American friends in this line.

W. ROBERTS.

A Remarkable Coincidence.[1]

A SOMEWHAT curious and remarkable coincidence occurred a week or two since which may prove of interest to readers of THE BOOKWORM. About eighteen months ago I acquired from two different parts of Germany two editions of the Latin Bible with the Commentary of De Lyra, each in four volumes, one being the Koburger Edition of 1485 and the other the Koburger Edition of 1487. Both were very fine copies, apparently in their original binding, were sold as perfect, and assumed to be so by myself at the time.

About six months ago, having to collate these two editions with care for the purposes of my forthcoming work on the Fifteenth Century Latin Bibles, I discovered that the third volume of my copy of the edition of 1485, from Esdras to Machabees, was in reality the edition of 1487. I should explain that the edition of 1487 was practically a reprint of the edition of 1485, the variations being so slight as to render it difficult to distinguish them; the main feature of distinction, however, is that the edition of 1485, so far as the portion referred to is concerned, has no printed signatures, whereas the edition of 1487 has. The result of my collation was the disclosure of the fact that I had a duplicate of the third volume of the Koburger Edition of 1487, and my edition of 1485 was defective as to this volume.

A few weeks since I saw in a catalogue, from a totally different part of Germany whence I had acquired the editions above referred

[1] [A coincidence of an equally startling nature is recorded in our last volume, pp. 207-8.—ED.]

to, two odd volumes of the Latin Bible, said to be volumes one and three of a Venice Edition of 1481. I sent for these through my London agents, and the books arrived with others last week. The first volume of this Venice Edition turned out to be not an edition of the Bible at all, but a portion of the Commentary of De Lyra printed at Venice by Octav. Scotus in 1488, and the other (the so-called third volume of the Venice Edition of 1481) struck me at once as being from the Koburger press. I examined it with care, and found to my astonishment that it was *just that portion of the Koburger Edition of* 1485 which was defective in my set of that edition as mentioned above.

This seems to be a remarkable coincidence, first, because the edition of 1485 is a particularly rare one—in fact, the rarest of all the Koburger Editions with the Commentary; secondly, because it was the very portion which was defective in my copy; thirdly, because it was ordered from a totally different quarter whence my editions had originally come; and fourthly, because it was ordered not to supply the deficiency in my set, nor indeed as a Koburger Edition at all, but as something printed at a different place and in a different year.

W. A. COPINGER.

A Seventeenth Century Guide Book.

RECENTLY I came across, in one of my book-hunting expeditions, a small octavo, which, if of no great value as a specimen of topography, or of excessive rarity as an *editio princeps* of a great master, is none the less extremely interesting to the bibliophile, as it presents a contemporary picture of the state of Europe in 1684, the latter end of Charles the Second's reign, when the notorious Judge Jefferies was in the height of his glory, and Whigs, Covenantors, and all friends of liberty in England were being put down right and left.

The title-page runs thus :—"A New Survey of the Present State of Europe : Containing Remarks upon several Soveraign and Republican States with Memoires Historical, Chronological, Topographical, Hydrographical, Political, &c. By Gidion Pontier, &c. Done into English by J. B., Doctor of Physick, London : Printed for W. Crooke at the Green Dragon without Temple Bar, nigh Devereux Court, 1684." While in a quaint address "To the Candid Reader" our author informs us that "This Treatise exposeth to your view the most Eminent Things and Transactions of this World, concerning Ecclesiastical States, Monarchies, Republicks, the varieties of Sects and Religions. the Origine of Arts and Sciences, Several unparallel'd Accidents, variety of Recherches in Antiquity and Memoires, containing the Combats, Battels, Sieges, surprizal or taking of Towns and the most signaliz'd and memorable Actions that have happened in this Modern Age." The book opens with an interesting account of the Papacy as it then was established under Innocent XI. Even in those days some worldly minded individuals tried to take advantage of a great scarcity of corn to form a *ring*, for we read that

"The Ninth of November, An. 1677, his Holiness caused the Corn to be seiz'd, whereof some particular persons had made Magazines, to sell it at an excessive rate, and to make an advantage of the scarcity wherewith many places of Italy were afflicted. His Holiness labouring for the comfort of the poor, regulated its price and distribution after such a manner that drew publick Blessings upon him." In the description of Savoy we are informed that "Great Mount Cenis is the ordinary Road of the Ports of France, and little Mount Cenis is a shorter way but more uneasie. We find there the invention of a sort of Sled, on which a man sitting advances in less than half a quarter of an hour a league, by sliding on the Snow from the top of the Mountain to the bottom. There are persons trained to this exercise called Sled-drivers, who guide the sled by stopping it when it is necessary, with a great Prong of iron which they fix in the way." We wonder what these "Sled-drivers" would think of the famous tunnel of our day.

Gidion Pontier was evidently much struck with France and all its glories, to which he devotes no less than 132 of his 302 pages. We do not know whether he was a Frenchman, but he describes Louis XIV., the then king of France, as having "a Physiognomy more Divine than Humane, which moves a most profound respect; and we perceive in his Countenance a sweetness which tempers his Majesty: he is gifted with the Sublime Science of Governing; he is another Solomon, in rendering the Oracles of his Judgments. Mounting on Horseback, he puts himself in the head of his Armies, which he conducts as another David, or as another Alexander the Great; whose presence imports more than Millions of Captains, and an entire Army. . . . He has been all at once King, General of an Army, Marshal of the Camp, Sergeant of the Battel, Captain, Souldier, Engineer, and Cannoneer. He holds all his Enemies play; and the more he has the more he puts to the Rout. He has gotten so many Palms and Laurels that the fires of joy and publick rejoycings have shewn themselves throughout the whole Kingdom. His adventures are a Concatenation of Victories, Triumphs, and Prodigies. He is worthy the Empire of the whole Earth: the great Armies which he keeps on foot, and his yearly Revenue above one hundred Millions, render him formidable to the opposers of his glory."

In an account of the house of President Perrot at Paris, we read of a peculiar "rowling Desk, composed of divers Tables, which is in the Library, is of a very rare structure, and convenient for those that compose some laborious Piece: all the edges of it are gilded,

and the Boards or Planks hold a great many Books *in folio*. When you are near it, without changing place, with one of your fingers you make the Desk turn, and bring before your eyes the Bookes that lead to your designe: but you must first place them." Although this was written more than two hundred years ago, it reads very much like a description of the modern revolving book-cases. Truly there is "nothing new under the sun."

Under the head of Germany, of which Leopold I. was then Emperor, we are told that "the chief Prerogatives of the Emperour are to create Kings; to require the Towns of the Empire by Proclamation to attend him on occasion: to give the Investiture of Fiefs and the Power of Legitimating." We wonder whether William II. will carry them into effect.

These few extracts, however, give us some little idea of the state of Europe as described in this quaint old and forgotten guide book of 1684, and enable us the better to appreciate, perhaps, the advantages of the year of grace 1892.

G. YARROW BALDOCK.

Two New Books.

AMONG the new books of the present publishing season will be two of especial interest to readers of THE BOOKWORM. One is to appear in Mr. Stock's Booklover's Library; it deals with "Books condemned to be Burnt," and is written by Mr. J. A. Farrer. The second is a cheap reprint of the more interesting portions of the *Athenian Oracle*, a collection of old-time correspondence. The selection has been made by Mr. John Underhill, who recently edited "Spence's Anecdotes," and who supplies an introduction sketching the rise of English journalism and its growth down to the end of the seventeenth century. The *Oracle*, it may be explained, was made up of extracts from John Dunton's *Athenian Mercury* (1691–96). Mr. Walter Besant has written a preface to the selection, commending the *Oracle* as "a treasury, a storehouse, filled with precious things—a book invaluable to one who wishes to study the manners and the ideas of *bourgeois* England at the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century." Mr. Besant says that he found the book of use in writing "Dorothy Forster" and "For Faith and Freedom."

To a China Collector.

YOU'RE proud of your fine old china,
I'm proud of my volumes rare;
Some people may call us crazy,
But what do you and I care?
Through the quaint little shops and gloomy,
Where curious vertu's sold,
In the depths of ancient cities
You'll hunt till you're grey and old.

And the bookshelves I will ransack
In many a grimy store;
Yes, I as a keen detective
Will, down from roof to floor,
Haul folios huge and stately,
Written in bygone ages
By minstrels, who as they penn'd love-lays
Dropped tears on the parchment pages.

And I'll longingly look for the miniatures,
Those dear little dainty books,
Prettil deck'd in purple and gold,
That one reads in the grass-green nooks.
I mean the kind that are richly stored
With beautiful, pure romances,
And the mystical song of the gales and seas
Tha a sorrowful heart entrances.

—FROM A BOOKWORM.

Fifteenth Century Books.

WRITING from the Priory, Manchester, to the *Athenæum*, Mr. W. A. Copinger observes:—"A complete bibliography of fifteenth century books is, it is admitted, much needed. It has been estimated that Hain's 'Repertorium Bibliographicum' fails to enumerate something like four or five thousand volumes, and a work is needed which would comprise both the collations of Hain and the particulars of Brunet, Santander, Panzer, and others, so that any person having a fifteenth century book and requiring information respecting the same would be able by consulting one work to obtain all the information known relating to it. It seems to me that this might well be done by a supplement to Hain, as to those books enumerated by him supplementing his collations by information under a series of numbers corresponding with his, and by fresh collations and information as to those volumes not mentioned or imperfectly collated by him. As to the Low Country books this has been practically done by Holtrop and Campbell, and I would suggest that their books be incorporated in such supplement. I have already begun a work such as suggested above; but it seems to me that, to be successfully accomplished, the work is not the work of one man, but of several. Possibly, if six persons interested in fifteenth century books would be willing to assist, the work might be accomplished within a reasonable time. I write this in the hope that amongst the numerous readers of the *Athenæum* there may be some sufficiently interested, and with time at their disposal, willing to assist in a work which otherwise must be dropped or indefinitely postponed. I need hardly say that, should any other person be able and willing to take in hand the work, I would gladly hand over my collections towards the supplement suggested, and freely assist so far as possible."

Injury of Fine Books.

NOT long ago a representative of a New York periodical obtained from a well-known bibliophile of the metropolis some information concerning his experience in the care of valuable or finely bound volumes. A book, said this gentleman, is a delicate organization whose foes are perpetually endeavouring to destroy it, and its foes are simply legion. Water, moisture or dampness, on the one hand, and excessive dryness, on the other, are both extremely injurious. A high temperature dries paper, parchment and leather, and renders them very brittle. In the opposite direction, great cold affects books in the same manner, but to a much smaller extent. For this reason a Swede or a Canadian has a harder time with his library than a Frenchman, an Englishman or an American.

But the hardest time of all is experienced by the residents of hot climates like Southern India, Egypt, Brazil and Colombia. Another dangerous enemy to all books is what is usually termed mould. This is not a simple vegetable growth, as is popularly believed. Microscopists have discovered over one hundred species of mould with which libraries are afflicted. Some attack paper, others parchment, some fatten on sheepskin, while others prefer morocco for diet. There is hardly a substance of any sort used in bookmaking but what has anywhere from two to ten different moulds, which find in it a home or a source of nourishment. Insects are a cause of endless trouble. Flies and spiders merely soil books; moths and butterflies lay eggs which hatch into voracious and destructive larvæ. These do any amount of damage.

Our Note-Book.



It would be difficult to name a prettier series of generally useful volumes than the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" of Messrs. Putnam's Sons, of New York, and Bedford Street, Strand, London. The latest issue consists of three volumes of "Stories from the Arabian Nights," selected from Lane's excellent translation by Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, who has given translations of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." The selection here made from this wonderful collection of stories will be welcomed, but we hope the day is not far distant when we shall have a complete one-volume edition of Lane's version. The very remarkable fact in connection with the "Arabian Nights" is that a work of such boundless popularity should be without a history. The most learned of antiquaries and linguists have failed to add one single fact to the completely blank page of the book's career—and even the irrepressible German professor has quite failed to remove any of the obscurity which is attached to the transmission of "The Thousand and One Nights" from remote antiquity down to the present day. This is perhaps a blessing; for if there were a dozen or two facts known on the subject, the world would long since have a-wearied of the superfluous books which these facts would have unwittingly provoked people into writing. It will not be out

of place perhaps to point out that the "Arabian Nights" of our boyhood differ in many essential points and details from the original and properly translated versions. The English versions, even to the present day, are almost wholly translations from Galland's paraphase. The stories are something much more than romantic fiction; they are the records of the life of the people. Galland's version came in a form and at a time when the scholarly translations of Sir Richard Burton and Mr. John Payne would have been utterly neglected; indeed, we are of opinion that our English rendering of Galland's paraphase will never be superseded in popularity, however much its ludicrously inadequateness may be insisted upon.

* * * *

Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Gossip in a Library" (published by Mr. W. Heinemann)—the title is much too like an attempt at a pun—is a delightful book of entertaining bookish gossip, from which the "general reader" will derive as much pleasure and profit as the bibliophile. The idea of the volume is told in Mr. Gosse's own words in the pleasantly written introductory chapter:—"I shall select from among my volumes some which seem less known in detail to modern readers than they should be, and I shall give brief 'retrospective reviews' of these as though they were new discoveries. In other cases, where the personal history of a well-known book seems worth detaching from our critical estimate of it, that shall be the subject of my lucubration. . . . We shall disdain nothing; we shall have a little criticism, a little anecdote, a little bibliography; and our old book shall go back to the shelves before it has had time to be tedious in its babbling." Most of the books dealt with are familiar to the bibliophile; several of the articles, however, are based upon manuscripts and all but unique books in the author's possession. The variety of the essays is one of the great merits of the volume, but those we like best deal with Gerarde's "Herbal," "A volume of Old Plays," "What Ann Lang Read," Smart's "Poems," and "Peter Bell and his Tormentors." As regards the third of these it may be as well to mention that the lady flourished one hundred and sixty years ago, and is not therefore a near relation of Andrew of that ilk. Mr. Gosse's "Ann" was apparently a milliner or a servant, with a strong passion for the novels of Eliza Haywood, which filled the position now occupied by the *Family Herald* and other journals of that type, whose heroes and heroines are at the very least titled people of abnormal height and wickedness.

* * * *

Mr. Gosse describes in his introduction his ideal library. He says:—"I have heard that the late Mr. Edward Solly, a very pious and worshipful lover of books, under several examples of whose book-plate I have lately reverently placed my own, was so anxious to fly all outward noise that he built himself a library in his garden. I have been told that the books stood there in perfect order, with the rose-spray flapping at the window, and great Japanese vases exhaling such odours as most annoy an insect-nostril. The very bees would come to the window and sniff, and boom indignantly away again. The silence there was perfect. It must have been in such a secluded library that Christian Mentzelius was at work when he heard the male bookworm flap his wings, and crow like a cock in calling to his mate. I feel sure that Mentzelius, a very courageous writer, would hardly pretend that he could hear such a 'shadow of all sound' elsewhere. That is the library I should like to have." The present writer was honoured with the personal acquaintance of the late Professor Solly, and Mr. Gosse's description of his library is correct. It was a truly wonderful place, of which Mr. Solly always spoke as his "den." It formed a separate and specially built wing of Camden House (Sutton, Surrey), and contained about 40,000 volumes. Of many books Mr. Solly possessed duplicates even to the sixth and seventh degree—and the manner in which he would justify this apparent extravagance was as amusing as it was ingenuous: one he had to read, another to make notes in, a third because it contained notes by a previous possessor, a fourth because it was a "tall" copy, another on account of its device or particular binding, and so forth. Mr. Solly had a wise rule from which he never deviated; he never lent a book, but he would borrow from another to lend to a third party. Here is an example: Mr. Solly possessed two copies of a rare tract dealing with certain literary events of the last century in which the present writer was interested; Mr. Solly borrowed a copy from Mr. Gomme, and forwarded it for a month's perusal. But there never was a more generous bibliophile than Mr. Solly, and he gave away probably thousands of books, many rare and costly, to friends and correspondents interested in subjects to which he had himself paid attention. Not the slightest sound of hum-drum life disturbed the book-lover in Mr. Solly's "den," where one might have spent years and years in sipping knowledge and booklore from this great collection—now, alas! scattered to the four winds of the earth. They cannot have fallen into the hands of a more religious bibliophile than Mr. Solly.

* * * *

We tender our cordial congratulations to our *confrère*, M. Octave Uzanne, on having started a magazine which is far and away superior to anything of the kind ever attempted up to the present. After having for the past twelve consecutive years edited *Le Livre*, and its successor, *Le Livre Moderne*, M. Uzanne has now started the third of the series in *L'Art et l'Idée*, which is superior to *Le Livre Moderne*, and that is saying a good deal. The first number is truly a beautiful one, and if the succeeding



issues come up to it, there will be no question of its success. The venture starts with an excellent programme, and we have but little doubt the high promise of the first will be maintained. *L'Art et l'Idée* is illustrated with a prodigality that would break the heart of any English publisher, whilst the cover is distinctly a thing of beauty. We of course wish our distinguished friend's new publication every success it deserves; and in so doing we may point out that it appeals, not only to bibliophiles, but lovers of art; and, in fact, as our contemporary puts it, to "les dillettantes d'art intime

et par tous ceux qu'attirent encore les délicatesses littéraires, l'esprit de curiosité et le goût raffiné pour tout ce qui est du domaine des choses rares, subtiles et recherchées." M. Uzanne has kindly permitted us to reproduce a charming design by A. Robida. In addition to the very remarkable illustration of Carloz Schwabe, we would call the attention of those interested in the subject to the exhaustive paper on "The Illustrated Magazines of Europe and America," in which a greatly reduced facsimile of the cover of nearly every English pictorial journal is given—among others being THE BOOKWORM. M. Gausseron is, as heretofore, M. Uzanne's chief assistant.

Loosely Bound Books.

BOOKS can be bound loosely, so as to last, only when they are of thin machine-made paper. When a book has many pages, the paper is very much thinner—it then bends easily over, and will lie open at any point. But our critic wants the very best super-calendered paper, thick enough for a single sheet to stand upright in the book, if it becomes separated from the others—he wants two or three hundred of these bound so they will lie just where they are placed. This cannot be done without the book is bound loosely enough to draw out of shape, or fall apart in the reader's hands. If a book must lie open, a thin machine-finished paper must be used. If the best paper is wanted—and it generally is—readers must be content with getting beautiful printing, strong binding, and thick heavy paper; and not grumble and yank the book until its back is broken, because it will not stay open of its own weight. Comparatively few readers know how to treat a newly-bound book. It should be taken as soon as unwrapped, one lid thrown back, and a half-dozen pages at a time should then be pressed firmly back upon the open lid. This will cause the book to open very much easier, and it will be entirely unnecessary to break its back or start the sections, while lazily swearing at the bookbinder.

Frequentations Orientales.

ACCORDING to the papers, Mr. Gladstone and a few other great men (the late Lord Granville was of the number) are in the habit of strolling down Holywell Street—or, as the inhabitants thereof prefer to style it, Booksellers' Row—"bargain-hunting." But it would be rash to say that they ever, at least within recent years, found a bargain. I venture to assert that scarcely one real bargain in a twelvemonth is unearthed in that narrow and crowded thoroughfare. The booksellers know too much now, and the day when a quarto "Hamlet" went for a shilling and blackletters flourished like blackberries is as much a matter of history as that time when, we are told, two sparrows were sold for a farthing.

Of course the question arises, What is a bargain? The precise amount of the difference between the price paid and the price usually asked, which is necessary to constitute a bargain, is a matter which each bibliophile must settle for himself.

Personally, I consider no *trouvaille* a bargain unless I have a sure faith that a respectable bookseller would purchase it from me at the price I paid. That this test is sufficiently severe will be apparent to any poor devil of an amateur who has acted or attempted to act as bookseller to a bookseller. Many ardent "hunters," though, interpret the word bargain much more broadly. But real bargains are still the reward of patient searching, and to obtain them it is necessary to move eastwards, leaving Holywell Street to the buyers of third-rate translations of Rabelais and Paul de Kock. Whitechapel is a tolerably fruitful field. There is a number of book-barrows at Shoreditch, but Shoreditch is generally a barren

land, where very few bargains of the slightest moment are to be met with. I once heard of a man finding there a complete set of first editions of Mrs. Browning, at fourpence a volume. This story was told to me by the owner of the barrow from which the aforesaid rarities were alleged to have been rescued, and I regard it with suspicion. The only really good thing which has come out of Shoreditch, to my knowledge, fell to the lot of a friend of mine, who got, for a very trifling sum, the first edition of Gwillim's "Display of Heraldrie" (London, printed by William Hall for Raphe Mab, 1611), in excellent condition, a volume, to the modest and shallow-pursed bibliophile, *inter rariores rarissimus.*

Shoreditch and Commercial Road, Whitechapel, are two very different places. The bookhunter of wide tastes will seldom come away from Whitechapel without treasure-trove. But he must have a taste above the passing tastes of the day. There is a very large class of people, self-styled bibliophiles, to whom a book is so much money's worth. Their first thought and last is of the market value of their treasure, not of the beauties or particular circumstances which give it that value. They have no eyes for a first edition of Scott, but they will talk for a week about an ill-printed and totally uninteresting pamphlet attributed to Dickens, which, owing to the misguided enthusiasm of such persons as themselves, may find a buyer at ten or fifteen guineas. It seems to me that, having regard to the great Dickens and Thackeray rages, the present might well be called the "original green cover" epoch of bookhunting.

"Original green cover" people must not go to the street-barrows at Whitechapel. To do justice to the contents of those remarkable conveyances, men are required whose hearts are large enough to accommodate anything good, be it an antique edition of Plato or Mr. le Gallienne's "Bookbills of Narcissus."

I remember the first time I explored those stalls opposite Aldgate Station. It was a clear, cold night in winter, and the keen air had sharpened the appetite of the chief stall-keeper for the money of the unwary. Doubtless many constant readers (constant, that is, in their *frequentations orientales*, or East-end excursions) will know the chief stall-keeper. He has a facial peculiarity and a meek wife, and in the driving of a bargain he is terrible to encounter. On that particular night I did not return to civilization very heavily laden with bookish store. After much chaffering, and the final transfer of two-and-threepence, I became the owner of "The Golden Remains of the ever-memorable Mr. John Hales, of Eaton Colledge" (London, 1673), with leaves of lily-whiteness, and a morocco-bound copy of

Brantome's "Vies des dames galantes." Two ill-assorted items, the reader will say with a smile; but after all, the Ever-memorable of Bath and the Courtier of Charles IX. were contemporaries.

When I journey to the East-end, I try to imagine myself to be M. de Fontaine de Resbecq, the author of that most delightful of book-hunting books, "Voyages littéraires sur les quais de Paris." So far I have not had his luck. I am philosophically content with small bargains, but have no rooted objection to big ones.

One afternoon when, in company with a friend, I had rummaged the whole series of stalls and found nought, the chief stall-keeper said he had some books "at his place," "Greek and Latin and such like" (he knew our weakness for anciently printed classics, now so much despised), and offered to give us a private view. "His place" proved to be two cellars. In one of them he lived with his meek wife, and in the other he kept books. It was a dismal hole, to the laity or non-bookmen, but to us Aladdin's cave. Hundreds of folios and quartos lay in heaps on the floor, a sight for De Quincey, and the smell reminded one of the British Museum reading-room on a damp day.

We spent two delicious hours in turning the volumes over, being careful to notice least what we wanted most, for the technical knowledge of the chief was small, but his eyes were sharp. There was nothing suited to the modern taste. Ours happened not to be very modern, and we departed heavy laden with the treasures of the East. Amongst other things, we bore away the Froben Seneca (Basilea, 1515), with its fine bordered title-page by Urse Graf; an early edition of Montaigne, with a curious frontispiece; the copy of the *editio princeps* of Statius (Venet per Oct. Scotum, 1483), which was purchased by Mr. Bernard Quaritch at the Sunderland sale, and carried his label (it is interesting to note, by the way, that there were twenty-six other editions of Statius in that incomparable collection); one or two Plantins, in spotless splendour; Henry Stephen's Herodotus, a book as beautiful as it is now valueless, but of which a copy is kept in a show-case at South Kensington; and other items which would have delighted the heart of Froggy Dibdin. I wonder whether, when he penned that charming piece of romance which he called "An Introduction to the Knowledge of rare and valuable Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics," he had any idea that those classics would so fall from grace. Of course we compared our purchases with the descriptions of them in that same guide, and found many mistakes therein. But although Dibdin was both careless and ignorant, he was never dull, and thereby his name still lives. His criticism of

Dr. Johnson's preface to the Harleian Catalogue was characteristic. He found fault with it for its "lack of bibliographical anecdote and interesting intelligence." "Interesting intelligence" is good.

It was not long after the first visit to the cellar that I found a first folio Ben Jonson. But this and other adventures must be reserved.

E. A. BENNETT.

Some Old-Time Newspapers.

THE oldest newspaper in the collection brought together in the recent exhibition at Cologne, of the early triumphs of the printing press, dates from 1529. It describes the entry of the Roman emperor into Bologna, and tells how his Papal Holiness met his Imperial Majesty on that august occasion. The next oldest gives an account of the overflow of the Tiber in 1530. Other newspapers, coming down to 1614, tell of wars with the Turks, the attacking of cities, and other remarkable events. There are fourteen of these sixteenth century papers, and all except two consist of four small quarto leaves. The latest was evidently a campaign extra, got up to add glory to the king of Spain. It has a formidable title, which runs thus: "True Newspaper, describing how the Mighty King of Spain has lately acquired in the East Indies an Incalculable Treasure worth many Hundreds of Millions, the like of which has never been Heard of before." The precious boomerang was issued from the press of Peter von Brachel in Cologne.

The New England Primer.

A LITTLE book lies before me; a book which, small as it is, has a history, and which, insignificant as it appears to be, has had a life-long and powerful influence upon thousands of human beings. It is "The New England Primer, improved for the more easy attaining the true reading of English. To which is added The Assembly of Divines, and Mr. Cotton's Catechism. Boston: Printed by Edward Draper, at his Printing Office in Newbury Street, and Sold by John Boyle in Marlborough Street, 1777."

This interesting booklet was, I believe, first issued in 1691. An advertisement printed in an almanac of that date reads as follows:—

"There is now in press, and will be suddenly extant, a second impression of the 'New England Primer' enlarged, to which is added, more Directions for Spelling, the Prayer of King Edward the VI., and Verses made by Mr. Rogers, the Martyr, left as a legacy to his children."

The book thus described is a duodecimo consisting of thirty-six pages. It opens with the "Young Infant's Prayers for Morning and Evening," written by Dr. Watts. These are followed by the alphabet (the letters of which are given in Italic as well as Roman characters), and three pages of words which increase in number of syllables. The unique character of the book commences with its fifth page, on which is begun an illustrated alphabet with appropriate rhymes appended. The woodcuts accompanying the letters are one inch by half an inch in size, and within these dimensions are given the quaintest of quaint illustrations. For instance, the letter D is illustrated after the following fashion:—

The Earth is represented by a circle of white upon a dark ground,

and on the edge of the circle the ark is depicted. The latter, when compared with the size of the submerged sphere, is as large as a continent! The verse informs the reader that

> "The Deluge drown'd
> The Earth around."

The letter O exhibits a woodcut of three diminutive figures; two bearing crowns and sceptres, while the third carries a staff. The doggerel lines tell us that

> "Young Obadias,
> David, Josias
> All were Pious."

In letter T a young man runs to the left, followed by a goat sable rampant on a field blanc. On interrogating the text for an explanation, we learn

> "Young Timothy
> Learnt Sin to fly."

The personification of Sin in the early English moralities was not more realistic.

The pages immediately following those containing this alphabet are devoted to questions, to which answers are appended; the first two questions, "Who was the first man?" "Who was the first woman?" being followed by the appalling one, "Who was the first murderer?" Dr. Watts's "Cradle Hymn" is then given, and is immediately succeeded by "Verses for Children," of which some lines are—

> "That blessed child young Timothy,
> Did learn God's word most heedfully.
> It seem'd to be his recreation,
> Which made him wise unto salvation."

In "Advice to Youth," a paraphrase of Ecclesiastes xii., we read—

> "Behold the aged sinner goes
> Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
> Down to the regions of the dead.
> With endless curses on his head."

On the page which follows that on which this sage advice is given we find a list in double columns of "Some proper Names of Men and Women to teach Children to spell their own." A perusal of this

list brings back, as if by magic, the early youth of New England. It brings before the eye the prim little men and women who bore such names as Abijah, Benoni, Barzillai, Eliphalet, Gamaliel, Gershom, Jedediah, Ozias, Hepzibah, Kezia, Mehetabel and Damaris. The reader can almost see, as he reads such a list, the children whose natures were weighted from their infancy by such impressive and suggestive names. He sees as in a vision *Phebe Bartlett*, the demure little maiden, who, Jonathan Edwards assures the world, was at the age of four much given to "secret prayer," and who "took great delight in private religious meetings." But while he sees this, he also sees the outgrowth of the severe asceticism of New England orthodoxy in the many great men produced by its dogmatic and rigorous training. Pursuing our investigations, we light on a woodcut two inches square, representative of the martyrdom of Mr. John Rogers, who was burnt at Smithfield in 1554. The first martyr to religious fanaticism in Queen Mary's reign is depicted at the stake. In the foreground stand his wife and nine small children, attended by two grim and sinister-looking officials holding axes. The six pages following are devoted to verses, written by Rogers some few days prior to his death, in which he seeks to exhort his children to good works. The advice is excellent but the verse is doggerel, and makes the most sympathetic reader wonder why the good man did not, under such grave circumstances, write in plain prose. Perhaps the lines illustrate the tendency in human nature to become lyrical in expressing great sorrow. After these verses come "The Shorter Catechism," a very profound but far from attractive document, which, it will be remembered, James Thomson (the second poet who bore that name) learned with much difficulty. It is related that Thomson "used to lie awake in bed shivering at the thought that he would have to learn another catechism longer and harder even than that." It is to be hoped that Thomson's case does not illustrate the normal condition of young New Englanders when undergoing a like ordeal. No critic has as yet adduced the very plausible theory that "The City of Dreadful Night" was the natural result of a too prolonged study of the shorter and longer catechism of the Assembly of Divines. Having judiciously skipped the pages containing this compilation, we come upon a series of questions and answers by John Cotton; or, as he prefers to style them, "Spiritual Milk for *American* Babes drawn out of the Breasts of both *Testaments* for their Souls Nourishment." The book closes with a soul-stirring dialogue in verse between Christ, Youth, the Devil and Death. The Youth opens the conversation by declaring his intention to live a free and

happy life; at which announcement the Devil rejoices, and assures the youth that if he will

> " . . . fight and scratch, and also bite,
> Then in thee I will take delight."

This prospect delights the youth whom, Christ is represented as addressing, but the youth declares that the inducement to lead an exemplary life and the reward thereof as shown by the Second Person of the Trinity do not counterbalance in attractiveness those promised by his Satanic Majesty. The dialogue continues for some time, the youth wavering for a while, and finally deciding to give his early years to the pursuit of happiness regardless of virtue, and his old age to preparation for heaven; whereupon Christ is represented as saying—

> " Nay, hold, vain youth, thy time is short.
> I have thy breath, I'll end thy sport
> Thou shalt not live till thou art old,
> Since thou in sin art grown so bold.
> I in thy youth grim death will send
> And all thy sport shall have an end."

The youth then prays for pardon, saying he is too young to die, and addresses Christ piteously, saying—

> " Begging for mercy at thy door,
> O let me have but one year more."

The answer illustrates the religious sentiment of that day—

> " If thou some longer time should have,
> Thou would'st again to folly cleave:
> Therefore to thee I will not give
> One day on earth longer to live."

Death now enters on the scene, and says in icy tones to his victim—

> " Thy soul and body, I'll divide,
> Thy body in the grave I'll hide,
> And thy dear soul in hell must lie
> With devils to eternity."

The moral to this grim dialogue is contained in the concluding words of the book. It inculcates the lesson that

> " Many don't live out half their days,
> For cleaving unto sinful ways."

I have dwelt thus long on this little book on account of the important part it played in "days that never come again." For more than a century it was almost exclusively the juvenile book of New England, and its influence must in consequence have been extensive and enduring. Doubtless many transatlantic pioneers of modern thought learned their first lessons from its pages. It will not be considered too fanciful a conjecture to presume that most of the eminent men which America has produced were, when babes, sustained with copious draughts of the "spiritual milk" provided "for their souls nourishment" by earnest John Cotton. A book of which editions ran to over one hundred thousand copies must surely have been in everybody's hands. Doubtless Longfellow and Washington Irving, Thoreau and Cullen Bryant, Poe and Hawthorne, all perused its pages. The traces of Puritanism which deeply tinged Emerson's life were undoubtedly attributable to his early training and to lessons inculcated by such books as this. In his later days he would not permit a note to be struck on the piano on Sunday, and severely reproved one who ventured on that day of the week to demonstrate on that instrument the peculiarities of Swedish music to some of his guests. It is possible that that most delightful of all autocrats, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, when a boy, conned the contents of this primer on Saturday evenings at sundown; the hour at which Sunday commenced in New England; when a quietness, in strange contrast to the bustle of the forenoon, pervaded everything—a peacefulness which Dr. Holmes tells us he used, when a boy, to consider "peculiar to Saturday evenings." The subject has its humorous as well as its grave side, and if we give a loose rein to fancy, may we not picture the now venerable author of "Leaves of Grass" listening, as "a three years' child," to the sermons of Elias Hicks, or, book in hand, trying to realize the fact that

> "Young Obadias,
> David, Josias,
> All were Pious."

RAMSAY COLLES.

Of What did Shakespeare Die?

SURGEON LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LEWINS has revived the question in the *Lancet*, Of what did Shakespeare die? Let me be allowed to state (he says) that on two occasions on which I had occasion to witness the testament of soldiers affected with delirium tremens, or, as they themselves say, "delirium tremendous," both of whom, however, recovered, I was particularly struck with the resemblance of their signatures to that appended to the similar document of the great dramatist. I can see nothing disgraceful or unlikely in the fact that a retired poet, actor, and playwright in the age of James I., and much later, having died from a debauch, aggravated by the medical treatment in vogue down almost to our own times, and indeed not unusual within my own memory. Ben Jonson we know, from the testimony of Drummond, of Hawthornden, and other witnesses, to have been a habitual abuser of alcoholic stimulant. "Drink," says the above writer, "was the element in which he lived." And from other evidence, and even from his own doggerel, we know that Shakespeare, both in London and after his retirement to Stratford-on-Avon, had the reputation of being a boon companion. No doubt the disease may have been intensified not only by antiphlogistic medical treatment, but also by the malaria of an insanitary English village of the period. Marlowe's case is not dissimilar.

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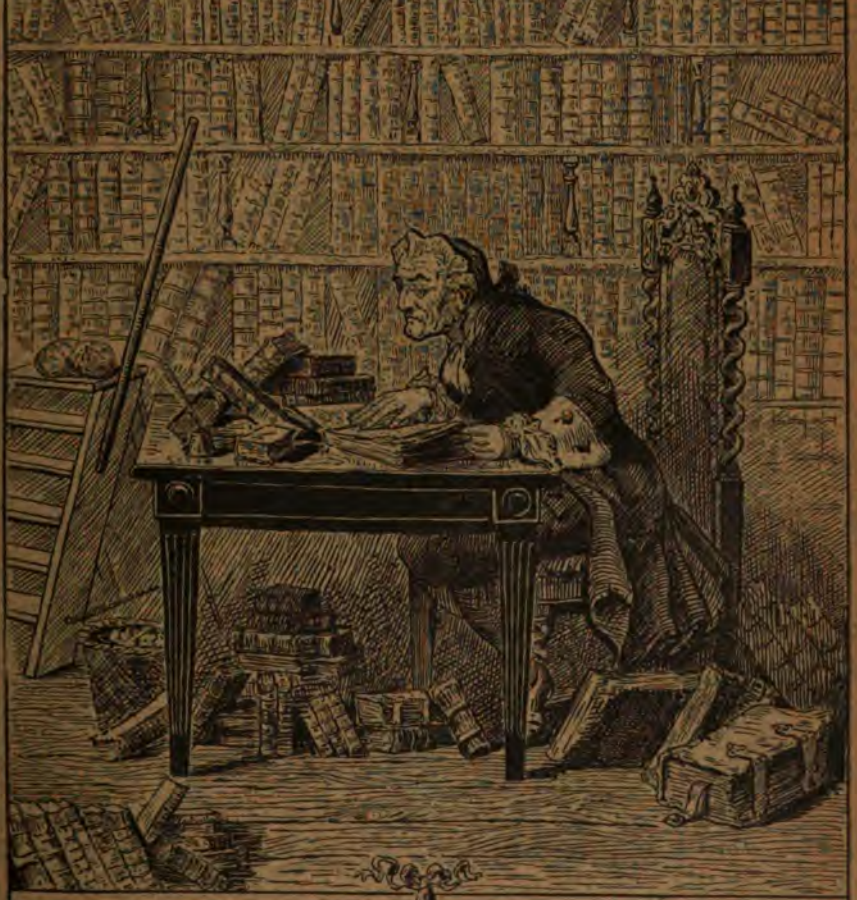
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No. 53. April, 1892.

The Bookworm.



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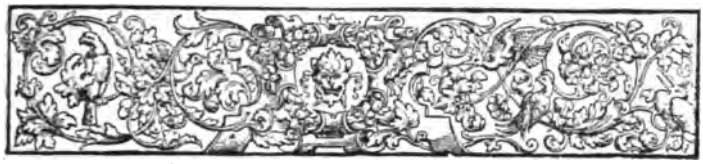
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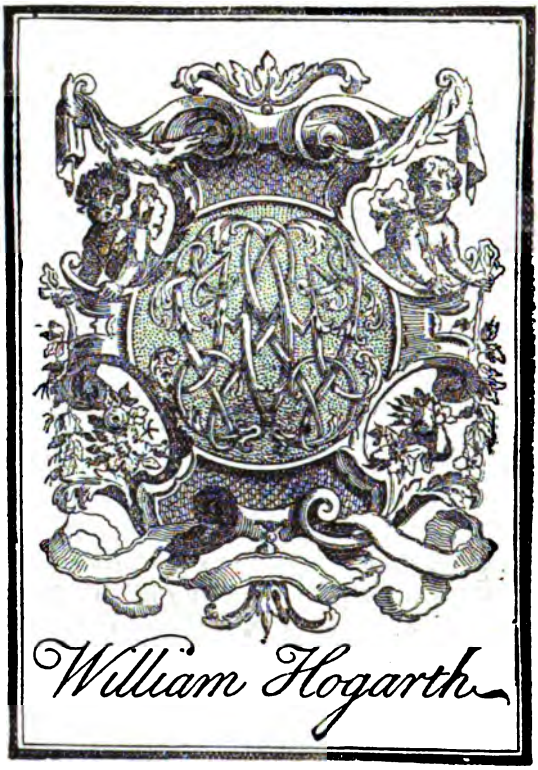
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William Hogarth.

BUT for the pencil of Hogarth our impressions of the lower orders of the last century would be faint, unreal, and possibly absolutely inaccurate. The powerful irony of Fielding and the unrestrained farce of Smollett fail in a great degree to convey truthful pictures of the times, and their known exaggerations of many things lead us to suspect the apparent veracity in the case of others. But Hogarth was true to nature and to his own art, and a series of his pictures— such as "The Rake's Progress"—is more vivid in its suggestiveness and a more elaborate picture generally of the Society of Covent Garden and Cheapside than all the novels of the second and third quarters of the last century. What a galaxy of characters, with all their hideousness and criminal variety, are to be found in a few of his pictures! Truly it is a colony of knaves and fools, a picture-gallery of cheats, drunkards and bullies, a perfect pandemonium of tears and laughter, of comedy and tragedy, of simplicity and duplicity! No other artist in this or any other country—with the single exceptions, perhaps, of Chodowiecki in Germany, and George Cruikshank in England—can be compared to Hogarth in his variety of moods, in his realism and in his vividness.

Hogarth cannot by any process of reasoning be termed a neglected artist. Countless editions of his works have been published, and besides special monographs, thousands of articles have been written about him. And now comes Mr. Austin Dobson's handsome and exhaustive volume, which may be regarded as near final and complete as such things can be made in this age of discovery and research. It is an elaboration of the same author's monograph, published in the "Great Artists" series ten or eleven years ago, and where

the smaller book appealed primarily to the general reader rather than to the expert, the present one is an essential book of reference to the collector and student. The comparatively narrow limits of the one prevented the author doing much more than to give a brief summary of the life and works of Hogarth, whilst in the work just issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., these limits are no longer inexorable, and the skeleton is fittingly clothed with additional and important matter which render the book of the first importance as

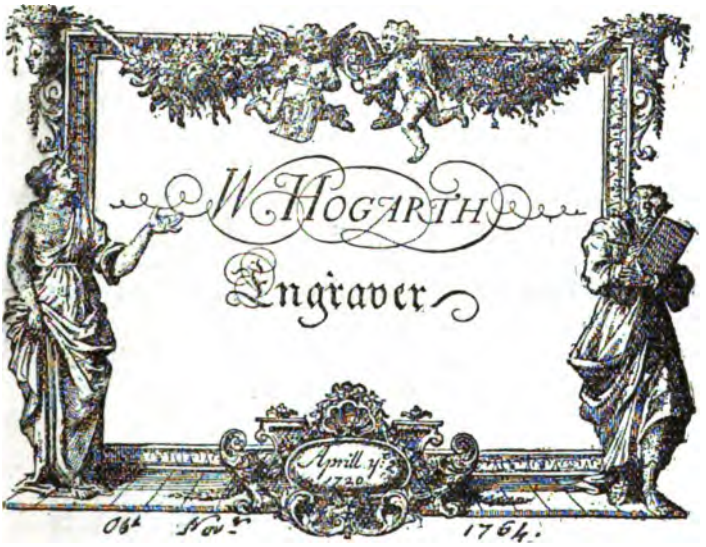


HOGARTH'S BOOKPLATE.

well as of interest. The memoir itself is extended to about double the original length, whilst the "Catalogue of Prints" has swollen from eight to eighty-eight pages. The illustrations likewise have been increased to a very considerable degree, and of photogravures we have a dozen full-page examples, and of other illustrations we have forty-six, besides a facsimile of an original letter. The illustrations, when not for the original pictures, are copied from prints in the

British Museum or in the collection of the author, except the views of localities, and so forth. For the three incorporated in this brief notice, Hogarth's book-plate, his shop-card, and the admirable little view of a portion of London Bridge, we are indebted to the publishers.

Mr. Dobson deals successively with the birth, education, and early years of the artist; with the "Two Progresses," the history-pictures and minor prints, the Marriage *à-la-mode*, with Hogarth's contemporaries, the "March to Finchley" and minor prints, the Analysis, election prints and Sigismunda, with Wilkes and Churchill, and, finally, with Hogarth's death and a general conclusion in which various details relative to the artist's connections, portraits, and other



HOGARTH'S SHOP-CARD.

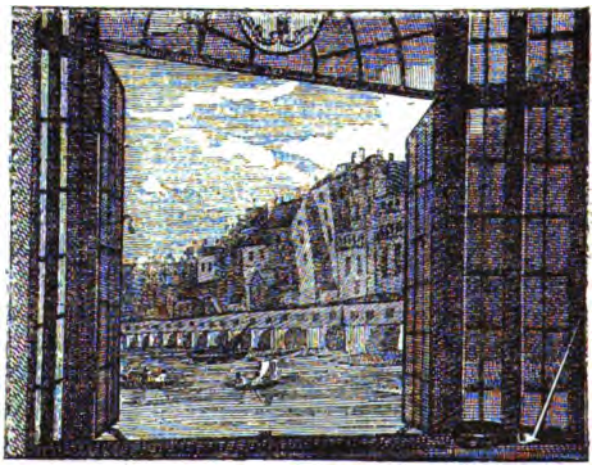
subjects are dealt with. The second part of the work contains a bibliography of books, pamphlets, and other literary matters relating to Hogarth and his works, with a catalogue of prints by or after Hogarth, as well as a catalogue of pictures by or attributed to the great satirist. The bibliography is a fairly exhaustive one, but Mr. Dobson does not pretend it to be complete. He includes all the principal foreign works and articles relative to Hogarth and his times.

The Catalogue of Prints by or after Hogarth has only been compiled after a careful study and research of many years, and contains much exceedingly valuable information never before published in any single book. As regards, however, the print of the "Distressed

Poet," we are under the impression that Steevens was wrong when he supposed it to represent the original hero of the "Dunciad," Lewis Theobald, and still less do we believe it to represent Thomas Rymer, the critic, tragedy writer, and antiquary, who never set up in business as a poet. If the print represents anybody in particular, we have no doubt in our own mind that it is intended for John Dennis, "the renowned critic," of whom an exhaustive account appeared in our last volume. Certainly Dennis had been dead rather more than two years when the print was published, but he and the sufferings and misery of his later years were well known to Hogarth. Rymer died when Hogarth was seventeen years of age, which would at once appear to dispose of his claims to the portrait; Theobald lived for eight years after the print was published. But the bards of the earlier years of the last century were, with one or two exceptions, chronically "distressed," so that the picture may be taken to represent a very general "institution" rather than any particular individual.

It is almost superfluous to say that Mr. Dobson's book is exceedingly interesting, for however dry or matter of fact the subject which he takes in hand, the result is invariably readable and entertaining. The charm of Mr. Dobson's style is only equalled by the ease with which he manipulates a multitude of apparently minor incidents into a picturesque narrative, and in no respect is his monograph on Hogarth likely to be superseded for many years to come.

W. ROBERTS.



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.
(*From Marriage a-la-mode.*)

Written in Homer.

(On the fly-leaves of Butcher and Lang's translation of the "Odyssey.")

I.

ULYSSES.

He leaves tall Troy behind and wanders on
 Past Lotus-land and by the Siren's path,
Outlasting those in whom his toils begun,
 The ever-living gods, who in their wrath
Spun him the thread of weary wayfaring,
 Unwitting that the journey had no end—
For whilst our earth among the planets swing,
 Ulysses on the self-same course must wend:
His fortunes restless as the sand that shifts
 And crumbles in the wrestling of the seas,
Over the bubbling wine-dark waves he drifts
 On thro' a mist of stretching centuries—
Tangling the trodden ways and furrowed sea
Like to the web of wise Penelope.

II.

LOTUS-LAND.

The lotus-fruit, ripe-juiced, sun-browned,
 That lured all men to eat and then
In sweetest thralldom held them bound,
 Finding no joys in life again,
But only, strewn along the ground,
 To suck the heart's-blood of the grain,
 Keeping no tale of grief and pain
And heedless how the years went round—
 It grows amongst us now as sweet
 As in the golden age gone by,
 It springs from mounds where dead-folk lie,
 It hangs in clusters at our feet:
 And resting by the graves we eat
 In dreams of life . . . and dreaming die.

Paul Herring.

Protected Literature.

THE New York *Critic* says that a curious question has come up through the publication of General Butler's book. The library trustees in Butler's city, Lowell, desired to secure a copy for public circulation, but the publishers immediately forbade their using the work, and moreover threatened them with legal prosecution if they disobeyed the command. Thereat a clergyman of Lowell presented his copy of "Butler's Book" to the library, and said, "Do with it as you choose." Now the question arises, What can they do under the law? By the terms of sale in the publishers' preface subscribers are forbidden to resell the book or allow its use outside of their household, the ownership reverting to the publishers if this agreement is broken. In the same agreement the publishers guarantee subscribers that if the book is ever sold at cut rates by any one they will refund subscribers the difference in price. General Butler has written a letter to the publishers, and declares that he will stand by them in this matter; but several members of other book-dealing firms have intimated that they are not at all scared by these new rules and stipulations. They maintain that a man has a perfect right to sell whatever he buys. The Grant subscription-book, it may be added, was placed in the Lowell Library and publicly used.

The Bookworm.[1]

THE Bookworm, by his aptitudes and tendencies, comes not within the classification of ordinary men. The springs of action with him are of another kind. The results are consequently far different. He does not make continents meet with either bridge or telegraph. He builds no machines, erects no palaces, owns no argosies, and knoweth of orient or occident only through Mandeville or Columbus. He is, by right of his solitude, put out of the pale of contention. He is a spider lurking in his den, prepared to seize upon any wormed, dingy tome that may happen to cross him. Like an epicure, he toys with this choice morsel till at last it is devoured, and ever, like the horse-leech, he crieth out for more!

Like the wassailer, the Bookworm too loves the "dark hour," and would hold out long past the midnight, while the revellers troll out their black *Sanctus;* but for all that, how different is the revel! If the wine-cups clang in his ears, they are echoes from where riotous heroes drain the mighty wine that Homer sings of—they are echoes from Macbeth's festal—or, it is "the King drinking to Hamlet." If music sounds and dancers' feet beat, they are distant pulsations from a city pomp. If drunken faces gleam in the lamplight, they are just arisen from the tables of Trimalcion. If there be brawlers in the streets, to him it is Peter "biting his thumb"; some Mercutio "taking the wall," and quarrelling with Tybalt "the cat," who "scratches out men's lives." He will sing snatches with "Sir

[1] [We reprint this entertaining paper from *Our Friend* (May, 1854), an ably-conducted monthly now entirely forgotten, and rarely met with even at second-hand booksellers.—EDITOR BOOKWORM.]

Toby" and the "Fool," he will drink sack with "Falstaff," even while quaffing virtually *aqua pura*. He laughs and pledges cups with boon companions twenty centuries old, with Athenæus, Alcibiades, and Socrates at the tables. He is a cosmopolite, familiar with the antique world, and hath as many cities as the Persian kings had summer palaces. He makes more processions than an empress, and hath more triumphal entries than Cæsar. He is one, though even Hypermnestra woo him, vowed, like an antique flamen, or a priest of the red-haired Norman's time, to celibacy and silence. He is nervous and awkward, and he shrinketh back from the dust and din of the world, and yet he burns down Rome with Nero;—it is not enough, he burns it again by Gaul and Bourbon. But while the hours roll mysteriously on, like the chariot of ancient Chaos beneath the limitless canopy; while the winds waken and sleep; while the seasons majestically unfold their benign treasures at our feet; while, as storms mutter at his windows and moan across the sea; while he is in dusty death-chambers, among calm sphinxes, gathering up papyrus rolls, and conning over theurgic pages; lo! voices come from the distant cities, from amid lights, and revelry, and throngs of beauties who pace the perfumed halls—cold mocking voices cry, Ho! ho!

These voices come to this cloistered monk, who cares never to leave his cell; who, as the night falls, and the tempest singeth without, as the owl in the ragged tree-tops hoots at the reeling moon and the white-gleaming stars; who calmly rejoiceth when his lamp casts a red radiance on the walls of his pleasant hermitage; these mocking voices come, and they say: "Aha! thou old Bookworm, with thy quiet smile and thy thoughtful brow; with thy pale cheeks and thy wild eyes, that flash at times as if thou wert Orestes glaring on the furies, or Lucifer frowning on the sun,—thou, with thy ponderous folios and mass of mystic black-letter,—formidable trigons and inky phalanxes, that seem potent enough in their tortured forms to 'raise spirits from the vasty deep,' what doest thou in thy lonely chamber, when thou oughtest to be with *us*, drinking the red wine and gathering lessons of 'experience,' which thou laughest at? Little doth thy book-learning tell thee of men and of life. Thou shakest the starry kaleidoscope, and seest it differently, perhaps. Thou mayest finely speculate on the attributes of the soul, worship thine ideal till thou growest mad, like Pygmalion of old. Thou mayest, with Plato, and Aristotle, and Moses, create Utopias, and form governments, and look for the destiny of thy people in that which thy aspirations lead to. Thou mayest look upon man as one of the

fallen stars of the morning, and seek with tears for thy lost 'Aden,' which lies in some land of spirits, far away. Thou mayest say much on man's perfectibility, the tendencies of his higher nature, of his star-ward bent. Thou mayest talk of the virtues of a Socrates, of the inflexibility of a Cato, of the integrity of an Aristides; but come among us and *see!* Look! and certify for thyself.

"Oh, Bookworm, how little dost thou think that there are two sides to thy *dreams*, two extremes to thy balance. Little dost thou know of those fierce passions (whose causes are as impalpable as the *whence* of the viewless winds) that fight in the bosoms of thy brothers. Hatred and despair! Death and remorse! Little knowest thou, little perchance heedest thou, the exultation of him whose hand grasps the laurel—who has his triumph, his ovation—or, like the Fool! his bauble and his bells! but that looking back, as it were, a few score of ages, beholdest far greater triumphs; Flaminius pronouncing Greece free at the Isthmian games, or Æmilius having won the city of Pericles, carrying Perseus captive to Rome. These things are not now, Bookworm. We have neither a Cincinnatus nor a Curtius. We have Tarquins, but never a Lucrece; and the last Brutus is dead. It is *we* who hold the festivals of Ceres, and Newmarket hath superseded the chariot races at Olympia; while mud and eggs salute the returning spectators, instead of odorous waters. Eleusis and her mysteries are lost in the dust of oblivion. The Past died when Pan died, and his dirges swept across the world!

"Thou art old and antiquated, and the rust of ages hath, in a sort, heaped itself upon thee. Once thou wert young, and one of *us*. No smiles are for thee now, for who of the worldlings heeds for the Bookworm? No heart beats in sympathy with thine, for none can comprehend thy failings. Thou art alone!—alone in thy solitude, with thy monitors, which thou callest august! and behold! we see grand brows, rapt lips, seraphic faces in thy conclave, yet to us they are all phantoms? We can hear voices melodiously murmuring, and the shapes point with diaphanous hands across the wild wastes of Eternity! We behold thee listening enraptured to those sounds which the dead ages give forth out of the abyss,—from that chaotic Syrtis, whose foundations lie deep on the *thither* sides of the pendant worlds!

"Thou art an automata, the secretary of Hesiod, the treasurer of Melesigenes, the amanuensis of the great *trilogy*, which hath made the name of Æschylus world-wide! Thou canst talk sublimely of Prometheus on the keen pinnacles, of the froze and lofty Caucasus.

Alas! for all this we pity thee. Thou art lost to us. Thou hast left the feast ere thy time. Thou hast retired while the wine hath again gone round; while beautiful women smiled on us, and dulcet melodies fell, like Paphian gales, around our perfumed locks. Thou hast lost, too, those affections which once fell like drunkenness around thy soul, and fed thee with a joy like to his who once drank the wine of Paradise. At the cross-roads of life we parted—thou *thy* way, we ours. The sacrifice was consummated. *In secula seculorum!*

"We are grieved for thee, O Bookworm! We, the worldlings, mourn that thou art shut out from among us for ever. Thou hast given thy farewell kiss to the world's motley face. Thou hast given up also thy once fresh and blessed youth to the solitude that hath prematurely devoured it. In life thou hast no part or portion farther. Thou hast no sun, and moon, and stars; fresh breezes and flowing waters. Be welcome to them for our parts. Enjoy them hugely if thou wilt. Thou hast none of the world's gold or silver, houses or lands, costly garments or rarest delicacies. The winter bites and the summer sun scorches, but thou hast no rich furs, or cool fine-textured linens. Thou mayest say that, for all this, thou hast the pleasant sunshine, the May flowers, falling waters, bird-songs in green copses, and that thy heart yet thrills to the voices of the maidens, when they sing in the still of evening. But thou minglest not among them. The trembling tone, the sidelong glance, like star-shine lighting on thy face—*once!* the lips that were musical to thee, as the pipe of Orpheus or the lute of Apollo—all these thou hast lost! They will come to thee no more!

"Thou didst begin with a great ambition. Thou hadst a burning, slakeless thirst. Thou didst desire knowledge, wisdom, and the 'singing robes' of the poets; and then thou wert an hierophant—an expounder of the mysteries once sung on the shores of Hellas! Thou hast pledged, as we hear, old Simonides of Cos, ere now; him who flung his shells into the air, till they surrounded thee in a mantle of unearthly music. The hymns of Orpheus are to thee familiar as household ballads. Thou hast listened to the dirges of the poets—hast thou not sung thine own? And what, for all this, hast thou got? By thy nights of toil, by thy untired energies, by blighted hopes, hours of agony, moments of keener anguish; by thy penury, which thou bearest without complaint; by all these, what art thou the gainer? What came of the vow thou didst make? It is written on the books of the Parcæ, and sealed on thine own brow. What came of it? True, thy ambition dazzled even thyself; it outshone the flaming sun! It clothed thine eyes with splendours, like those

shadowing Homer's gods! Alas! behold thyself! Thou art old, but not with years. Thou art worn, thou art very pale. Thou hast not wielded the hammerman's *bread-winner;* thou hast not toiled in factories, with stunted men and thin white women, though thou hast boasted of them as thy brethren and sisters. O Bookworm, wilt thou not soon *reach harbour?*

"Truly but little of the wine and the corn have been thine. Purple and gold thou knowest of from Solomon's wealth or Belshazzar's feast, and the spoils of eastern battles, where more mantles than scars were taken. Thy harvest days are past, friend, while we, the worldlings, by Mercurius! have been making rare harvest. Thou readest of the spoils of Scipio, of the plundered provinces of Sallust, of Pompey's purses, of Athenian sculptures, of Corinthian paintings. Thou possessest none of them. Thou hast no such wine as *this*, of which we drink to thee now! Gather what cream thou canst from the Phæacian's wine-butts, thou wilt find little flavour in it.

"Thy days are going fast. They have lengthened with the midnight lamp, and the grey morn hath oft found thee at the crucible, where thou testeth the real against the abstract—physics against metaphysics. Life, with its jovial fellowships, with its smiles, its loves and joys, are fled from thy grasp. They were thine *once*, but never after the hour since thou didst enter thy *adytum*, where thou movest like a modern ghost, in ill-fitting Gothic armour, among the monkish legends of the 'Otrantic' past—never came they back to thee.

"Art thou happy, Bookworm? Thy youth strangely clings to thee, like the rags of a once fair and costly garment, which grows tattered and sordid. The days of thy youth were not solitary, as now. Thou didst *then* love to laugh. Buried in old tomes and antiquities, canst thou do so *still?* Thou wert then neither moody nor careworn. Thou didst love forms of beauty, shapes of loveliness, things full of harmony and delight, bright and radiant as Maia herself. Now thou dwellest with awe upon pictures formed by Dante or Milton. Thou gazest with a rapt eye on awful paintings, and on sculptures writhed into a sense of agony—of intolerable pain! Ah! why is this? Then, all beneath heaven was like fair creations basking in the light of an eternal summer, where the blossoms never died, where every odorous breeze was a cadence, wooing sleep. How ended the delirium of thy boyhood? Where is that enthusiasm gone which made thee eloquent to the mystic moon? Was there to thee no reality in that field of faëry through which thou didst pass to

thine old crypt? Was it all but the dreaming of a dream? Where are the eyes that lent *light to the stars?* Aha! 'Art thou on the hip now?' Dost thou grow sad with old memories? O Bookworm, where are the dewy lips, upon whose murmurs thou didst dwell, as the condemned would for mercy? Where is that phantom which filled thy heart, thy dreams, with such forms as Raphael filled his canvas? Give account, old Bookworm, for those starry glances, that lovely face, that wild hair, which did make thee utter extravagances —babble half-comprehended melodies, never to be uttered, never to be remembered more! The thrill of thy lament, thy sad and piteous moans, pierced even our gilded chambers, and faith, we pitied thee, —we left thee to sob alone,—the doors closed upon thee in thy hour of anguish. The temple is shut, the fire is dead,—it will never kindle more.

"Yet thou hast held thy orgies with the revellers of the old world, beginning with Noah downwards. Thou hast laughed over the Milesian story of Apuleius, but that was after quaffing goblets with the Platonists. In the same mood hast thou attempted to lift up the veil of Isis, and the permeating fire blinded thee with an unutterable beauty. Thou hast lost thyself in the mysticism of Plotinus, thou hast tried to conjure up the demon of Socrates. Often enough hast thou been up in the crystal sphere drinking nepenthe, or eating wild honey, gathered on Hymettus. Thou hast lain thee down in the glades of Tempe, listening to shepherds piping, or watching Silenus and the Bacchannals emptying purple bowls, and tipsily pelting each other with ripe nuts or bunches of flowers. Thou hast walked, hast thou not? in dreams, down the swarded plots of that garden which Epicurus modelled, hand in hand with a form stolen out of the Parthenon, who would fling her white arms round thy neck, and kiss thy brow, and whisper to thee in tones like those of Portia pleading for mercy,—with a form whose smile made thee wild with an unspeakable joy? O foolish enthusiast! the swaying branches and the singing winds were then to thee an orchestra, from whence, at thy command, the melodies arose!

"Thou hast lain, too, like a Sybarite, beneath the vines, gazing on the indolent waters of the Crathis. All is past! All is over! All is lost and dead to thee! Dost thou hear ever voices other than ours calling to thee? Voices from the gray tombs—voices from the haunts of thy childhood, thy boyhood, thy youth? Do they not like fair spiritual shapes cry to thee, 'Come! come! Oh return to us?'

"Dost thou not, then, fold thy hands over thy brow, and mournfully say, 'I cannot! but, oh! wild dreams, glorious! glad youth!

do you come back to me, if but for a moment? Come back, thou urned past! How beautiful thou wert!' The orphic melodies are dying, all is gone—gone and vanished, O Bookworm, for ever! *In secula seculorum!*"

Newbery's Account Book.

MR. MENKEN, of Bury Street, New Oxford Street, has secured an exceedingly interesting and unique literary curiosity. It is the account book of F. Newbery, bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, as agent for the sale of Dr. R. James's powders and pills, from February, 1768, to July, 1798. The F. Newbery, it may be mentioned, was a nephew of and successor to John Newbery, the famous publisher, who was the first to make a speciality of children's books, who first published the "Vicar of Wakefield," and who was the friend and associate of Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, and most other literary lights of the latter half of the last century. Newbery must have found James's pills and powders a great deal more profitable than publishing, whilst the nephew afterwards gave up the trade in books entirely. Dr. James discovered his "fever powder" in 1743, and it held its own for over half a century. Like most other articles of the same description, it professed to cure a great many diseases which had nothing whatever in common. Newbery had half a share in this El Dorado, and Dr. James bound himself down not to supply any but his private clients. From February, 1768, to the end of January of the following year, Newbery bought of James 146 gross of powders at £1 per gross, or scarcely 2½d. each. From an advertisement in a newspaper of 1751, we gather that Mr. Newbery retailed this precious stuff at half a crown the two doses, clearing, in other words, a net profit of over 2s. on every transaction. True, "a good allowance" was offered "to those who buy them for charitable uses, or to sell again." In 1760 Goldsmith, who had ridiculed quacks in the *Public Ledger*, had acquired by 1774 an unbounded faith in Dr. James's powders, and on his death-bed was frantic because the doctors attempted to dissuade him from taking this fashionable medicine.

An Unpublished MS. of Tasso.

THE literary world is looking forward with keen interest to the publication of a hitherto unknown manuscript by Torquato Tasso which a member of a large publishing firm of Turin has discovered. The MS. is the more interesting as it contains, besides several sonnets, an account of the great poet's tour to Egypt. The anniversary of the death of Torquato Tasso, the 25th of April, has been selected as the fittest day for the publication of this "find."

The "Index Librorum."

MR. W. C. LANE, Assistant Librarian, Harvard University Library (Cambridge, U.S.A.), writes:—"I notice in your last number a short article on the errors in English titles in the old editions of the 'Roman Index librorum prohibitorum.' Even the modern editions are not free from such mistakes. On p. 108 of the last edition, that published in 1889, is the following amusing entry:

"'Denison, Mauric. Theological essays by Frederick.—*Latine:* Specimina theologica Friderici.'"



The Worries of a Bookworm.

"You've been buying
Books again.
Lad, to me it's
Very plain,
In the workhouse
You'll arrive.
Here of sovereigns
You've spent five,
Just for rubbish,—
Nothing more,—
Over which for
Hours you'll pore;
And 'tis ever
So, alas!
Every book-store
That you pass
You go peering
In, and sigh
For a trifle
Just to buy
That old volume—
'Tis too bad.
I believe now
If you had
Twenty thousand
Pounds, 'twould go
All in such-like
Trash—'tis so."
"Nay, nay, surely
You are wrong,
In rare books is
Tenderest song,

Song that fills with
Joy the heart,
And there's beauty,
And there's art;
And there's feeling,
Pure and sweet.
Try them now on
Some snug seat
In the woodlands,
Far away
From the cares of
Bustling day.
Go alone, or
With a friend,
And you'll find that
In the end
You'll be happier—"
"Hang the lad,
Over books he's
Going mad."

Dante's "De Vulgari Eloquio."

FEW lovers of Dante are aware that of the two existing manuscript copies of "De Vulgari Eloquio" the finest and most correct example is in the public library of Grenoble, where it has lately been photographed by the librarian, M. Maigneu. The manuscript is enriched by a number of curious marginal notes made by Corbinelli, and which throw a new light on much in the book. The Trivalzio family, of Milan, own the copy from which the Italian edition was compiled, and Leo XIII. possesses among his most treasured books a transcription on vellum of the same work, taken from a third variant destroyed by fire during the early part of this century.

A Puritan Book Rarity.

IT has been said that, since the invention of printing, no good book has become scarce. But this, like most other "sweeping assertions," is not to be accepted without some reservations. First editions of books are generally scarce, especially of those which date two or three centuries back. And it has happened that really good books have not been reproduced, from various circumstances. There is fashion in books, as in many other things. It is easy to understand how certain books which were once highly valued have become forgotten or neglected.

Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt thinks the reason why our early English collections of facetiæ are among the rarest of old books is that "they were actually thumbed out of existence." But this does not seem to me a sufficient explanation. Many other folk-books were reprinted over and over again, such as "The History of the Seven Wise Masters of Rome." How was it, then, that "The Hundred Merry Talys," "Tales and Quicke Answeres," "Jacke of Dover," and their numerous congeners, were not also frequently reproduced? I think that, in the first place, during the ascendancy of the Puritans in England, such books would be destroyed whenever and wherever copies of them were found; in the second place, it is possible that reprints of them made after the Restoration perished in the Great Fire; and, in the third place, they had come to be regarded as antiquated, and scribblers of the time of Charles the Second set to work and compiled from them and from other sources new collections of facetiæ, which would naturally supersede the older books even had the bulk of them not been destroyed.

But the case of religious books composed by fervid Puritans was different. The first half of the seventeenth century was very prolific

in the production of controversial and devotional tracts, pamphlets, and books, which must have been scattered broadcast over the country, if we may judge from the abundant copies preserved in our great libraries, and it is seldom I imagine, that any work by a noted Puritan has survived in but one copy.

Among the most esteemed authors of devotional books during the Commonwealth was Major-General Philip Skippon, one of Cromwell's Council of Fifteen, as we learn from Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches"—"pious old General Skippon" is what Carlyle terms him.[1] In Allibone's Dictionary five works are ascribed to him: (1) "Salve for Every Sore," 1643; (2) "True Treasure of XXX Holy Vows," 1644; (3) "Christian Centurion," 1645; (4) "Petition to the City of London," 1659; (5) "Journey on the Continent," in Churchill's Coll., vi., and Harris's Coll., ii. But this list is not complete, since the British Museum possesses another of Skippon's works, called "Truth's Triumph," and the Mitchell Library, Glasgow, has quite recently acquired yet another, entitled "A Pearle of Price," printed in 1649, of which Dr. Garnett writes to Mr. F. T. Barrett, the Mitchell Librarian, that he can find no account, and it does not appear to be in any of the great English libraries.[2]

This hitherto undescribed work of the Puritan General Skippon is in twelves, measures $4\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{8}$ inches, is in the original binding of light brown leather, and has two neat clasps. It contains a modern book-plate of Henry Latham, M.A., crest and arms, motto, "Secunda Alite." On the fly-leaf is this writing in a contemporary hand:—

"The Booke of that Deare Seruant of the Lord the Lady Abigail Hill, late ye wife of Baron Hill [opposite, in a later hand: "Roger Hill was one of the Barons of Exchequer, under Cromwell"] who departed this Life at his house in Pal à Mal neere St. James Middlesex, the 31st day of December in 1658 about 8 of ye Clocke in the Morneing (hauing long layen Sicke of a Consumpcõn of whi she dyed) and was honorably enterred in ye Temple Church London, where formerly lay buried (Gurdon and Muriel) her soone (*sic*) and daughter, the 7th Day of Januarie following.

"This booke she for seven (?) yeeres caried about her wherever she went, and frequentlie made use of ye same, when she went out

[1] In Macaulay's "Battle of Naseby" (*Songs of the Civil Wars*) we read—

"Stout Skippon hath a wound."

[2] Dr. Garnett says that the Travels ascribed to Skippon by Allibone seem to be the work of another person of the same name.

to meditate, as alsoe in her Secret Closet, and it was found in her pocket when she dyed.

"She left behind her one child only named Roger then a fellow Comoner in Jesus Colledge, Cambridge. Abigail her daughter died in Suffolk."

Opposite the engraved title-page are these verses:—

"*Matthew* xii. 45, 46.

Christ in a promise is that Pearl of Price
That makes Man good, safe, happy, rich and wise.
To be esteem'd 'bove all the world besides,
This fades and fails; that faire and unchang'd abides:
Sell all, buy this, beleeve, pray, wait, submit,
Digge, search, ne're rest 'till thou hast purchas't it.

2 *Corinthians* i. 20.

Hugge Christ in every promise, for each one
Are Yea, Amen, to thee in him alone."

In the engraved title-page is depicted a man with a full beard, sugar-loaf hat, fur-trimmed cloak, holding a large pearl attached to a scroll, on which is the legend. "*All for this*"; standing on a bag of money, open at the mouth, some of the coins and a cup exposed; on a mound [? the globe], and on the bag is the legend, "*Worth nothing.*" At foot of page: "A Pearle of Price / in / a Collection of Promises out / of the whole Booke of God./ *Christ All in All. Colos.* 3. 12."

Then follows printed title-page: "A / Pearle of Price / in / a Collection of Promises / out of the whole Book of / God. / And is / the Christian Centurions / Infallible ground of / Confidence. / Whereunto is added the sum / of the Promises / in Verse. / *Christ All in All.* Coloss. 3. 11. / By Philip Skippon, / Serjeant Maj.-General, &c. / *London*, Printed by *R. Cotes*, for *Stephen Boutwell*, at the Bible / in *Popes-head* Alley, / 1649." At the top of this page, in a firm and clear hand, "Abigail Hill."

After four verses under the words "In extremitate maxima, me juvit & juvabit Jehovah," which may be passed over, comes a metrical address (in italics) to the

"*Reader at adventure.*

Hast thou a misconceit of this or mee?
[S]uspend thy censure til that heard I be:
'Tis Conscience, Iustice, Reason, Charity,
'Tis all I crave, you may it not deny.
Wherein I faile, Ile not my selfe excuse,
Guilty, to cry, where need not I refuse,
Where need requires, amend what is amisse,
Where it is well, let it be as it is."

On the next page are three citations from Scripture, followed by seven couplets. Then comes an address.

"To all Souldiers of reall honour and honesty, of what degree soever, P. S. wisheth all grace and good, now and alwaies.

"Fellow Souldiers; take it not ill, I give you no other Titles, I conceive customary complements in such a case as this to be uncomely: out of my reall respect unto you, I present you with this small Treatise, which cost me no small labour, let the wise and honest judge well: as it is, if you have a share among those that mourn in *Zion*, *Isa.* 61. 3, you will relish it, howsoever knowing there are among you that understand the Language of *Canaan; Isa.* 19. 18. I desire all may be judiciously perused before any part be rashly censured, bee not too curious or captious; I am no Scholar. I desire to be a Christian; look to the matter more then the handling, be wise for your selves, my soul wisheth you all well: I aime neither at thanks, commendations, nor benefit, I sleight envy, scorn and censure: I shall avoid needlesse circumstances and apply my selfe to brevity, truth and plainnesse: I desire to honour God, not to humour men; if our poor souls get any good thereby, I have enough; your good is intended, neglect it not, despise nothing because of my insufficiency; if in judgment and sincerity any will informe me, I promise thankfulnesse, and (by Gods grace) amendment: for good received blesse God, and pray for me (unworthy). The Lord of hosts, the great *Iehovah*, who is a man of war, our Chief Captain, be intreated to govern, strengthen, preserve and prosper you all as mine owne life, *Amen.*"

"*To my Wife and Children.*

"My most dearly beloved, for your and mine own private use, this Treatise was at first especially intended, and this is the best provision I can make for you: though outward comforts should fail you, these will alwaies bee most usefull to you, for pietie hath the promise, 1 *Tim.* 4. 8"—and so forth.

Following the tender and pious address to wife and children come "A few helpfull Meditations concerning the use of the following Promises"; then what may be considered as a table of the contents. The work consists of six sections, of which the fifth contains "Such Promises as assure us many outward blessings, as the Lord sees best for us"; and the sixth: "Such Promises as assure plenty of mercifull rewards of several Graces and Vertues."

Next is a curious table, "Where readily to find out such Promises as I conceive, concern Souldiers more especially," of which the

three first classes may serve as fair specimens: "(1) That wee shall have direction, sufficiency, and valour. (2) If we be wounded, or Captives. (3) Against Perills in generall, in particular, of Fire, Water, storms at Sea, or in and against any perilous imployment of War."

It would not be very easy to give a good example of the worthy old Puritan's little book itself without unduly occupying space.

At p. 428 is "A Soliloquy (*sic*) betweene the most gracious Lordg (*sic*) and his most unworthy Servant," followed by a very elaborate table of scriptural references in the "Scliloquy." Then come, after p. 432, sixteen leaves, *not paged, but with proper signatures, and printed lengthwise*: "The summe of this Treatise in Verse," from which I extract two pages:—

> "Be humble-hearted, meeke in carriage, beare
> Affliction well, increase and persevere
> In grace and good; give Almes, lend to the poore,
> Your pledge for pawne, see thou again restore;
> Leave gleanings, sell thy Corne, the hungry feed,
> Give drinke to thirsty, lodge that lodging need,
> The naked cloath, visit the sick, and such
> As prisoners are, Strangers receive, make much
> Of kindred poore, refresh th' afflicted heart,
> In spirit and truth duly imbrace each part
> Of my pure worship, reverendly receive
> The publique blessing, see thou never leave,
> To sanctifie my Sabbaths, when ought ail thee
> Call upon me, by sure I will not faile thee;
> Render my praise, reverendly heare my word,
> And read it too, see thou some time afford
> Thereon to thinke, thereof to speak, fast, pray,
> When warrant wills holily sweare thou may.
> Though weakely yet sincerely serve thou me,
> With profit shall each work performed be."

The author concludes thus:—

> "Well Lord I trust thee on thy word, and it
> Make good unto mee as thou seest most fit.
> Thy promis'd grace and glory I implore,
> It is enough, 'tis all, I'le have no more.
> It is enough, 'tis all, I'le have no more.
>
> *PHILLIP SKIPPON.*

"*Miles Christi indignissimus*, Mat. 8. 8.

(2) 1 *Pet.* 1. 25. *Is.* 40. 8. *Ps.* 100. 5. *Ps.* 117. 2. *Ps.* 93. *ult.*

"No end of truth there is,
But here's an end of this.

Imprimatur, Joh. Downam.

FINIS."

It thus appears that both R. Cotes and John Downam had each a hand in the printing of this book. I must leave some other "Bookworm," better acquainted than myself with the seventeenth century London printers and booksellers, to explain, if possible, this difference in title-page and colophon.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

To my Books.

A PETRARCHAN SONNET.

I SEE, while fast the hill of life descending,
Old friendships dying render earth the drearer ;
But ye, my silent friends, remain, and dearer
Than years ago, when I was upward wending
With eager step, my earnest efforts bending
To reach the height. With vision ever clearer
My heart perceives your worth, as I draw nearer
The goal to which all mortal things are tending.
But pensive thoughts are in my bosom started
As I remember, death ere long will sever
Us also, dear friends, so gentle-hearted,
So prompt to aid, and yet obtrusive never.
Will others show you love, when we are parted,
Such as I show, as I shall feel forever?

FROM BISHOP PIERCE'S "POEMS."

The Book Trade of Leipzig.

IN consequence of the Reformation, the centre of German literature moved northwards, where a freer air prevailed, while the south was more exposed to the influence of the Catholic emperors, the insinuations of the clergy, and the petty annoyances of the imperial censors and book commissioners. Possibly the municipal authorities of Frankfort-on-the-Main, where formerly the German book trade had its centre, did not sufficiently recognize the value of a complete, unmolested publishing intercourse. The north tried to emancipate itself from the Frankfort book Fairs, and set about founding an independent book market of its own in the famous Fair-town of Leipzig, where the then government was more liberal, exercised the censorship in a more humane spirit, and freed books from duty. At the autumn fair of 1594 appeared the first Leipzig "Messe" Catalogue. In the following year the Frankfort catalogue showed 117, the Leipzig only 68 publishing novelties; but already in 1632 Leipzig carried the day with 221 works as against Frankfort with 68. Printing also began to prosper in Leipzig. But the adversity caused by the Thirty Years' War did not fail to make itself felt; defective type, careless corrections, and bad paper characterize most of the books of that epoch. A marked and permanent improvement only appeared towards the end of the seventeenth century. The number of important publishers and printers increased constantly, and Leipzig assumed indisputably the very first place among German book centres. Since then, the number and extent of the Leipzig publishing, printing, bookbinding, and cognate industries have given to this "Little Paris" (as Goethe

named it) the position of the most important book town of the whole world. Especially the book and music trades have assumed unrivalled proportions.

The German book trade is divided into three branches—publishing, bookselling (which includes second-hand dealing), and commission business. Publishers are those who furnish the book, *i.e.*, who obtain it from the author and cause it to be printed and circulated. Booksellers are those who sell to the public, and the "commissioner" is a sort of middleman who connects publishers and booksellers. Let us imagine that fifty books are ordered daily at a bookseller's, all of which are published by different firms. If the bookseller were in direct communication with the publishers he would daily have to write fifty letters, to pay their postage, to pay for the packet, and to despatch fifty remittances. This would necessitate labour and costs quite out of proportion to the trifling gain on each order. Now, since the greater portion of the German publishers reside at Leipzig, the custom has become instituted in the course of time that the intercourse between publishers and booksellers is conducted *viâ* Leipzig. The bookseller from whom a book is ordered writes the title and publisher upon a small memorandum, and sends this, together with a large number of similar little pieces of paper, to his commissioner in Leipzig. The latter, in his turn, distributes the memoranda to the commissioners of the respective publishers. The commissioners of the publishers send the memoranda to their respective firms, who then pack the books ordered and send them to their commissioners, who distribute them to the booksellers' commissioners, through whom they are finally sent in bales to the booksellers. If a bookseller wishes to pay a publisher on ordering a book, he requests his commissioner to pay the money to the commissioner of the publisher. As a rule, books are not paid for in cash, but during the fair that takes place at Easter. At this period, books that have not been sold are also returned by the booksellers to the publishers. Both the money and the returned goods go first to the bookseller's commissioner, and then, by the same process as the memoranda, find their way to the publishers. Exactly the opposite method is employed when it is a question of books ordered by the bookseller *à condition*—merely to be bought if suitable. That is, before a book is completely "made," the publishers send circulars to all the booksellers, informing them of the title, price, and trade conditions of the forthcoming work. The bookseller either leaves this circular unregarded, or he orders the book either definitively, so that he must keep it in any case, or

à condition, that is to say, with liberty to return. In the first instance the margin of profits allowed him by the publisher is far larger (30 to 60 per cent. of the retail price), while a book ordered *à condition* and kept is 20 to 30 per cent. When the advertised book is ready the publisher despatches it in the above-named manner to the various booksellers. To the layman this mode of procedure probably seems involved, but in reality it is marvellously simple and, because of the large number of circulars, book-parcels, &c., that pass through the hands of the commissioners, very cheap. Various arrangements facilitate this yet further; for instance, the offices for delivery that many foreign publishers have on the premises of their Leipzig commissioners, so that the memoranda have not to be sent to these latter. Further, the organ of the "Booksellers' Association,"[1] the *Börsenblatt für den Deutschen Buchhandel*, which appears daily in Leipzig, and duly notes all novelties, offers, &c., and further, the "Order Institute," which facilitates for the Leipzig commissioners the distribution of the memoranda, circulars, &c., that constantly flow in, and which does, by the aid of ten persons, the work which required one hundred before the founding of this institute. Of such commissioners there are in Leipzig 130, who represent 5,230 German, Austrian, Hungarian, Swiss, Anglo-German, Franco-German, &c., publishers and booksellers. Finally, there is the Booksellers' Exchange, a sort of clearing-house, in which the commissioners settle their respective accounts, which are often very high, by paying the differences, often amounting to trifling sums. What extent the Leipzig book commissioners' business has assumed is shown by the fact that at present far more than £1,500,000 annually are paid through them from the booksellers to the publishers.

So much with regard to Leipzig as to the metropolis of a great bookseller state. It is no less important as a book-dealing and typographical manufacturing city. In Leipzig there exists the largest music-publishing firm of the world, the most widely-read illustrated paper of the world, some of the greatest publishers of the world,

[1] This counts over 1,200 German, Austrian, Hungarian, and Swiss booksellers among its members, and possesses a large Booksellers' Exchange in Leipzig, in whose rooms the yearly settlement of accounts takes place between the publishers and booksellers attending the fair on the one hand, and the commissioners on the other, and also the weekly settlement between the commissioners among themselves. At the Easter "messe," an exhibition of book-dealing and typographical interest is annually held in the great hall. A good many of the German booksellers of England, America, Russia, France, &c., also belong to the "Association."

some of the most important printing-presses of the world; while nearly three hundred papers appear there, and many foreign ones are there printed. Further, at Leipzig appear the great encyclopædias of Meyer, Brockhaus, and Spamer, as well as Ersch and Gruber's gigantic "Encyclopædia," and two of the greatest collections ever planned by publishers, the "Tauchnitz Edition" and "Reclam's Universal Bibliothek." In Leipzig are some of the largest wholesale second-hand book traders of the world, who often hold auctions of great importance. The city counts three hundred publishers and commissioners, about as many bookbinding establishments (among them several worked by steam), and quite as many printing-houses, wood-engravers, &c. If we add further that the tenth part of the Leipzigers are in the service of the book trade and its cognate branches, these data will suffice to give an idea of the eminent importance of Leipzig to the intellectual nourishment of mankind.

LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

A Block in the Book Trade of Paris.

THE publishers in Paris are complaining of the vast stock of unsold volumes remaining on their hands and causing a perfect block in the book trade. The accumulation is so great that one of their number has recently made an ingenious proposition to the Société des Gens de Lettres for putting an end to it. The idea is to establish a lottery of 1,000,000 tickets at 1 f. each, the profits to be applied to the benevolent fund of the society, and the prizes to consist of books supplied at the rate of 50 c. each, and made up in lots, with a few works of art thrown in. One publisher alone is prepared to offer no less than 100,000 volumes.

Old Books.

TO-DAY, in Paris alone, there are two-hundred well-known collections of valuable books, and one need not be, as in 1783, a Duke de la Valliére, to possess a collection of which the catalogue alone occupies three vols. 8vo, and which produces £20,000 at a public sale. Without becoming in any degree common, such collections have now become three or four times as numerous as at that time. Sales realizing from £5,000 down to £1,200 are fairly frequent.

The great works of the sixteenth and seventeenth century are appearing but rarely. They are placed out of the way, absorbed and classified. It is only on such occasions as the sales of Guy Pellion and Rochbiliére that we are able to come across any considerable number of original editions of the seventeenth century. Book-lovers have also been compelled to be without those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which have reached exorbitant prices, especially for the illustrious brochures and Romantiques, coveted for their printed covers, for their prospectuses, and also for their value to the bookbinder.

The dedicated copies are particularly sought out; the authors' own copies, or authors' annotated copies, reach high values. Judge of the effect produced at a sale by the announcement of, say, a copy of Candide, first edition, full margins, bound in the skin of Voltaire. The highest ambition of the bibliopolist will be reached when he can read in his catalogue of sales, "bound entire,—skin of the author."

The true book collectors often know where all the well-known valuable books have their lodging. When they visit the home of

a fellow book-collector they are envious of their host's possessions, and they wait patiently for the death of a rival in order that his books may perchance come into their hands. At last the possessor dies, the sale of his books is announced, the catalogues distributed, and the coveted number put up for sale, with a list of its excellences, The collector then gathers together his money, only fearing that some other collector more wealthy than himself may take the coveted prize away from his grasp.

Some time since, a collector at the Sylvestre rooms was within an ace of obtaining a valuable work at a fairly reasonable price, when, just before the auctioneer could close, a stranger, evidently just arrived, stepped into the room and out-bid the would-be purchaser, who, on seeing the new-comer, cried, "I am lost! you are M. ——, I am lost! there is nothing in the world you and I are so anxious to possess as this work, and you, alas! are richer than I." But how supremely happy he is when he can bear home the desired book, so coveted and sought after, and at last obtained. Where shall he place it? on what shelf, particularly noticing the possessions already obtained, for good books merit good neighbours. I have noticed, at the homes of book-collectors, that after the books have been acquired they gradually move, from being the most prominent and valuable of the collection, lower and lower, and further out of sight, as the collector becomes changed in his opinion of his old books.

An incomplete, stained, or mutilated copy is of no value, and it is of no use to endeavour to restore it, for no one will be tempted by it.

On the other hand, a really well-made and well-preserved book will be always valuable.

This explains the exorbitant prices, quite out of proportion to the value of the matter, obtained for books made up of the best papers, such as those of Holland and the Japanese and Chinese kinds.

The makers of the common sort of paper are the criminals—the word is not too strong—for they introduce foreign substances into the manufacture which never should be allowed to enter into the composition. The effect is not noticed while the paper is new, but, sooner or later, spots begin to appear on the surface, which no sizing can obviate.

The publishers can do nothing, and except in some few manufactories where the paper is honestly prepared, it cannot last. It is said that the supply of rags, old paper, and esparto and other grass fibres is not sufficient, and so to the already large number of dangers

to books, in the shape of insects, &c., must be added that of poor paper. It is for the prevention of this evil that such precautions are taken by the publishers of valuable works. The present paper in use is laid paper, and valuable qualities are used for the volumes of collectors, so as to preserve them from the ravages of time and the deceit of the paper manufactures. If the paper were good, an ordinary amount of sizing would be all that would be required to give the same results, but ordinary papers are simply detestable.

Book-lovers and those who are concerned in the book-trade should, therefore, beware of all books made during the last fifty years, omitting, perhaps, the best books and *editions de luxe*, for they only deteriorated more or less according to treatment and circumstances.

The same observations will apply to the binding. A good and appropriate binding preserves a book, while a poor and unworthy binding may ruin it. If, then, a binding is not stamped with some name, which is a guarantee for good work, the work should be carefully examined again, for the difference between a carefully bound and an ill-bound book is not always perceptible at a first glance.

JULES RICHARD.

The Great Frost of 1684.

THE following brief description from a rare book is from *Notes and Queries*, and as it is both seasonable and entertaining we take the liberty of quoting it here :—

"Before me lies a small book, published in London, 1684, titled 'An Historical Account of the Great Frost, &c., during this Season.' Being convinced some extracts from a contemporary record will be interesting, if not instructive, I venture to make them. This little book consists of five pages 'Epistle to the Reader,' with 142 pages of historical matter, &c. At the outset the reader's attention is called to previous phenomenal frosts, one 320 years, another 118, a third forty-eight years, and a fourth about seven years previous to the one now referred to, which began on the 16th of December; the frost 'so sharply set in' that in about a fortnight the Thames 'beyond the Bridge of London' was frozen over. Booths were built on it, where the boatmen, whose occupation was gone, sold wine, brandy, and other liquors. The novelty resulted in such good business that the booths rapidly increased, and to such an extent that roadways were made from place to place, not only foot-paths, but 'Hackney coaches began to ply upon the river, finding customers more numerous than if they had continued in the streets.' We are told that the fields were deserted, the frozen river being the centre of attraction for town and country folks. 'In the Hillary Term, which soon after ensued, it was usual for the lawyers to take coach by water to Westminster as through the Strand.' It appears a street of booths contiguous to each other reached from the Temple stairs to Barge House in Southwark, these being inhabited by dealers in earthenware, brass, 'copper,' 'tinn,' and iron, toys and trifles, and besides these, printers, bakers, cooks, butchers, barbers, and others,' while the business done appears to have been very large. All sorts of street cries, usually heard in the streets of London, were heard on the Thames. 'Hawkers with their news,' costermongers, women selling oysters, pies, gingerbread, &c. Games were freely engaged in, such as 'football play,' 'nine pins,' 'cudgells' (whatever that was), bull and bear-baiting, &c., 'sailing-boats, charriots, and carrow-whimbles,' besides, of course, skating, &c.; fires in all places; 'boyling,' roasting, and preparing food of all kinds, was carried on as if on *terra firma*.

ALFRED CHAS. JONAS."

Block-Books of the Fifteenth Century.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co. are preparing for publication, in four imperial quarto volumes, a series of facsimile reproductions of the most important of "The Block-Books of the Fifteenth Century," edited by W. Salt Brassington, F.S.A., author of "Historic Bindings in the Bodleian Library." Bibliographers of every country know the value of this remarkable set of illustrated books. They are full of matter of the deepest interest to the archæologist and the architect, as well as to the historian and the theologian. The cuts are not beautiful, but they are very curious. Some of them are full of quaint mysticism. Others give much information about the costume and habits of the people and the domestic architecture of the first half of the fifteenth century. They mark an era in the world's history, for they undoubtedly led up to the invention of printing. And to crown all, they are extremely rare. On account of their great price, these books have hitherto been forbidden to all but the very rich. Some of them can be seen only in the great public libraries. The publishers desire to put it in the power of every one who is in possession of a moderate income to become a possessor of scrupulously exact facsimiles of these marvellous books, at a cost one hundred times less than is paid for one of the originals whenever it is offered for sale. It is intended to copy these originals in every way as closely as possible. In all cases the cuts and the text are impressed on one side only of the paper; our printers will follow the same plan, and on paper very like to that used by the men of the fifteenth century. Some of the originals have the plates coloured, others are plain. Two editions will be issued in like manner. Each book will contain a preface by the editor, giving as far as possible the history of its different editions, and an explanation of the monkish Latin text. The volumes will be delivered to subscribers in the order in which their names are received. They will be printed uniformly on stout paper, imperial

quarto, and bound in a strong paper cover, or with the choice of a Roxburgh binding in half-morocco, or a specially prepared portfolio. It is intended to offer to collectors sixty copies printed on folio paper of the finest quality, with the plates either plain or coloured. The prices of the volumes will be in accordance with the number of the cuts. The four of the most important of the block-books in the course of twelve months on the following terms, net price: I. "Biblia Pauperum." Consisting of forty woodcuts, 10½ inches high by 7½ inches wide, printed on one side only of the paper, with text opposite (making in all 160 pp.). In paper cover, price three guineas. Bound in the Roxburgh style or in a portfolio, price three and a half guineas; or with the prints coloured, five guineas. II. "Ars Moriendi." A series of eleven woodcuts and thirteen pages of block-engraved text. With translation. In paper cover, price two guineas. In Roxburgh binding or in a portfolio, two and a half guineas; or with prints coloured, four guineas. III. "Canticum Canticorum." A series of thirty-two cuts upon sixteen leaves, each leaf bearing two woodcuts, one above the other, with text. These subjects are all taken from "The Song of Solomon." In paper cover, price two and a half guineas. In Roxburgh binding or in a portfolio, three guineas; or with the prints coloured, four guineas. IV. "Speculum Humanae Salvationis." Consisting of fifty-eight pages of cuts, each containing two subjects taken from the Old and New Testaments, printed at the top of the page, with the text—partly in movable type and partly in engraved blocks—beneath. In paper cover, price three guineas. In Roxburgh binding or portfolio, three and a half guineas; or with the prints coloured, six guineas. The price of the Collectors' Editions, in folio—which may be had either plain or coloured—will be one-third more than that of the quarto editions. The editor will explain, as far as possible, the meaning of the cuts—not always clear; and for the benefit of his readers unaccustomed to the abbreviations of old monkish Latin, will translate the text, with references to the Old and New Testaments, from which it is mostly taken. In order that intending subscribers may see exactly the style in which it is proposed to print these block-books, the publishers have prepared a facsimile of the third page of the "Biblia Pauperum" as an example, and one also with the print coloured after the original in the British Museum. As works of this class appeal only to the archæologist and the bibliophile, it is understood that these reprints of the block-books of the fifteenth century cannot be proceeded with until the names of a satisfactory number of subscribers have been received.

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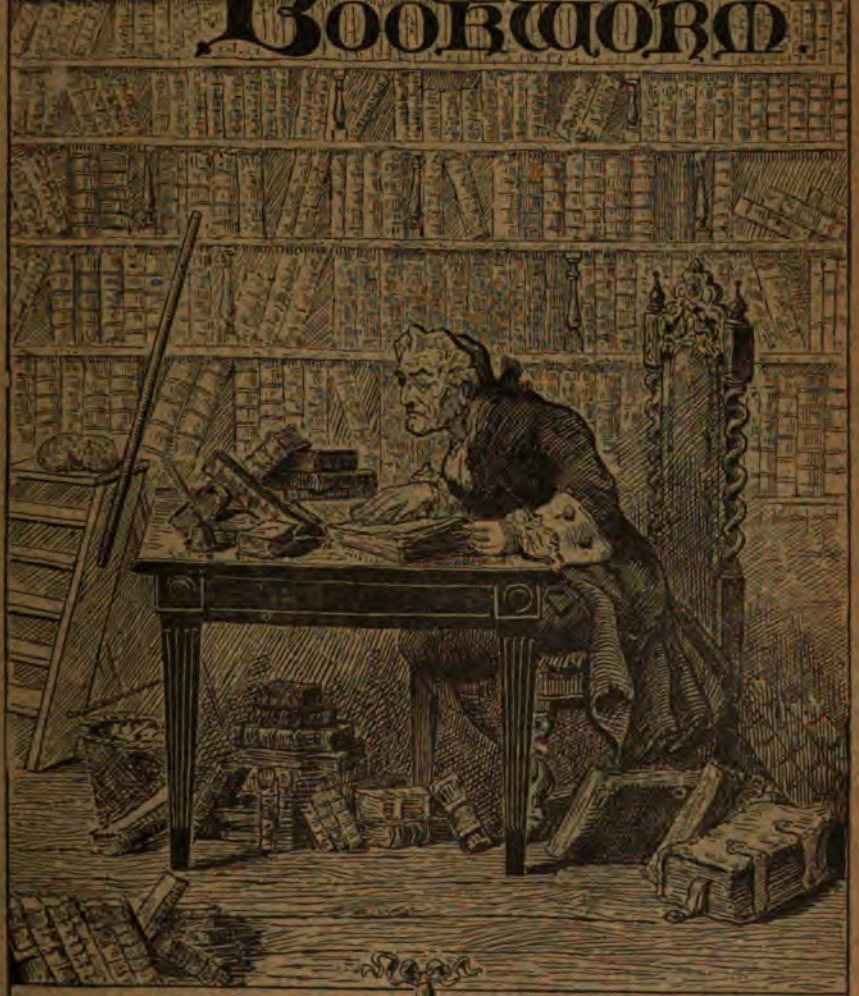
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The Autobiography of an Old Book.

IN these days of my humiliation, when I feel my final doom approaching, it occurs to me that the history of my chequered career may interest the public at large, and may excite in hem some pity for others of my race. I can hardly say that I am about to be cut off in the flower of my youth, as I was printed in the year 1840; but when I think of the books which have wrought actual evil in the world, and yet, though more than four times my age, are only just beginning the most distinguished part of their career, and are cared for as I never was, I am apt to repine.

To begin with, I am what is called a religious work; and in the year aforesaid I and my twin brother volume were published under the following imposing title: "A Treatise on Old Testament Types, by the Very Revd. John Godlove, D.D., Dean of the Cathedral Church of Oldminster." I, or I should say *we*, were brought out by a noted firm of London publishers, and had the happiness to escape the dismal surroundings of the publisher's warehouse and the possible degradation to the condition of a remainder. We were sent, with others of our edition, direct to our author, to be distributed by him as presentation copies. My first recollection is of being side by side with my brother on the good Dean's study shelves. We were at that time dressed in new coats of good calf, and I flatter myself that we afforded a most favourable contrast to the musty and worm-eaten volumes around us. My happiest days were spent in that library. The society of my brother and of the other standard, though more or less shabby, works around us was eminently suited

to my mind. The conversation, also, of our author and his friends was, as a rule, such as no volume even of my piety could take exception at.

The Dean was noted as a scholar and student, and spent most of his time in his library. We were at times a little jealous of those of his books that were in his constant use, but contented ourselves with the thought that whatever regard he had for the others, he must of necessity have an especial love for us, the outpourings of his own mind, and his literary children. These happy days were, however, soon to end. One afternoon, about two months after our arrival from London, a sprightly elderly gentleman called upon the Dean, and just before he left, my brother and I were taken down from our shelf, carefully dusted, and handed to him, with many gracious words of apology for our supposed shortcomings. Before we left the Deanery library for ever, I, as Vol. I., had the happiness to receive on my title-page the inscription, in our author's neat handwriting, "John Brown, e don. auct." It is one of the few consolations of these my last days that no cruel collector of title-pages or autographs has deprived me of this badge of honour.

We were not carried out of the city of Oldminster, but our new owner, the Rev. John Brown, B.A., was by no means so careful of us as Dr. Godlove had been. His books were few, and, as a rule, of such a character as precluded any intimacy between us and them. Books on sporting and racing seemed to be his favourites, and the few professional books he possessed seemed so dispirited and dull that their society afforded us little enjoyment.

Notwithstanding the eminent learning of our author, and our own unimpeachable orthodoxy and character, Mr. Brown did not take the trouble to read more than twenty or thirty pages of me, and never, I believe, opened my brother. For some time we were laid ignominiously upon the floor in a corner of what was called the study, to the considerable detriment of our clothing. After a month or two, our owner's spinster sister, who kept house for him, commenced her spring cleaning, and we were crammed into one end of an already too full shelf, and left entirely to ourselves. The company Mr. Brown entertained was of a kind to which we had not hitherto been accustomed. Noisy laymen, whose conversation turned chiefly on fox-hunting and sport of all kinds, were the chief visitors; and many times have I and my brother been made seriously ill by the smell of tobacco smoke and the steam of hot drinks, which filled the room on those evenings when Mr. Brown entertained his most intimate friends.

In process of time, no doubt, one gets used to almost anything, but I always feel that our moral tone was lowered by our long residence in that house. I suppose we must have been in Mr. Brown's possession nearly twenty years, when his death occasioned another change in our circumstances. His character now affected our position in the world most prejudicially. Had we remained with our author, the reputation of his library would have drawn a goodly company to the inevitable sale by auction, and we should probably have passed into the possession of some more or less pious divine. As it was, however, I and my brother were bundled together with sundry of Mr. Brown's inferior professional books, and being described in the sale catalogue as "Sundry Theological Books, 14 volumes," were knocked down at a nominal price to a local second-hand bookseller.

The society we went amongst at the bookseller's was, although in a way respectable, a considerable coming down even from Mr. Brown's library. In fact, it was to us similar to the sort of genteel indigence to which maiden ladies of uncertain age seem frequently to be reduced by fraudulent trustees and rotten banks. The shop was in a bye-street, and had no great pretensions to frontage; and recent painful events have recalled to my mind the shudder with which I saw, as I was carried in, a range of some three or four boxes, labelled, "All these at one shilling each," and so on, down to one marked, "All these at a penny; pick where you like." It seemed to me an incredible horror that *any* bound volume should be worth no more than a penny. Alas, I have since learned that books can be unsaleable even at that price. I remained in this shop for a good many years, but really in such commonplace and dull society I hardly noticed the flight of time. At last I and my brother were reached down from a top shelf, dusted, and handed for inspection to a young man of about twenty years of age. From his conversation with the bookseller, I gathered that he had been advised by his college tutor to read us for some examination, as being sound in tone, and as having fewer pet crotchets aired in us than most of our class. This, indeed, we felt somewhat soothing to our feelings after our recent life of indignity. We were purchased for what I venture even yet to think was a ridiculously small sum, and were transferred to our new owner's rooms at Oxford.

Our master's room was well furnished, as far as bodily comfort required, but there was no bookcase, and the shelves upon which we were placed were hardly worthy of the name. In this our new life, we certainly had the pleasure of feeling that we were of some use in the world, as our owner, whose name was Thompson, read one or

other of us at times for as much as an hour at once. I regret, however, to say that at the expiration of the hour he often flung us down on the floor or table, with little regard for our feelings. On one occasion, I remember, he threw my brother at a fellow-student who was entering the room, and had it not been that our binder had shown great skill in sewing him, my brother must have suffered serious injury.

I now come to the history of the first really great blow of my life, namely, my parting from my brother. It happened in this way. One of our owner's friends was also studying theology, and one evening, when in our room, he asked what was best to read on Scripture types. Mr. Thompson irreverently replied that he had been advised to read Godlove, but considered us seriously affected with the dry-rot. The conversation, however, unhappily ended in my brother being borrowed and taken away that night. He was not returned, and I have never recovered from the terrible bereavement. I feel that as long as we were united, we might have expected to linger out a useful existence, but divided we must both of necessity fall into the state of indigence in which I now find myself. Why Mr. Thompson's friend borrowed Volume II. I never could think; for if one must have an odd volume, surely it is better to have the *first*. I have heard of booksellers who make it their business to deal in odd volumes, and so, by affording a sort of temporary almshouse for our race, are frequently enabled to restore the missing members to families languishing in their incompleteness; but it has never been our fate to be benefited by such. How any society of literary men can adopt the melancholy name of "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes" is more than I can conceive. As far as I know, our owner never made any serious attempt to recover possession of my brother. Doubtless he forgot our existence, as he never opened me again.

Two months later I had the vindictive delight of hearing that he had been hopelessly ploughed in theology. My delight, however, was both out of keeping with my character as a work piously conceived, and was very ill-timed as regarded my personal interests. My master, irritated at his want of success, cursed all theology, and resolved to try for his degree on some other subject. He was, as I am told is usual with undergraduates at the end of term, hard up financially, and resolved to realize his small stock of theological books. I and others of my class were sorted out for the inspection of a second-hand bookseller, and on the occasion of his visit I first realized to the full the magnitude of the loss I had suffered in parting from my brother. The bookseller contemptuously singled

me out as worthless, but my master protested his ignorance as to what had become of my brother.

In the end, after much grumbling by Mr. Thompson over the price offered by the dealer, the other volumes and I were put into a blue bag and carried away. It was some days before I again saw daylight, and was then only taken out of the bag in the bookseller's dingy shop, to be thrown into a corner upon a pile of books of low commercial value. *Facilis decensus averni.* By this time my coat of calf, once so choice, was broken at the corners, and seriously scratched on the sides and back.

For months I have patiently suffered and waited for the end on a rickety shelf outside my owner's door. From time to time passers-by have bought my neighbours, or at any rate have picked them up and read them for a few minutes, but no such poor compliment has ever been paid to me. All this time I have suffered severely from the weather, from which our shelf is but half protected; and could my author see me now, he would never recognize his child in my present tattered and disreputable condition.

From what I can gather, the end is near; for my owner contemplates sending a cartload of what he contemptuously calls *rubbish* to the paper-mill, and I understand that I am to be included. One depth of degradation, to which many nobler works than myself have sunk, is to be spared me. My size, a royal octavo, precludes my being used as, I understand, handsome folios often are used, in wrapping up bacon and cheese at inferior shops. For this small mercy I am duly grateful. When next I am taken from the shelf, it will probably be to be carted to execution. Contrary to the usual course in nature, my soul will perish; but I trust that, as new paper, my body may commence a fresh, though probably a lower, career of usefulness in the world. Ungrateful that I am, even in death I am favoured. A fire might have consumed me, both soul and body, without hope of a resurrection.

Would that even such a death had taken me in the days of my youth and prime, when some one at least might have missed and mourned for me; but as it is, farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

J. Eyre Poppleton.

A History of the Monument.

OUR old friend, the Monument, of Fish Street Hill, appears to be suddenly emerging from the quietude of its later day existence. The City Lands Committee recommends the Corporation to publish its history in an edition of 5,000 copies at a cost of £151, and to suit the depressed times (both editions being presumably for sale) a smaller size in an edition of 10,000 copies at a cost of £60.

Speaking Books.

WHY, asks a contemporary, does not some modern Gutenberg do for the phonograph what has been already done for the printing press? To stop short at the phonograph and not go on to invent a reading machine whereby books should be printed upon cylinders of metal, would be as if the age of Faust and Gutenberg had remained content with immovable types. The written word has already been made immortal, and the world has been half revolutionized thereby: it only now remains to complete the revolution by giving immortality to the spoken word as well. The metal cylinders might be worn in the hat, and the sounds be conveyed to the ear by wires. There would be no more cases of blinded eyesight from poring over miserable books; the old quarrel between physical and intellectual development would disappear, for "the good genius of humanity" in his metal box would accompany men to the moor and the fields and the ditch. The weary learning of an unphonetic written language could be neglected, and precious years of our lives would be saved from waste. Foreign languages would be learned with far greater ease, for wherever a book was, there the spoken language would be. The political consequence of the invention is passed over by the writer, but it would clearly be most important. For one thing, the necessity of a representative Parliament would disappear, and direct government by the people would once more become possible.

Books Illustrated by Cruikshank.

THE interest attached to books illustrated by George Cruikshank is very great, and many of them command "fancy" prices. The following list contains several very good items lately sold at Messrs. Sotheby's, the buyers in nearly every case being booksellers.

"Adventures of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin," clean copy with 8 etchings, cloth, uncut; Blackwood, 1836. "Age of Intellect: or Clerical Showfolk and wonderful Layfolk," front. coloured, half calf, g. t. uncut; Hone, 1819. W. H. Ainsworth: "Jack Sheppard," 3 vol. portrait and etchings, red morocco, m. e. fine clean copy; Bentley, 1839, £6 6s. "The Tower of London," 40 etchings, half calf, large copy; *ib.* 1840, £2 2s. "Guy Fawkes," 3 vol. half morocco, m. e.; 1841, £4 15s. "Rookwood," with Life, portrait and etchings, half red morocco, m. e. fine copy; Chapman and Hall, 1851, £3 10s. "Comic Alphabet," designed, etched, and published by G. Cruikshank, No. 23, Myddelton Terrace, Pentonville, rare; 1836, £2 18s. G. Basile: "The Pentamerone," translated by J. E. Taylor, 6 etchings, uncut, original cloth; Bogue and Cundall, 1848, £3. R. B. Brough: "The Life of Sir John Falstaff," 20 etchings, original cloth, uncut; Longman, 1858, £5 10s. H. Cockton: "Stanley Thorn," 3 vol., etchings by Cruikshank and Leech, original cloth, uncut; R. Bentley, 1841. Comic Almanacks. 1835-47, impressions on india paper, rare—1848-53, early impressions, folding frontispieces; 19 parts complete, £18 5s. "Life of the late Thomas Coutts," with entertaining Anecdotes of his first Wife, Betty Starky, &c., with the rare etched Portrait of Coutts (unsigned) by G. Cruik-

shank: I. Fairburn, n. d., £1 1s. G. Cruikshank: "Omnibus," with 100 engravings, first issue, original cloth, uncut; Tilt and Bogue, 1842, £4 10s. "Our Own Times," Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, all published, etchings and cuts by G. Cruikshank in original covers; Bradbury and Evans, 1846, £3 17s. 6d. "Six Illustrations to Hood's Epping Hunt," on india paper, 4to; C. Tilt, 1829, £2 2s. "The Bachelor's own Book, being the Progress of Mr. Lambkin, Gent.," &c., 24 etchings; Bogue, 1844, £2 18s. "Robinson Crusoe," 2 vol. plates and cuts, large paper, half morocco, t. g. uncut; Major, 1831, £5. "Der Frieschutz Travestie," 12 etchings, half morocco, g. t. uncut; C. Baldwyn, 1824, £3. C. Dickens' Sketches by "Boz," First Series, 2 vol. Second Series, 1 vol. 3 vol. half morocco, m. e. original copies, uniform; Macrone, 1836–7, £3 17s. 6d. "Fairy Library," Cinderella, original issue, 10 etchings, with G. Cruikshank's address to the Public; Bogue, n. d., £2 2s.; and "Puss in Boots," 6 etched plates; Routledge, n. d. (with two others), £4. Joseph Grimaldi "Memoirs," edited by "Boz," 2 vol. 12 etchings, original cloth, uncut; R. Bentley, 1838, £4 6s. "Greenwich Hospital," by an Old Sailor, 12 coloured etchings, and woodcuts, choice impressions, Mr. Auldjo's copy, half morocco, 4to; Robins and Co., 1826, £3 17s. 6d. George Hibbert: "Tales of the Cordelier Metamorphosed," 11 plates by I. R. Cruikshank, on india paper, privately printed, rare, 4to; Bulmer and Nicol, London, 1821, £2 2s. "The Humourist," Coloured Plates, 4 vol. bound in 2, half morocco, m. e. by Hollo-way, fine clean copy; I. Robins and Co., 1870–20, £27. W. H. Ireland: "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," 23 coloured plates, wants last plate, Napoleon and Kleber in vol. I., and from pages 113 to 144 in vol. II., rare, 3 vol. cloth; 1823–5–7, £3 12s. W. F. von Kosewitz: "Eccentric Tales," uncoloured copy, half morocco, g. t. uncut; Robins and Co., 1827, £4. Frederic Locker: Poems, front. 100 copies privately printed, half morocco, g. t. uncut; J. Wilson, 1868, £3 10s. "Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," first edition, etchings, poor copy; C. Tilt, Fleet Street and M. Syried, Constantinople, 1839, £4 4s. W. H. Maxwell: "History of the Rebellion in Ireland in 1791," in parts as issued complete, with etchings, rare; A. H. Bailey and Co., 1845, £11 5s. "Points of Humour," 2 parts (all published), 20 etchings and 20 woodcuts on india paper, calf; Baldwyn, 1823–4, £4 4s. "Punch and Judy." Illustrations to 23 etchings on india paper and woodcuts, in port-folio as first issued (wants portrait of Punch only, otherwise perfect), 4to; S. Prowett, 1821, £4 4s. "The Universal Songster or

Museum of Mirth," fronts. and cuts, original issue, vol. I., II. half bound, m. e., vol. III. in parts 15 to 21, with supplement; Fairburn, 1825–6, 3 vol., £2 2s. John Wight: "Mornings at Bow Street," second edition, fine copy, 1824—"More Mornings at Bow Street," first edition, 1827, etching and cuts; 2 vol., £3 12s. 6d. Another copy in boards, uncut, original issue, £5 10s.

The "Bugge" Bible.

IN the Allan Library connected with the Wesleyan Conference office is a copy of the rare "Bugge" Bible, dated 1549, in which Psalm xci., section (or verse) 5, is thus rendered: "So that thou shalt not nede to be afraid of eny bugges by nyghte, nor for the arowe that flyeth by daye;" the "bugges" no doubt signify evil spirits. Boggard is also an old English word for the same. This edition of the Bible was said to have been edited by John Rogers under the name of T. Matthewe, who was the ardent friend of Tyndale. Rogers was burnt at the stake.

A Ballade of Last Year's Books.

"*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*"

[SCENE: *A Library.*]

O! books that rest in sweet heartsease,
 Sedately splendid, shelved a-row,
The garner of long centuries
 Of weary thought and bitter woe
 Though tarnish of dead years you show,
The dust of time is incense here,
 And, gossips, I am fain to know
Where are the books of yester-year

They came, all kinds and all degrees,
 In gilt and ornament a-glow,
Book flotsam from the alien seas
 Was beached in Paternoster Row:
 In critical imbroglio
A host of names was vanquished—sheer;
 They came and went with last year's snow—
Where are the books of yester-year?

It may be books that failed to please,
 In Lumberdom stored high and low,
Are lulled by worn-out melodies,
 Old tunes that murmur long and low—
 In mournful weird adagio—
A locust drone that soothes the ear;
 This fancy is not final though—
Where *are* the books of yester-year?

L'ENVOI.

Lord of the years that outward flow,
 This drift of rhymings seaward bear:
A moment's grace and now we go
 Where are the books of yester-year.

PAUL HERRING.

A Hunt for Book-Plates in Paris.

THE May sun, warm and bright, was shining over the tops of the tall houses in the Rue St. Honoré as we emerged, one afternoon, from Voisin's after a delicate *déjeuner*, and a bottle of delicious Chambertin. As we lazily lounged in the open doorway, lighting our cigars (brought with us from England—*not* purchased in Paris), we noticed that most of the men coming down the street were fat, and very warm—they carried their hats in their hands, and were mopping their brows; the horses, covered with nets, lazily whisked their tails to frighten off the teasing little flies, whilst even the coachmen, dozing on their boxes, seemed too sleepy to solicit a fare. Over the road a fine Persian cat, basking in the sun in a grocer's shop-window, alone seemed to seek the warmth all others wished to shun.

Where shall we go? It is too hot, too dusty, too glary, and too noisy at the Exhibition on such a day as this. "Let us take a shady stroll along the quays, on the Surrey side, to look at the old book shops and stalls." My friend always calls the left bank of the Seine the "Surrey side." 'Tis a harmless freak; he has no other vice, so I pass it gently by.

Crossing the Jardin des Tuileries, and leisurely passing over the Pont Royal, we find ourselves on the shady side of the river. The long quays are lined with second-hand book-stalls. These we proceed to examine, each wishing to outdo the other in some lucky find.

"Avez vous des Ex-Libris?" I ask, in the purest Parisian accent, of an elderly individual who is industriously sucking the fag end of a French cigar, apparently enjoying the deadly poison of that cheap,

but noisome, article. Although but shabbily dressed, he is evidently a man of some education and refinement, for he at once answers my question in French as fluent as my own, and almost equally Parisian in accent, which, however, I translate literally for the benefit of those who are not so well versed in this recondite language.

"But no, Monsieur, in other times I have found many, but now the amateurs take them before the books arrive to us. He must go to Saffroy or Sapin. But stay, here is a little English that I find."

So saying, he handed me a small octavo volume, entitled "Dialoghi Di M. Ludovico Domenichi. Con Privilegio. In Vinegia appresso Gabriel Giolito de Ferrari. MDLXII." As an example of early printing this little volume was not dear at fifty centimes; moreover, it carried a plain, unpretending book-plate, on which was inscribed—"DAVID GARRICK. La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un Livre, c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plutot."—"Menagiana," vol. iv. But this was the first and only bargain, in the way of book-plates, we met with along the quays, and collectors will find little there to repay their labours.

Further on, in a shop in the Rue des Saints Pères, I met with a charming old plate signed and dated "*B. Picart del*, 1718." There is a motto, "*Uni vero*," but no other writing whatever. The arms are very small and almost unintelligible; the ownership of the plate is therefore not easily to be discovered. The plate shows a library interior; in the background two men are busy at a printing-press, in the foreground are five little winged cupids at play with books and mathematical instruments, whilst a female figure, representing peace and plenty, is seated on a Pegasus. I call the animal *Pegasus*, though I do not see its wings, for I cannot conceive how an ordinary horse can have obtained admission into such an apartment and in such company. For this plate, including Pegasus, I only gave one franc fifty centimes; but it was all I found, after a long hunt, and being tired, dusty, and thirsty I gave up the quest, returning to my hotel with two little plates which had cost me one and eightpence in English money, and half a day of valuable lifetime.

There are certain dealers in Paris who buy up all the Ex-Libris they can find in the trade, and to them only can one apply with any reasonable chance of success. As a rule, their prices are exorbitant compared with what is asked in England for good specimens. In the first place, however, it must be remembered that the French are themselves keen collectors, and, in the second place, all shopkeepers in Paris ask more from foreigners, especially from English people, than from their own countrymen. Often they will accept a reduced

price, but the little barter must be conducted with the utmost courtesy, and in fairly good French, or the shopkeeper will shrug his shoulders, and refuse your offer with the remark that "he is desolated not to be able to oblige Monsieur."

WALTER HAMILTON.

Some Odd Books.

AT Warsenstein, in Germany, there is perhaps one of the most curiously original collections of books in the world. It is really a botanical collection. Outwardly, each volume presents the appearance of a block of wood, and that is what it actually is; but a minute examination reveals the fact that it is also a complete history of the particular tree which it represents. At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space which allows the scientific and the common name of the tree to be placed as a title for the book. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other side shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely-polished wood. On opening the book it is found to contain the fruit, seeds, leaves, and other products of the tree, the moss which usually grows upon its trunk, and the insects which feed upon the different parts of the tree. These are supplemented by a well-printed description of the habits, usual location, and manner of growth of the tree. In fact, everything which has a bearing upon that particular tree secures a place in this wonderful, useful, and valuable collection.

"Arouet's Reports."

THE humour of the legal mind is sometimes a trifle subtle, writes a London correspondent. There is just now to be seen in the window of a famous second-hand bookshop in the Strand a complete set of Voltaire in fifty volumes. The set is bound in what is technically known as "law calf." It has evidently belonged to a lawyer who hesitated to let his clients perceive that he was given to reading anything so mischievously frivolous as the philosopher of Ferney, or who could not resist his own little joke. Instead, therefore, of lettering the volumes "Voltaire," which everybody would have understood, he had them inscribed "Arouet's Reports." The joke would, of course, be lost upon those who happened to have forgotten that the great philosopher's proper name was Arouet de Voltaire.

Portraits of Burns.

AMONG the most recent additions to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, is an exceedingly interesting miniature portrait in water-colours upon ivory of Robert Burns, believed to be that for which the poet stated in a letter on January 20, 1796, to Mrs. Walter Riddell, he was giving sittings to Alexander Reid. It formed part of the Watson collection of pictures. The poet's face, in profile to left, is animated, and the figure is given almost to the waist. At the foot of the portrait is pasted a piece of paper inscribed "R . . t Burns, Excise off.," and on the back the armorial bookplate of collector "John Mitchell, Dumfries," Burns's superior officer and friend. In addition to the Nasmyth portraits of Burns, of which there are three versions, the original being in the Edinburgh Gallery, only two contemporary or nearly contemporary portraits, showing the poet's face in profile, are known to exist. The first is the silhoutte, or "shade," executed by J. Miers in 1787, in which the face appears turned to our right; the other is the posthumous medallion modelled in 1801 by William Tassie—a very poor work. Both may be studied in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

A Literary Landmark.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that the small shop under the Holborn gateway of Gray's Inn, which it has just been decided to do away with, has had a long life and a notable one. The gateway was made some time at the end of the sixteenth century, and the shop was soon afterwards taken by a man whose name was a living refutation of the saying of his great contemporary. He was a bookseller, and his name was Tomes. He published the first edition of Bacon's "Two Bookes of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning" (1605); and Wilson's "The Commendation of Cockes and Cocke-fighting: wherein is shewed that Cocke-fighting was before the coming of Christ" (1607). The morality of this book may be doubted; the wisdom of its publication is beyond question. Within a few doors of Tomes's shop was a cockpit, whose frequenters would be doubtless not unwilling, at a small outlay, to show themselves devotees of so ancient and honourable a pastime. Jacob Tonson, famous as the publisher of Dryden and Pope, established what is said to have been the first English publishing business (in the modern sense of the word) under the gateway in the Gray's Inn Road. He afterwards took also the shop which is now to be pulled down. He it was whom Pope complimented (*mirabile dictu!*) as "Genial Jacob," and whom Dryden pilloried in a triplet beginning "With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair." Tonson's first shop was in later years occupied by Thomas Osborne, the purchaser of the Harleian Library. Osborne is perhaps better known as enjoying the by no means unique distinction of having been thrashed by Doctor Johnson. Unfortunately, the shop itself cannot claim renown as having been the field of battle. For the Doctor is

at pains to be precise upon the matter: "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop; it was in my own chamber." But, in spite of this, the neighbourhood would furnish more than one shrine for worship to the literary pilgrim. Whether it be Tonson, insolent to Dryden, complaisant to Pope, and particularly "close" to both; or Johnson visiting the sins of the fathers upon the luckless Osborne; or any of the many lesser lights that must have visited the place and gossiped and bought and bargained within its walls—each fancy is sufficient to make us regret its destruction. Since the year 1824, or thereabouts, the shop has been occupied by a succession of newsagents, and is the particular haunt of the local quidnuncs who gather there the news and gossip of the day. It is one of the last and least known of the literary landmarks of London.

"Bygone London."

APROPOS of the foregoing note we may point out that, although the published works on London are both numerous and interesting, there still remains much to be related of the city in past times. The facts respecting its memorable men and historic episodes are more attractive than the pages of fiction. A new work by Mr. Frederick Ross, F.R.H.S., is about to be offered to the public, being the result of more than fifty years' careful study of Old London. The name of the author must be familiar to the readers of the *City Press*, as he has written many chapters for its columns on local history. He has contributed to numerous periodicals, and is the author of several very favourably received works. "Bygone London" is not a mere collection of scraps and facts generally known, but is a series of systematic studies of out-of-the-way matters which cannot fail to entertain and instruct the reader, and prove a valuable contribution to the history of the ancient city.

An Old Miscellany.

NO phase of book-making was so popular with the general public, or so profitable to the bookseller, during the earlier years of the last century as "Miscellanies." One of the many examples is now before us, minus, however, its title-page, but obviously issued in the earlier part of the first quarter of the period indicated. The chief interest of the particular miscellany in question is the comparatively long address from "the Publisher to the Reader," the publisher being Francis Saunders, a well-known bookseller. At that time the word "publisher" had a distinctly different meaning to what is now understood by the term; its real signification was synonymous with the word "editor" in the current phraseology. For example, the third part of Sir William Temple's "Miscellanea" was "Published by Jonathan Swift, A.M., Prebendary of St. Patrick's, Dublin," and Swift contributed a brief note headed "The Publisher to the Reader." Francis Saunders was the publisher, in the modern sense, as well as editor of this miscellaneous collection of verse, good, bad, and indifferent. This introduction is so interesting that we quote it entire, without, however, indulging in the profusion of capital letters in which printers of the last century were so prodigal.

"I was desirous to make the publick a present, without being at the same time oblig'd to make an apology. The present Collection of Poems has afforded me an occasion to perform it. They all carry such credentials, as not only to justifie the good taste of our age and nation, in the general approbation that has been given of the greater part of them, but likewise to authorize their demanding the reception of all posterity. It is neither my province, nor have I the presump-

tion to shew, that the performances of such illustrious hands, as this collection is made up of, will stand the test of the severest criticisms, and are work'd according to the standard rules of poetry: but the best judges I could advise with, have assur'd me they are so; and it is my duty as well as pride, to acquiesce in their authority, and recommendation. Nevertheless, supposing some small oversights shall have been committed for want of a due review: yet I must beg the courteous reader to be pleas'd to consider, that the richest ore will have some dross; notwithstanding which I despair not of so honourable a reception, as shall hereafter give encouragement for a second volume.

"The French have lately publish'd five or six volumes of their choicest poems, by several hands; but I must beg, that this collection may not be thought to be done in imitation of them. We are pretty well recovered from the servile way of following their modes; and this publication is an effect of emulation, to shew, that as the English genius and language for the *drama* and for *epic poetry*, has been granted, infinitely to excel theirs; so we have no less the advantage in the less, tho' nice productions of the nature of these collections. Their gallantry and courtship is what we justly condemn as foppery; and their panegyricks are made up of nothing but intolerable dawbing: whereas in this collection you will find performances of the sublimest fancy, govern'd by solidity of judgment, and polish'd by the utmost delicacy of art; which sufficiently demonstrates, that our great patrons, the Mecœnases [*sic*] of poetry, can, when they please, be the Virgils and Horaces too.

"I shall no longer detain the Courteous Reader, than to give him my assurances that all care and diligence has been used as well by the printer as my self, to render this impression becoming such finisht pieces from so masterly hands.

"F. S."

The "Contents" of this little volume are more remarkable for their variety than on account of any intrinsic merit. The more ambitious poems come, naturally, at the beginning, although the Earl of Roscommon's "translation" from Horace, "Of the Art of Poetry," has little in common with the Earl of Musgrave's "The Temple of Death," which is derived from the French. Sir R. Howard's "Duel of the Stags" is the next ambitious piece, and shorter poems from the Earl of Rochester, Sir George Etheridge, Sir Charles Sedley, Edmund Waller, Nahum Tate, Mrs. Wharton, the Earl of Orrery, and the Hon. Charles Montague, concluding with

Waller's verses "On the Marriage of the Lady Mary with the Prince of Orange in the year 1677." Altogether the volume is of undoubted literary interest, if only as a fresh illustration of the freedom with which publishers of the period "purveyed" the property of the poets and versifiers, who in all probability were rather flattered than otherwise with the freedom thus taken.

W. ROBERTS.

Dante's "Divine Comedy."

MODERN authors are constantly being accused of plagiarism; but now a learned Indian student finds that even Dante was not original. The Italian poet's "Divine Comedy" bears a remarkable resemblance to a famous Persian epic, the "Virâfnâmeh (or Vision) of Ardai Virâf"—so says the author of a paper recently read before the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.

A Hint.

BUY a good Book and you have a true Friend who will stand by you; but buy a Friend and he will slip through your fingers the moment you cease paying.

Painted Book Edges.

IN the year 1875 there was offered to the trustees of the British Museum a set of one hundred and seventy volumes, formerly belonging to Odorico Pillone, of Belluno, and at that time in the possession of Signor Bayolle, of Venice, a relative of Count Pillone. These books were remarkable for being adorned by Cesare Vecellio, a nephew of the great Titian, and author of "Costumes Ancient and Modern, of Different Parts of the World, with Discourses on the Same," published at Venice in 1590, and again in 1598. In this discourse, which treats of the dress of a "gentil donna," of Civital die Belluno, Vecellio mentions with great enthusiasm the Casa di Pillone, one of the chief families of the little town, and their charming villa of Castledardo. Cesare Vecellio was, no doubt, a friend and favourite at this villa, and hence his brush and pen ornamented a considerable portion of its fine library. Twenty out of these hundred and seventy volumes, clad in vellum wrappers, have these wrappers enriched by designs in pen-and-ink or washed in with Indian ink by Vecellio. Over one hundred and forty are remarkable for their fore-edges being painted by the same hand. Most of these are folios of the second half of the fifteenth or first part of the sixteenth century, clad in dark leather, a creamy pig-skin, rough with deeply-stamped devices on bosses of brass, and fastened with clasps or strings. Such books were commonly placed with their backs to the wall and their fore-edges exposed, and the latter, being thick, presented a fine field for the pencil of Vecellio. The late Sir Stirling-Maxwell thus describes some of these edges: "Vecellio has generally contented himself with a figure grandly designed and boldly coloured. St. Jerome, sometimes in the red robes of the cardinal, sometimes in the semi-nudity of the hermit, appears in various attitudes on the fore-edges of the portly editions of his works, printed by Froben at Basle in 1537. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," Venice, 1494, has that good bishop in his study, with a view of Hippo, by the seashore, in the background, looking very like Venice. Galen's "Opera," Basel, 1529, is decorated with a doctor in his scarlet robes, and hat trimmed with ermine. "Dante," Venice, 1491, of course, has the well-known figure in red with the capucho of old Florence. The "Dictionarium of Calepin," Lugduni, 1578, has a vase with a tall flower of many blossoms; "Eutropius," Basel, 1532, shows the heads of three emperors; and "Suetonius," Basel, 1533, the same number of gold medallions on a light-blue ground. Though the trustees of the museum did not purchase this fine Venetian library, it is still in this country.—*The Magazine of Art.*

Early Italian Engraving.

TO a plate of chased metal, enamelled or niello, still used in the solemn feasts of the Agnus Dei, is given the name of "pax," for the reason, says Littré in his "Dictionnaire de la Langue Francaise," that after it had been kissed by the officiating priest the acolyte, when presenting it to each of the assisting ecclesiastics, pronounced the words "pax tecum." It is related that the origin of engraving on metallic surfaces was in that incident or accident which follows: Maso Finiguerra, a skilled goldsmith of Florence, had put his finishing touches to a "pax" ordered by the devout brothers of the church of St. John. Wishing to see the effect of his work, Finiguerra filled the lines which had been traced by his graver with a sticky compound of lamp soot and oil. A pile of damp linen was by some chance placed upon the silver plate thus prepared, and the Italian artisan was surprised to see his sunken lines, which he had filled with black paste or liquid, reproduced upon the white linen.

There is no documentary evidence to substantiate or disprove this legend. Certain it is that a niello of the Coronation of the Virgin was engraved by Maso Finiguerra in the year 1452, for the plate so authenticated is yet to be seen in the Uffzi Gallery at Florence. Moreover, what is without doubt the only impression taken from it is preserved in the Bibliothèque of Paris. Earlier prints than the date named have been discovered, but Finiguerra's choice work, excelling all prior semblances, may have easily won him among contemporaries the title of discoverer of the grand art.

As in other Italian cities, goldsmith's work was much in fashion at Florence when the fifteenth century was yet young. Men of genuine merit practised the designing, cutting and chasing of ductile metals.

Their patterns of adornment were mostly sunken, and were called nielli from the common mode of testing the lines. A first impression was taken in fine clay. Upon this the workman sprinkled sulphur. Then by filling in the engraved parts with lampblack he was able to see how natural his intaglio was and to detect any false drawing. It seems plausible that he would perfect his labour before the sunken lines were filled with the coloured matter or enamel, termed "nigellum," which once set and hardened was indestructible, and prevented other impressions from being transferred. This word "nigellum," a neuter noun, is ordinarily printed "niello," and both the plate and an impression from it are so designated.

For a number of years workers in gold and silver limited their impressions of graved ornamentation to the few examples absolutely necessary in various stages of the art. They had abandoned the use of sulphur when it was found that moistened paper smoothly laid over and afterward firmly pressed upon an inked metallic plate gave a better result. The rarity of nielli alone sanctions their careful preservation, as well as the almost fabulous prices at which they are valued. They are unequal in merit; but in their day of fashion these crude engravings brought celebrity to the names of Antonio Pollajuolo, Matteo di Giovanni Dei, Marc Antonio Raimondi, Francesco Raibolini (commonly known as Francia), Peregrini da Cesena and, most admired of all, Maso Finiguerra.

"En camaïeu," which also dates from the sixteenth century, was a technical distinction of painting or printing in a single colour, varied only in the depth of tints, as red, blue, bistre, &c. Applied to engraving, "en camaïeu" involves the same processes as for woodcuts, but the completed pictures are superior. Andrea Andreani, Ugo da Carpi, and Antonio da Trenta, principal representatives of this tasteful art, were remarkably ingenious. Each of these proficient workers copied Raphael and Parmigiano. By means of consecutive impressions they succeeded in imitating wash drawings and giving exact prints of designs executed in many colours. When typography was first known, the ruling desire was to multiply or closely imitate manuscript. Hence the old printers usually left at the head of each chapter space for an ornamental initial letter or title. Various tones were necessary to counterfeit painting. Blocks of wood were therefore employed, separately inked with different tints and then clamped together, so that they could be printed from all in one. It was this union of blocks which led to the invention and practice of engraving "en camaïeu." A first block gave the precise contour of the image to be produced on paper, a second block supplied the shadows, the

white ground of the paper being reserved for the lights. By the aid of a true register the second printing was taken from the first impression. The first block gave the print its similitude to a pen and ink sketch, and the second block its likeness to a wash drawing.

Such was the primitive mode of working with two blocks, by which three tones were obtained, viz., outline, shadow and light. Afterward by an increased number of blocks the colours were multiplied and numerous gradations were secured. Two blocks were, however, ample to produce an engraving "en camaïeu." The term is palpably derived from "cameo," or engraving in high relief upon stone or shell, having layers of different colours. As recently as 1749, or within 143 years, Antonio Maria Zanetti, a Venetian engraver, issued a series of such prints after Parmigiano's masterly designs.

The Fourth Impossible Thing.

READER, Carthagena was of the mind, that unto those Three Things which the Ancients held Impossible, there should be a Book Printed without Errata's. It seems, the Hands of Briareus, and the Eyes of Argus, will not prevent them.—COTTON MATHER.

An Irish Curiosity.

A BRIDGEPORT, Conn., man possesses a valuable curio in the shape of a Roman Catholic prayer book and catechism, neatly penned in ancient Gaelic 250 years ago in Ireland, when the laws of England forbade the teaching of Irishmen. The book also contains a rent roll and a testament, besides the family history. Its present owner has been unable to find any one who can read the book. It has been across to Ireland three times, and was returned the last time in 1826.

Collectors of "Posters."

THE tastes of the collector of curios are in all conscience more than sufficiently varied and queer. At first sight it would look as if this mild form of insanity had reached its furthermost extreme when we learn that the coloured "posters" of the hoardings and corner houses became a subject for the "chase." Speaking of collectors and their hobbies, Balzac once wrote—"What is not collected to-day! We make a collection of buttons, cane handles, fans, political pamphlets, and stamp papers. . . . *Où va jusqu'à collectionner des affiches.*" To Balzac the idea was grotesque; and so it will be, perhaps, to many much less distinguished people. Nevertheless, the "cult" has a large and increasing band of followers in France and other parts of the Continent, and a number of exceedingly interesting examples in reduced facsimile from their collections have been reproduced in two of the last issues of M. Uzanne's periodical *Le Livre Moderne*, and it must be admitted that the new passion is not without its interest and its utility. English posters are, as a rule, far more elaborately got up and more decidedly works of art than those of our neighbours, but we do not know that any English collector has yet taken up this subject. We should be glad to hear to the contrary, and to publish a few notes on the subject from an English point of view.

Two Fifteenth-Century Books.

THE *incunabula* have a very special and perennial interest to the bibliographer and student generally, from very many points of view, but the subject is in a state of great confusion through the absence of a good modern bibliography. We trust, therefore, that our learned *confrère*, Mr. W. A. Copinger, will be successful in his highly praiseworthy efforts to supply this obvious want. Meanwhile, as in the past, we shall, in the pages of THE BOOKWORM, draw the attention of our readers to some of the most curious and interesting examples, and to produce, wherever possible, a few facsimiles of the quaint, and in many instances strikingly vivid, woodcuts in some of these books.



The first of the two examples to which we now draw the attention of our readers, has a double interest from the fact that it is not only one of the smallest books printed in the fifteenth century, but because it is quite the smallest with illustrations. Its title, or what serves as such, runs, "Meditatioēs Iordani Vita et Passione Ihesu X̄Pl," and it consists of 112 leaves printed in Gothic type of two sizes across the page, and illustrated with no fewer than 75 woodcuts. The size of the book is what we now describe as 16mo, the leaves measuring 4in. by 2¾in. This little gem was printed at Antwerp in 1488 by the well-known typographer Gerard Leeu, one of whose liturgies, issued in the same year as the little book under notice, is in the

Grenville Library, British Museum. The little "Meditationes" is a gem of its kind not often met with, and still rarer in a perfect state. The woodcuts are exceedingly quaint, and the one here given is a faithful reproduction.

The second example is a much more ambitious book, and dates just ten years later. Its title runs, "[H] Ortus Sanitatis: De Herbis et Plantis; de Animalibus et Reptilibus; de Avibus de Volatilibus; de Piscibus et Natalibus; de Lapidibus et in Terre Venis Nascetibus," which may be regarded as a fairly exhaustive indication of the various



phases of life animate and inanimate with which it deals. It is printed in black letter in double columns, and contains 1,063 woodcuts, the book itself being a folio. It was printed at Strassburg (Argentovatum) in 1498. This is the first of the editions described in Brunet; but notwithstanding its priority in the "Manuel," it is hardly probable that it was printed before the Maintz edition of 1491. Collectors should be careful to see that copies offered them possess all the treatises, one of which, "De Urinus," is frequently wanting. This remarkable book deals in the quaintest possible manner with nearly every conceivable subject, and its illustrations of birds, plants, beasts, fishes, insects, to say nothing of myths and monsters generally, are

of a very extraordinary character. The two reproductions, for which we are indebted to Mr. Tregaskis, bookseller, of High Holborn, give an exact idea, in a reduced form, of these pictures. "Hortus Sanitatis" contains material for half a dozen books which would both interest and amuse the readers of the nineteenth century.



A Biblical Rarity.

NO other city in America has such a literary curiosity as Lexington, Mo., if the *Intelligencer* of that place boasts not wide of the truth. It is a unique copy of the Old and New Testaments in the Icelandic language, translated from the German by Gudbrand Thorlaksson, of Holum, in the island of Iceland, and printed and bound in that place in the year 1584. It is 4½ inches thick and 9 × 14 in width and length, and bound in some strong leather, and with brass corners and clasps which have stood the wear and tear of its 307 years of existence. The paper is of linen, and the tail-pieces and illustrations, though of old-fashioned style, are yet quite artistic. A few leaves have been torn and mended, and in one place words are supplied in pen and ink. Altogether it is in a good state of preservation and serves the purposes of the scholar and antiquarian perfectly. It is the property of George Wilson, a banker, of Lexington, who is an enthusiast in the study of languages, and especially of Icelandic, which he considers the basis of the English language. He knows of only two other copies of this edition in existence, both of which are in Europe. This copy has the translator's autograph on the title-page, and was procured from the Skandinavisk Antikvariat in Copenhagen, Denmark.

Washington's Bible.

THE family Bible belonging to George Washington's mother has lately been on exhibition in the United States. It has a cover of homespun cloth, put on by its original owner, and is wonderfully preserved for its age, all its pages being still intact except a few at the beginning torn out and placed in the corner of the Mary Washington Monument at Fredericksburg, Va. The first entry in it is that of the marriage of Augustine Washington and Mary Ball, in 1731, and the next is that of the birth of George Washington, February 11, 1732 (old style).

"To the Inhabitants of America," 1775.

A VERY interesting book, especially to collectors of Americana, is the pamphlet entitled "The Address of the People of Great Britain to the Inhabitants of America," which was published in 1775 by T. Cadell. It was written by Sir John Dalrymple, and is thus described by the late Henry Stevens, of Kervenet, in his "Historical Nuggets":—"Sir John Dalrymple, 1726–1810, was a Baron of the Scotch Exchequer and a writer of some repute, with a fluent but muddy and vendible pen. 'An honest fellow,' said Dr. Johnson, 'for he tells equally what makes against both sides. But nothing can be poorer than his mode of writing. It is the mere bouncing of a school-boy.' The *Monthly Review* at the time intimated that the Address was written, printed, and distributed in America at the public expense, 'where the greatest part of a large impression had been sent apparently to co-operate with a late conciliatory resolution of the House of Commons.' If this be true, it is a remarkable instance of the frailty of royal and ministerial judgment, because the affectation of paternal tenderness for the Americans, the prodigal assumptions of British superiority and home authority over the distant Colonies, the misguided statements and misapplied information, were all calculated to arouse the resentment of the Americans rather than appease their growing animosity. The platitudes of fatherly advise based on paternal ignorance and homespun infatuation are amusing when read in the light of history. The author speaks first on the project of warlike opposition of the Colonies, and says (p. 2), 'No people situated as you are, can hope for success in war, unless

they are possessed of four things before they engage in it: viz., fortified towns, a disciplined army, a navy, and a great annual revenue. You have none of these, while we have them all. Do you trust to foreign aids? Will the despotism of France establish a new empire of Liberty?' Indeed the whole book, written to order, is like many other things, 'made to sell.' The declaratory and vindictive acts of parliament, the petitions and complaints of the Colonies, and all the *facts* on both sides, are a jumble of plausible but indiscreet political wire-pulling. The Colonists were Englishmen who carried over the water English rights and liberties, and felt themselves able to enjoy and willing to defend them on the new soil. History tells how they did it, while this book tells how they couldn't do it."

The Paris Free Libraries.

IN the various wards of Paris are to be found free libraries, which are well patronized. Books are allowed to be read off the premises, the sole condition being that the borrower shall reside in the ward. Dr. Jacques Bertillon, of Paris, has just published, under the auspices of that city, an atlas, the first map of which shows clearly the working of these libraries.

The readers who made use of these establishments read in one year 1,115,800 volumes at home, and 161,636 on the spot, a total of 1,277,436. Of romances, 625,489 were read. It is shown that George Sand was very little read, while Alexander Dumas defied the work of time. Eugene Sue held a good place, while Balzac declines from year to year in the popular demand. Among the modern writers Emile Zola is a good first, while Jules Verne comes next, followed by Gaboriau and Montépin, despite the difference in the style of their works.

Poetry is the next most in demand, 187,404 works having been read, which is thought to mean that the proletariat had a thirst for the ideal. Among the poets Victor Hugo held first place.

Geography and travels came next, with 162,345 readers, and sciences and arts had 121,934. It is noted that for these the number of readers is annually increasing. History claimed 113,120 readers, music 59,737, and works in and on foreign tongues had only a few thousands. Works on politics were little inquired for. The libraries are open to all, but children must be vouched for by their families.

The Book-lover's Litany.

A GOOD many if not all the troubles that afflict the bibliophile are included in a contribution in the American *Book Mart*, entitled "The Book Lover's Litany," and signed H.L., and of which the following are a few of the chief verses :—

From set spoilers and book borrowers and from such as read in bed,
Kind Fate protect us.

From plate sneaks, portrait filchers, map tearers, and from book thieves,
Kind Fate protect us.

From such as read with unwashed hands ; from careless sneezers and snuff takers ; from tobacco-ash droppers, grease slingers, and moth smashers ; from leaf pressers and all unclean beasts,
Kind Fate protect us.

From margin slashers, letter-press clippers and page misplacers ; from half-title wasters, original cover losers, and lettering mis-spellers ; from gilt daubers and all the tribe of botcher-binders,
Kind Fate protect us.

From heat and damp ; from fire and mildew from book-worms, flies, and moths,
Kind Fate protect us.

From careless servants and removal fiends, and from all thoughtless women and children,
Kind Fate protect us.

From book-droppers and book wrenchers; from ink and pencil markers and scribblers, and from such as write their names on title pages,
Kind Fate protect us.

From "Bowdlerised" editions; from expurgators and all putters forth of incomplete editions,
Kind Fate protect us.

From "appliance" lunatics, and library faddists; from "fonetic" cranks, and all that have shingles loose,
Kind Fate protect us.

From wood-pulp paper, and all chemical abominations, and from those that manufacture faint ink,
Kind Fate protect us.

From books that have no index, and from index makers in general,
Kind Fate protect us.

The Book-thief Again.

FOR the past twelve months and more books have been missed from the Pawtucket Free Library, but the identity of the thief could not be detected, as patrons have free access to the shelves. A strict watch has been kept of late, and on a recent Friday a young woman of West Attleboro was caught in the act of concealing two volumes. She acknowledged having taken them and also two others, but would confess nothing further at first. Since then, however, she told the whole story, saying that she had taken two hundred books from the library because she was fond of them, and telling where they could be found in a closet in her sister's house in Attleboro. She is an intelligent woman, perhaps college bred, and the books taken were all of a high order of literary merit. They were not bound over, but the kleptomaniac has been.

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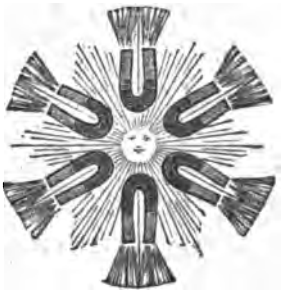
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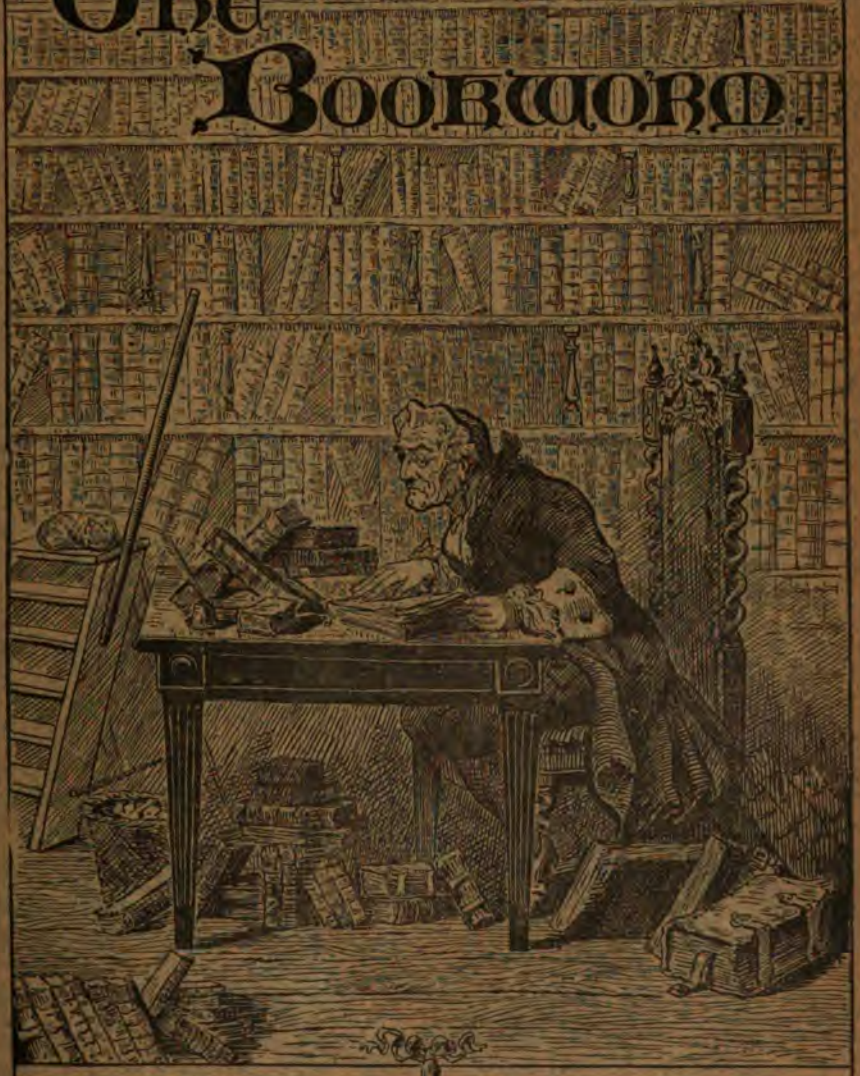
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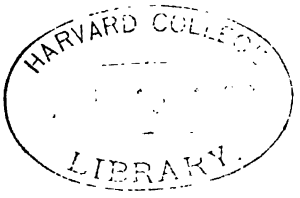
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The Woodcuts of Old and Modern Books.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, the eminent poet, is well known also, not only as a Socialist, but as one of our best authorities on early typography. The productions of his private press at Kelmscott House are in the most perfect harmony with the greatest triumphs of the early printers, and are now sold at high premiums in the book market. Mr. Morris's opinions on books and illustrations generally, whether old or new, are at once those of an artist and of a critic. Readers of THE BOOKWORM, therefore, will be glad to have the substance of Mr. Morris's recent lecture at the Society of Arts. After some introductory remarks and reference to the views he would show, by means of the lime-light, of a number of illustrations taken from books of the fifteenth and the first years of the sixteenth centuries, the lecturer said:—

"Since the earliest of those I have to show is probably not earlier in date than about 1420, and almost all are more than fifty years later than that, it is clear that they belong to the latest period of Mediæval art, and one or two must formally be referred to the earliest days of the Renaissance, though in spirit they are still Gothic. In fact, it is curious to note the suddenness of the supplanting of the Gothic by the neoclassical style in some instances, especially in Germany, *e.g.*, the later books published by the great Nuremberg printer, Koberger, in the fourteen-nineties, books like the 'Nuremberg Chronicle' and the 'Schatzbehalter,' show no sign of the coming change; but ten years worn, and hey, presto, not a particle of Gothic ornament can be found in any German printed book, though, as I think, the figure-works of one great man, Albert

Durer, were Gothic in essence. The most part of these books, in fact all of them in the earlier days (the exceptions being mainly certain splendidly ornamented French books, including the sumptuous books of 'Hours'), were meant for popular books: the great theological folios, the law books, the decretals, and such like of the earlier German printers, though miracles of typographical beauty, if ornamented at all, were ornamented by the illuminator, with the single exception of Gutenberg's splendid 'Psalter,' which gives us at once the first and the best piece of ornamental colour-printing yet achieved. Again, the dainty and perfect volumes of the classics produced by the earlier Roman and Venetian printers disdained the help of wood blocks, though they were often beautifully illuminated, and it was not till after the days of Jenson, the Frenchman who brought the Roman letter to perfection, it was not till Italian typography began to decline, that illustration by reproducible methods became usual; and we know that these illustrated books were looked upon as inferior wares, and were sold far cheaper than the unadorned pages of the great printers. In must be noted in confirmation of the view that the woodcut books were cheap books, that in most cases they were vernacular editions of books already printed in Latin. . . .

"Now, in a period when written literature was still divine, and almost miraculous to men, it was impossible that books should fail to have a due share in the epical-ornamental art of the time. Accordingly, the opportunities offered by the pages which contained the wisdom and knowledge of past and present times were cultivated to the utmost. The early Middle Ages, beginning with the wonderful caligraphy of the Irish MSS., were, above all times, the epoch of *writing*. The pages of almost all books from the eighth to the fifteenth century are beautiful, even without the addition of ornament. In those that are ornamented without pictures illustrative of the text, the eye is so pleasured, and the fancy so tickled by the beauty and exhaustless cheerful invention of the illuminator, that one scarcely ventures to ask that the tale embodied in the written characters should be further illustrated. But when this is done, and the book is full of pictures, which tell the written tale again with the most conscientious directness of design, and as to execution with great purity of outline and extreme delicacy of colour, we can say little more than that the only work of art which surpasses a complete Mediæval book is a complete Mediæval building. This must be said, with the least qualification, of the books of from about 1160 to 1300. After this date the work loses, in purity and simplicity, more than

it gains in pictorial qualities, and at last, after the middle of the fifteenth century, illuminated books lose much of their individuality on the ornamental side: and, though they are still beautiful, are mostly only redeemed from commonplace when the miniatures in them are excellent.

"But here comes in the new element, given by the invention of printing, and the gradual shoving out of the scribe by the punch-cutter, the typefounder, and the printer. The first printed characters were as exact reproductions of the written ones as the new craftsmen could compass, even to the extent of the copying of the infernal abbreviations which had gradually crept into manuscript; but, as I have already mentioned, the producers of serious books did not at first supply the work of the illuminator by that of the woodcutter, either in picture work or ornament. In fact, the art of printing pictures from wood blocks is earlier than that of printing books, and is undoubtedly the parent of book illustration. The first woodcuts were separate pictures of religious subjects, circulated for the edification of the faithful, in existing examples generally coloured by hand, and certainly always intended to be coloured. The earliest of these may be as old as 1380, and there are many which have been dated in the first half of the fifteenth century; though the dates are mostly rather a matter of speculation. But the development of book illustration proper by no means put an end to their production. Many were done between 1450 and 1490, and some in the first years of the sixteenth century; but the earlier ones only have any special character in them. Of these, some are cut rudely and some timidly also, but some are fairly well cut, and few so ill that the expressions of the design is not retained. The design of most of these early works is mostly admirable, and as far removed from the commonplace as possible; many—nay, most of these cuts are fine expressions of that passionate pietism of the Middle Ages which has been somewhat veiled from us by the strangeness and even grotesqueness which has mingled with it, but the reality of which is not doubtful to those who have studied the period without prejudice.

"The next step towards book illustration brings us to the block-books, in which the picture-cuts are accompanied by a text, also cut on wood; the folios being printed by rubbing off on one side only. The subject of the origin of the most noteworthy of these books, the 'Ars Moriendi,' the 'Lord's Prayer,' the 'Song of Solomon,' the 'Biblia Pauperum,' the 'Apocalypse,' and the 'Speculum Humanæ Salvationis,' has been debated, along with the question of the first printer by means of movable types, with more acrimony than it

would seem to need. I, not being a learned person, will not add one word to the controversy; it is enough to say that these works were done somewhere between the years 1430 and 1460, and that their style was almost entirely dominant throughout the Gothic period in Flanders and Holland, while it had little influence on the German woodcutters. For the rest, all these books have great merit as works of art. . . .

"We have now come to the woodcuts which ornament the regular books of the Gothic period, which began somewhat timidly. The two examples in Germany and Italy are not far removed from each other in date, being the 'Historie von Joseph, Daniel, Judith, and Esther,' printed by Albrecht Pfister, at Bamberg, in 1462; and the 'Meditations of Turrecremata (or Torquemada),' printed at Rome by Ulric Hahn, in the year 1467, which latter, though taken by the command of the Pope from the frescoes of a Roman Church (Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva), are as German as need be, and very rude in drawing and execution, though not without spirit. But, after this date, the school of wood-carving developed rapidly; and, on the whole, Germany, which had been very backward in the art of illumination, now led the new art. The main schools were those of Ulm and Augsburg, of Maintz, of Strasburg, of Basel, and of Nuremberg, the latter being the later. . . . Of course, there were many other towns in Germany which produced illustrated books, but they may be referred in character to one or other of these schools.

"In Holland and Flanders there was a noble school of wood-cutting, delicately decorative in character, and very direct and expressive, being, as I said, the direct descendant of the block-books. The name of the printer who produced most books of this school was Gerard Leeuw (or Lion), who printed first at Gouda, and afterwards at Antwerp. But Colard Mansion, of Bruges, who printed few books, and was the master of Caxton in the art of printing, turned out a very few fine specimens of illustrated books. . . .

"France began both printing and book illustration somewhat late, most of its important illustrated works belonging to a period between the years 1485 and 1520; but she grasped the art of book decoration with a firmness and completeness very characteristic of French genius; and, also, she carried on the Gothic manner later than any other nation. For decorative qualities nothing can excel the French books, and many of the picture-cuts, besides their decorative merits, have an additional interest in the romantic quality which they introduce; they all look as if they might be illustrations to the 'Morte D'Arthur' or 'Tristram.'

"In Italy, from about 1480 onward, book illustrations became common, going hand in hand with the degradation of printing, as I said before. The two great schools in Italy are those of Florence and Venice. I think it must be said that, on the whole, the former city bore away the bell from Venice, in spite of the famous Aldine 'Polyphilus,' the cuts in which, by the way, are very unequal. There are a good many book illustrations published in Italy, I should mention, like those to Ulric Hahn's 'Meditations of Turrecremata,' which are purely German in style; which is only to be expected from the fact of the early printers in Italy being mostly Germans.

"I am sorry to have to say it, but England cannot be said to have a school of Gothic book illustration; the cuts in our early printed books are, at the best, French or Flemish blocks pretty well copied; at the worst, they are very badly copied. This lamentable fact is curious, considered along with what is also a fact: that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the English were, on the whole, the best book decorators.

"I have a few more words to say yet on the practical lessons to be derived from the study of these works of art; but before I say them, I will show you, by your leave, the slides taken from examples of these woodcuts. Only, I must tell you first, what doubtless many of you know, that these old blocks were not produced by the graver on the end section of a piece of fine-grained wood (box now invariably), but by the knife on the plank section of pear-tree or similar wood—a much more difficult feat when the cuts were fine, as, *e.g.*, in Lützelberger's marvellous cuts of the 'Dance of Death.'"

Mr. Morris then showed a series of thirty-six lantern slides, and resumed:—

"Now you have seen my examples, I want once more to impress upon you the fact that these designs, one and all, while they perform their especial function—the office of telling a tale—never forgot their other function of decorating the book of which they form a part: this is the essential difference between them and modern book illustrations, which I suppose make no pretence at decorating the pages of the book, but must be looked upon as black and white pictures which it is convenient to print and bind up along with the printed matter. The question, in fact, which I want to put to you is this, Whether we are to have books which are beautiful as books—books in which type, paper, woodcuts, and the due arrangement of all these are to be considered, and which are so treated as to produce a harmonious whole, something which will give a person with a sense of beauty real pleasure whenever and wherever the book is

opened, even before he begins to look closely into the illustrations; or whether the beautiful and inventive illustrations are to be looked on as separate pictures embedded in a piece of utilitarianism, which they cannot decorate because it cannot help them to do so. Take as an example of the latter, Mr. Fred. Walker's illustrations to 'Philip' in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of the days when some of us were young, since I am inclined to think that they are about the best of such illustrations. Now, they are part of Thackeray's story, and I don't want them to be in any way less a part of it, but they are in no respect a part of the tangible printed book, and I do want them to be that. As it is, the mass of utilitarian matter in which they are embedded is absolutely helpless and dead. Why, it is not even ugly, at least not vitally ugly.

"Now, the reverse is the case with the books from which I have taken the examples which you have been seeing. As things to be looked at, they are beautiful taken as a whole; they are alive all over, and not merely in a corner here and there. The illustrator has to share the success and the failure, not only of the woodcutter who has translated his drawing, but also of the printer and the mere ornamentalist, and the result is that you have a book which is a visible work of art. You may say that you don't care for this result, that you wish to read literature and to look at pictures; and that so long as the modern book gives you these pleasures you ask no more of it. Well, I can understand that, but you must pardon me if I say that your interest in books in that case is literary only, and not artistic, and that implies, I think, a partial crippling of the faculties—a misfortune which no one should be proud of.

"However, it seems certain that there is growing up a taste for books which are visible works of art, and that especially in this country, where the printers, at their best, do now use letters much superior in form to those in use elsewhere, and where a great deal of work intending to ornament books reasonably is turned out—most of which, however, is deficient in some respect; which, in fact, is seldom satisfactory unless the whole page, picture, ornament, and type, is reproduced literally from the handiwork of the artist, as in some of the beautiful works of Mr. Walter Crane. But this is a thing that can rarely be done, and what we want, it seems to me, is, not that books should sometimes be beautiful, but that they should generally be beautiful; indeed, if they are not, it increases immensely the difficulties of those who would make them sometimes beautiful. At any rate, I claim that illustrated books should always be beautiful, unless, perhaps, where the illustrations are present rather for the

purpose of giving information than for that of giving pleasure to the intellect through the eye; but surely, even in this latter case, they should be reasonably and decently good-looking.

"Well, how is this beauty to be obtained? It must be by the harmonious co-operation of the craftsmen and artists who produce the book. First, the paper should be good, which is a more important point than might be thought, and one in which there is a most complete contrast between the old and the modern books; for no bad paper was made till about the middle of the sixteenth century, and the worst that was made even then was far better than what is now considered good. Next, the type must be good, a matter in which there is more room for excellence than those may think who have not studied the forms of letters closely. There are other matters, however, besides the mere form of the type, which are of much importance in the producing of a beautiful book, which, however, I cannot go into to-night, as it is a little beside my present subject. Then, the mere ornament must be good, and even very good. I do not know anything more dispiriting than the mere platitudes of printers' ornaments—trade ornaments. It is not uncommon nowadays to see handsome books quite spoiled by them—books in which plain, unadorned letters would have been for more ornamental.

"Then we come to the picture woodcuts. And here I feel I shall find many of you differing from me strongly; for I am sure that such illustrations as those excellent black and white pictures of Fred. Walker could never make book ornaments. The artist, to produce these satisfactorily, must exercise severe self-restraint, and must never lose sight of the page of the book he is ornamenting. That ought to be obvious to you, but I am afraid it will not be. I do not think any artist will ever make a good book illustrator unless he is keenly alive to the value of a well-drawn line, crisp and clean, suggesting a simple and beautiful *silhouette*. Anything which obscures this, and just to the extent to which it does obscure it, takes away from the fitness of a design as a book ornament. In this art, vagueness is quite inadmissible. It is better to be wrong than vague in making designs which are meant to be book ornaments.

"Again, as the artists' designs must necessarily be reproduced for this purpose, he should never lose sight of the material he is designing for. Lack of precision is fatal (to take up again what I have just advanced) in an art produced by the point of the graver on a material which offers just the amount of resistance which helps precision. And here I come to a very important part of my subject,

to wit, the relation between the designer and the wood-engraver; and it is clear that if these two artists do not understand one another the result must be failure; and this understanding can never exist if the wood-engraver has but to cut but servilely what the artist draws carelessly. If any real school of wood-engraving is to exist again, the woodcutter must be an artist translating the designer's drawing. It is quite pitiable to see the patience and ingenuity of such clever workmen, as some modern woodcutters are, thrown away on the literal reproduction of mere meaningless scrawl. The want of logic in artists who will insist on such work is really appalling. It is the actual touches of the hand that give the speciality, the final finish to a work of art, which carries out in one material what is designed in another; and for the designer to ignore the instrument and material by which the touches are to be done, shows complete want of understanding of the scope of reproducible design.

"I cannot help thinking that it would be a good thing for artists who consider designing part of their province (I admit there are very few such artists) to learn the art of wood-engraving, which, up to a certain point, is a far from difficult art; at any rate for those who have the kind of eyes suitable for the work. I do not mean that they should necessarily always cut their own designs, but that they should be able to cut them. They would thus learn what the real capacities of the art are, and would, I should hope, give the executant artists genuine designs to execute, rather than problems to solve. I do not know if it is necessary to remind you that the difficulties in cutting a simple design on wood (and I repeat that all designs for book illustrations should be simple) are very much decreased since the fifteenth century, whereas instead of using the knife on the plank section of the wood, we now use the graver on the end section. Perhaps, indeed, some of you may think this simple woodcutting contemptible, because of its ease; but delicacy and refinement of execution are always necessary in producing a line, and this is not easy—nay, it is not possible to those who have not got the due instinct for it; mere mechanical deftness is no substitute for this instinct.

"Again, as it is necessary for the designer to have a feeling for the quality of the final execution, to sympathise with the engraver's difficulties, and know why one block looks artistic and another mechanical; so it is necessary for the engraver to have some capacity for design, so that he may know what the designer wants of him, and that he may be able to translate the designer, and give him a genuine and obvious *cut* line in place of his *pencilled* or *penned*

line without injuring in any way the due expression of the original design.

"Lastly, what I want the artist—the great man who designs for the humble executant—to think of is, not his drawn design, which he should look upon as a thing to be thrown away when it has served its purpose, but the finished and duly printed ornament which is offered to the public. I find that the executants of my humble designs always speak of them as "sketches," however painstaking they may be in execution. This is the recognised trade term, and I quite approve of it as keeping the 'great man' in his place, and showing him what his duty is, to wit, to take infinite trouble in getting the finished work turned out of hand. I lay it down as a general principle in all the arts, whore one artist's design is carried out by another in a different material, that doing the work twice over is by all means to be avoided as the source of dead mechanical work. The 'sketch' should be as slight as possible, *i.e.*, as much as possible should be left to the executant.

"A word or two of recapitulation as to the practical side of my subject, and I have done. An illustrated book, where the illustrations are more than mere illustrations of the printed text, should be a harmonious work of art. The type, the spacing of the type, the position of the pages of print on the paper, should be considered from the artistic point of view. The illustrations should not have a mere accidental connection with the other ornament and the type, but an essential and artistic connection. They should be designed as a part of the whole, so that they would seem obviously imperfect without their surroundings. The designs must be suitable to the material and method of reproduction, and not offer to the executant artist a mere thicket of unnatural difficulties, producing no result when finished, save the exhibition of a *tour de force*. The executant on his side, whether he be the original designer or some one else, must understand that his business is sympathetic translation, and not mechanical reproduction of the original drawing. This means, in other words, the designer of the picture-blocks, the designer of the ornamental blocks, the wood-engraver, and the printer, all of them thoughtful, painstaking artists, and all working in harmonious co-operation for the production of a work of art. This is the only possible way in which you can get beautiful books."

Hebrew Literature at the Guildhall.

A RECENT addition of considerable importance, says the *City Press*, has been made by Mr. Alderman Faudel Phillips to the valuable collection of Hebrew literature at the Guildhall Library, the gift comprising a very large number of pamphlets relating to the struggle for freedom, resulting in the abolition of Jewish disabilities. The Hebrew library at the Guildhall originated with the 400 volumes of ancient Hebrew works collected by Mr. Levy Salomons, in 1846, since which time other important additions have been made, including part of the duplicates in the National Library, presented by the trustees of the British Museum. What makes the library peculiarly valuable is the extraordinary care which has been devoted to the preparation of the catalogue by the Rev. A. Löwy and Mr. C. Welch. The English subject index at the end of the volume is unique, and well repays the enormous amount of labour which must have been spent upon it. Students of Hebrew literature owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the compilers of the catalogue for this new and exhaustive feature.

The Avery Library Book-plate.

THE book-plate (*ex libris*) which has been specially engraved for volumes of the Avery Architectural Library at Columbia College, New York, bears this inscription: "In memory of Henry Ogden Avery, architect, born thirty-first January, MDCCCLII., died thirtieth April, MDCCCLXXXX., his parents, Samuel P. Avery and Mary Ogden Avery, have founded this reference library of architectural and decorative art." The space allotted for the library has been found too small for the number of books selected. The plan has been revised to enlarge it.

The Genealogy of the Bible.

AMONG the large number of books and manuscripts which have recently been sold at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's was a fifteenth century manuscript on vellum, written on a roll 63 ft. by 21 inches, embellished with 66 exquisite miniatures and innumerable large and small initial letters, richly illuminated in gold and colours. We quote, *verb. et lit.*, the title from the Catalogue:—

"Cy sensuit la genealogie de la Bible qui monstre et dit combien chasqun aage a dure de puis le comancement du monde jusques la laduenement ihesucrist; coprent en brief coment les III fils noe peuplerent tout le monde apres le deluge et coment il peuplerent les terres et pais ou il habitoient de leur nom et coment les troyens descendirent de la ligne japhet et puis monstre par signes coment IIII manieres de gens se partirent de troye la grant apres la destruction dicelle lesqueulx habiterent et peuplerent pais et terres et les nomerent de leurs noms et fonderent plusieurs cites villes et chastaulx par especial Rome Paris et Londres cest a dire peuplerent Romaine Lombardie France et Angleterre et en quel temps et coment ils regne lung apres laultre jusques au temps et aduenement nre seigneur chucrist si come il appert par lensaigne des genealogies et apres trouves ou nouvel testament des papes qui ont este a Rome depuis s pierre jusques en lan Mil IIIC,IIIIXX et des empereurs de rome jusqs en lan Mil IIICXXVIII et des roys de france jusqs en lan Mil IIICLI et des roys dangleterre jusques en lan Mil IIIC,IIIIXX et si trouveres des roys copiens qui ont este en ihrlm puis godeffroy de billon," &c.

The importance of this manuscript is manifold. It embraces the era of the Church from the time of its foundation, tracing the origin

of the Popes to Urban VI. (1378) and the history of the Kings of Jerusalem till Guide de Lusignan (1182), and chronicles the advent of the Kings of England and France, extending over the period of the reign of Henry V. and VI. of England and of Charles VI. and VII. of France (1461), though the title bears only the dates of 1351 and 1380 respectively ; a special feature being the graphically described events preceding the marriage of Henry V. to Catherine, daughter of King Charles, of France, and the record of the mission of "Jean d'Arc." But the grandeur of this marvellous manuscript is perhaps most strikingly displayed in the royal costumes, with the armorial bearings contained in the paintings, which exhibit an artistic merit of no light calibre, apart from the intrinsic value they possess in the archæological point of view. The "Arbres genealogiques" attached to each of the figures enhance the historical interest and make the manuscript rank foremost as "Chroniques des rois." The work in toto is remarkable alike for delicacy of execution and perfection of preservation. The manuscript was formerly in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, from whom it passed into the hands of the late Comte de Chambord. We understand that the manuscript was withdrawn, the reserve price put upon it not being reached.



The Sette of Odd Volumes.

[In the third volume of the BOOKWORM (pp. 305–311) we gave a fairly full description of the hospitable *coterie* which calls itself "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes." In that article reference was made to the "pretty wit" of the Minutes which are at all times a chief feature of the monthly meetings. We have now the pleasure of printing for the benefit and amusement of our readers a portion of the Minutes of the one hundred and forty-fourth meeting of the Club, written by Dr. Todhunter, the Playwright and Secretary of the Sette, and read by him on May 6th, when Dr. Murrell for the first time acted in the capacity of "His Oddship." We understand that Dr. Todhunter's extremely clever *jeu d'esprit*, of which we here give only a small portion, is to be reprinted in its entirety as an *opusculum*.—ED. BOOKWORM.]

Report of Herodotus the Traveller Concerning the Rites of the Sette or Sect of The Odd Volumes. These things I have faithfully set down.

NOW there are in the City of London, which is the chief city of the Britons, many strange sects, the names of which I will not tell at this time, but among them there is one called The Odd Volumes, whose cult it is to dine solemnly together on a certain day of every month. And it is of this sect that I am now about to speak, because I was present at their great Festival which is held about the time of the Spring Equinox. Howbeit their custom is to wait until the time of the Equinox is past before they partake of this feast. Now concerning these things I made careful enquiry, and having questioned one of their priests as to wherefore they did so wait, he told me that it was because they thought it

more seemly to wait until the sun has passed upon his path toward the sign Taurus, because that sign is sacred unto one of their Divine Heroes, whose name in their own tongue they call John Bull, and he is the patron of the English Feast that in their tongue they call Dinner. But I saw no image of the hero in that place. And further he told me that it was according to the ordinances of their religion that their monthly feasts should be held upon no other day of the week than the day that is sacred to the goddess Aphrodite. But wherefore it must be held upon that day and no other there is told a sacred story which it is not seemly for me to utter here.

And I questioned many of their priests repecting the name of their sect, which as I have said is The Odd Volumes. And every priest gave me a different explanation. But these things I will not repeat. For it is their custom, upon the first day of the month which they call April, to tell many strange stories to strangers, wherefore I did not believe them.

* * * *

And the manner of the banquet was as follows :—There are three mighty tables arranged in the form of the Hebrew letter Cheth ח, which is like unto the Greek letter Pi Π, and it is the eighth letter of the Hebrew alphabet. And when I asked what this signified, I was told that the number eight contained the mystic numbers seven and one, and that the Sette (which is the name by which this sect is called in their mysteries) is typified by the number seven, which being three times multiplied makes the number twenty-one, which is the sacred number of the Sette. And the number one, being the most perfect of the Odd Numbers, evidently typifies the High Priest. But the Greek letter Pi signifies 80,000, which is the number of welcomes which the Odd Volumes give unto their guests. And these things being reasonable, I do believe them.

Now the night had fallen, and there were many lights burning, and the High Priest entered the banqueting Hall, followed by a great throng of the Brethren and their guests. And the High Priest came unto his sacred chair and stood, and the Brethren and the guests stood also, each by his chair. For the manner of the Odd Volumes at their banquets differeth from the manner of the Greeks; for the Greeks recline at table upon low couches, and crowned as to their heads with flowers. But the Odd Volumes sit upright upon certain stools, which they call chairs; and this custom seemed to me to be in some respects convenient, and in others not so convenient—convenient because by that method many more persons could eat at the table, but inconvenient inasmuch as it is evident that to recline upon

couches is more beautiful and pleasing to the Gods. And they wore no flowers upon their heads, but placed them upon the tables, among the glass cups out of which they drink wine.

And their manner of making libations differeth from the custom of the Greeks; for the Greeks make libations pouring them upon the earth, but the Odd Volumes pour them each down his own throat; which was marvellous to me. And another thing that much amazed me was their custom in burning incense before their Gods. For the Greeks, having put coals of fire into a great chafing-dish upon an altar or a tripod, the Priest, kindling them with his breath or by fanning them with the wing of a fowl, casts incense upon them. But each Odd Volume, having put incense into a very small censer of wood or other material, to which there is joined a tube, kindles it with magic fire, and sucks the smoke of the incense through the tube into his mouth; even as, putting the wine-cup to his lips, he pours the libation down his throat. But the wine he swallows, spilling none of it upon the earth; but the smoke of the incense he breathes again into the air. And, having given these matters much consideration, I am led to think that the Britons regard the mouth as being sacred above all other parts of the body. For if they did not they would doubtless act differently and in another manner. But whether what they do be pleasing to the Gods or not, I will not take upon me to decide.

Then, sitting at the tables, they began to eat and to drink, with much talking. But at certain times the High Priest knocked upon the table with a hammer, proclaiming silence with a noise, after the manner of the barbarians; for this hammer, which in their own tongue is called *Gavel*, is indeed sacred to the Egyptian god *Harpa-crat*, whom the Greeks call Harpocrates, and he is the God of Silence. And having thus made silence, the High Priest shouted certain names and poured a libation down his throat, and the others did likewise, standing up and making libations. But what names they shouted, and unto whom they made libations, I cannot tell, for I did not minutely enquire. Howbeit a certain Priest told me that these libations are called "toasts," and that their custom always is to toast the Queen of England, and their guests. And certain of the guests were summoned by the High Priest to respond to the toasts. And a certain man, a guest, of jovial and pleasant countenance, being as they told me a sailor and called Admiral Field, arose to speak. And he was formerly a captain over the war galleys of the Queen of England; but whether from being unfortunate in the management of ships or from some other cause, he is now

condemned to sit among the Council of the Law-Makers, whose custom it is to do little business, speaking many words. And many things he spake, telling sacred stories of his youth, which I am not now going to write down. And as he spake they laughed much, and when he sat down they applauded him with a mighty noise.

* * * *

And this is all that I mean to write at this time concerning the ceremonies of The Odd Volumes.

"Heroes of the Nations."

THIS admirable series of well-edited, well-written, well-printed, and adequately-illustrated series of books has reached its sixth volume, and we are glad to know that the success, literary and commercial, of these books, both in America and in this country, has been unqualified. The last two volumes deal with two widely different characters, Sir Philip Sidney and Julius Cæsar. The former, by Mr. Fox-Bourne, contains an admirably condensed account of one of the most fascinating figures in the annals of this country. As a piece of literary workmanship it is perhaps inferior to Mr. Addington Symonds's little volume in the "English Men of Letters" series, but as a book of reference it is in many respects by far the better. The Sub-rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, Mr. W. Warde Fowler, M.A., may also be congratulated on his clear and succinct monograph of Julius Cæsar, in which we have a complete history of the foundation of the Roman Imperial system. We congratulate the publishers, Messrs. Putnam's Sons, on these two admirable books.

Mirkhond's "General History."

[BY A FRIEND OF THE TRANSLATOR.]

IT is presumed that Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, the editor and publisher of the two volumes noted below,[1] does not expect to recover his expenses in the undertaking which he has started under the name of the Oriental Translation Fund New Series. Still, it is a good way of spending money, and it is to be hoped that the work of laying useful and suitable translations before a public unable to read them in the original will be continued. Mirkhond has never yet been completely translated, and though portions of his work have been handled before, as fully described by the translator at the eleventh page of the first volume, there is still a good deal to be done in the matter of this author alone. As for the numerous distinguished Persian and Arabic authors, whose works are still sealed books to many, why, their name is legion.

The contents of these two volumes may be divided into three parts. The first gives the Moslem version of our Bible stories, from the creation of Genii before Adam up to the mission of Jesus, who is acknowledged by the Muhammadans to be one of the four greatest prophets. Muhammad particularly mentions Abraham as the Father of the Faith, and acknowledging that there had already existed many thousand prophets, and three hundred and fifteen apostles or

[1] "The Rauzat-us-safa, or Garden of Purity, containing the histories of Prophets, Kings, and Khalifs, by Muhammad Bin Khavêndshâh Bin Mahmûd, commonly called Mirkhond. Translated from the original Persian by E. Rehatsek, and called by him 'Sacred and Profane History according to the Moslem Belief.'" Edited by F. F. Arbuthnot, M.R.A.S., and printed and published under the patronage of the Royal Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street, London. Volumes I. and II. of the Oriental Translation Fund New Series, 1891 and 1892.

messengers, he quoted nine of these last as special messengers, viz., Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Job, David, Jesus the son of Mary, and himself. To five of these he gave special titles. He called Noah the preacher of God; Abraham the friend of God; Moses the converser with God; Jesus the spirit of God; and himself the apostle or messenger of God. But of the nine above mentioned, four only, viz., Moses, David, Jesus, and Muhammad, held the highest rank as prophet-apostles.

Throughout the whole of this part of the work there runs a vein of monotheism. The children of Israel, the people of Nineveh, the Arabs and other races, were always raising up a plurality of gods, and the mission of all the prophets from Noah to Muhammad was to endeavour to establish the worship of one God as opposed to the many deities set up and patronised by the people generally. Monotheism leading up to Muhammad and the Korân is the theme, very much the same as some assert that the whole of our Old Testament leads up to Jesus and the new dispensation. Adam, Enoch, Noah, Hûd, Sâlah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Job, Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon, Jonah, and Jesus, about all of whom ample details are given, were, according to this work, all monotheists. All these persons were sent as special messengers to protest against the idolatry of the people who were always wanting more gods than one. Even the early Christians seem to have fallen into the same error, for by the Councils of Nice and Constantinople, A.D. 325 and 381 respectively, they established three Divinities in the shape of the Trinity. It is true that they endeavoured to explain that though they were Three, still they were One, and though One, still they were Three.

Of all the stories given about these many prophets, that of Abraham is perhaps as interesting as any. It fills some fifty-six pages of the first volume, and gives many more details than are given in our Bible. From his youth up he was always declaring and asserting that God alone should be worshipped, and not the sun, moon, stars, or other idols. The traditions of his struggles with King Nimrud are given at some length, and are so well known among the Arabs that when Mr., now Sir Henry, Layard was excavating and digging at Nimroud in 1845, and first discovered the big statues there, it was circulated all round about that these were the very gods against whom Abraham was always protesting. At that time Awad, or Abd-Allah, a Sheikh of the Jahesh tribe, used to entertain Mr. Layard with stories about Abraham, all of which are probably to be found in this work of Mirkhond.

As regards dates, our author is completely silent throughout these volumes. It never seems to enter into his head that dates form the basis of any historical work. He certainly did not attempt to compete with that pedantic individual who made out such a complete set of dates that from the creation of the world up to his own time he was only one day short. After much perplexity and research, he at last discovered that this must have been the day on which the sun stood still (Joshua x. 12–14). Mirkhond relates this event as follows (vol. ii. p. 19):—

"When the evening had drawn near, a part of the wall fell down by an earthquake; the conquest became evident, the carnage increased, and as by the command of Mûsa [Moses] every occupation [at evening time] except devotion was illicit, Yoshuà implored the Omnipotent Inscrutable One to order the sun to retrograde; accordingly it moved by command of the Lord of lords from west to east, and remained stationary until the children of Esràil had terminated the slaughter of the A'mâlekites and giants; they also captured Balûg and Bala'm, causing them to meet their friends [in death]."

So much for the first part of these two volumes. The second part contains the history of the early kings of Persia, as translated by Mr. David Shea in 1832, of whose work only a summary is given, as explained by the editor (vol. ii. p. 230). As regards the first or Peshdâdian King Kaiomars or Kaiomarth [descended direct from Noah] and his successors, very little authentic information is given, and it is to be regretted that so little is really known about them. Some day perhaps something will be discovered which will throw further light upon them. For years and years the records of the Jews were considered to be the oldest records in existence. But of late years, owing to the discovery of the meaning of the cuneiform characters, so much has come to light about the Babylonians, Egyptians, and Assyrians that the antiquity of the Jews appears now to be quite of modern date, as compared with the antiquity of these three very ancient nations. We do not yet know what existed before them.

As regards the second or Kaiânian dynasty of the kings of Persia, called by the Greeks the Archæmenian, much has yet to be discovered and verified. About the names, dates, and reigns of this line of kings the Greek and Persian historians differ considerably. For example, Xerxes, said by the Greeks to have been a reigning king, and supposed to be the Ahasuerus of the Bible, according to the Persians never sat upon the throne, though he commanded many expeditions both to the East and to the West,

and eventually died before his father, Darius Hystaspes. The Greek historians, upon whose authority Persian history has been accepted up to the present time, are Herodotus, Xenophon, Ctesias, and Arrian. Their works are certainly more ancient than the histories of Persia prepared by the orders of some of the kings of the Samanian dynasty (A.D. 901–998). A Samanian king Mansûr ordered one Abu Manssur Almori to collect the best Persian works which had escaped the deluge of Arab fanaticism, and to compile from them a general history of Persia. Accordingly Almori composed a prose work from the ancient book of Yazdandad Bin Shapur. This history was, with other works of a similar kind, used by Firdausi, the Homer of Persia, whom Sultan Mahmud, the Ghaznivide (998–1030), had ordered to compose a history of the Persian kings in verse. He accomplished in poetry what Almori had done in prose, what Dakiki had also begun in verse, and what Asadi, who had likewise received the same order, did not even commence. Doubtless the lapse of years between the actual date of the events and the date of the historical works caused these last to assume a somewhat mythological appearance.

But of the Kaiânian dynasty the four Bible kings, as they may be called, viz., Cyrus, Ahasuerus, Darius, and Artaxerxes, are to us the most interesting. In Persian history they can only be recognised as Kai Khusrau [Cyrus?], who was succeeded by his relation Lohorasp [Ahasuerus?], who was followed by his son Gushtasp [Darius?], who resigned his kingdom to his grandson, Behmen Darâz Dast or Artaxerxes Longimanus. In one history it is stated that Lohorasp married a wife who was descended from the children of Israel, and had a son by her named Kurêsh. Could this wife have been Esther, who was married to Ahasuerus? However, until further information is obtained by excavation or otherwise, it is difficult to fix positive dates or names to any of these kings.

As already stated at the commencement, these two volumes under review may be divided into three parts. The two first having been dealt with, there remains the third. This contains the biographies of Alexander the Great and of certain Greek philosophers from a Persian point of view; some stories on the excellence of knowledge and wisdom, and an historical account of two more dynasties of the kings of Persia. Of the third dynasty, the Ashkanian, very little is known, and very little to be learned either from Greek or Persian sources. It is said (vol. ii. p. 257) that, after Alexander had conquered Persia, he consulted with Aristotle as to what he was to do with the many Persian princes that he had cap-

tured and imprisoned. Alexander said, "I entertain misgivings concerning the royal scions whom I have imprisoned, for if I liberate them they may possibly excite troubles which I would be unable to quell; but if I slay them I shall be blamed in this and punished in the next world." Aristotle replied, "The surmises of your majesty are quite true; therefore it will be expedient to appoint each of them over a separate portion of the kingdom, and to make them independent of each other in order to forestall any coalition among them." Alexander approved of this, and installed each prince over a division of the realm, and these princes have been called by historians "kings of the nations," and about them there is not much on record.

With the Sasanians or fourth dynasty of the kings of Persia (A.D. 226–641) oral tradition may be said to have passed away, and historical ground is at last reached as far as ancient Persian history is concerned. Modern Persian history begins with the rise of Islam, and an account of that, along with the life of Muhammad and of his four immediate successors, will fill the three volumes which form Part II. of Mirkhond's interesting work. It is stated in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for April that these will be issued in 1893 and 1894, and a life of Muhammad, written by a Muhammadan from original sources, ought to be a work of considerable interest.

Treasure Trove in a Binding.

ONE of the men at Messrs. Riviére and Son's has lately dug out of an old board on a French binding a small copper coin of Louis XIV., about the size of a farthing, dated 1693, which had been firmly embedded amongst the layers of paper by the binder, probably with much the same intention as we have at the present day in putting coins into foundation stones. Do the laws as to treasure trove apply in this case? and can he be made to disgorge this recently acquired symbol of wealth?

The Mazarin Library.

"NEWS from France; or, A Description of the Library of Cardinal Mazarin before it was utterly Ruined," by G. Nudæus, 1652, is an exceedingly interesting piece by the Cardinal's librarian. In protesting against the dissolution of the collection, the author says, "I have made voyages into Flanders, Italy, England, and Germany, to bring hither whatever I could procure that was rare or excellent. . . . 'Tis to these cases that this good city of Paris is beholden for two hundred Bibles," &c., &c. The extent of the whole library was 40,000 volumes, and "without disparagement to the famous libraries of Rome, Milan, and Oxford, mighte passe not only for the most goodly heap of books that this age can shew, but like-wise for the eighth wonder of the world."

Unearthed Treasures.

FIVE hundred volumes, including seventy manuscripts, have been unearthed in a convent of Franciscans near Rieti. The monks buried them under a floor in 1860, when the Italian law forced them to disband. As the convent was to be sold, one of the monks informed the sub-prefect of Rieti. There are manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries; five of the fourteenth century are illuminated with miniatures of wonderful delicacy.

Rare Books in New York.

AT a New York auction sale of scarce books held on January 29th, a well-preserved calligraphic record of brief voyages to London, the Mediterranean, and other places in 1746 to 1758 brought $50. The manuscript, which is entitled "The Voyages and Travels of Francis Goelet of the City of New York," is neatly written on ninety-six pages, and contains seven brilliantly coloured drawings of ships at sea, and a map of the coast of Brittany and Normandy. "A Bill of Chancery of New Jersey at the Suit of John, Earl of Stair," printed in New York in 1747, sold for $22. "An Answer" to this bill of chancery, printed in New York in 1752, brought $38. An Indian deed of lands about Woodbridge and Piscataway, dated September 14, 1677, was also disposed of. "Acts of the Assembly, passed in the Province of New York, 1691 to 1732," printed by William Bradford, lacking pages 125, 126, and 127, brought $45. "To All Whom These Presents May Concern," a pamphlet of eight pages by a Loyalist, in reference to the revenue, printed by Bradford in 1713, sold for $21.50. "Ovid's Metamorphosis, Englished by G. S." (George Sandys), printed in 1626, "sprung from the stock of the ancient romances, but bred in the New World of the rudeness whereof it cannot but participate," brought $26. A collection of manuscripts of Thomas and John Penn, from 1750 to 1772, went for $155 to a speculator in colonial autographs.

An Author's "Suppressed Editions."

IT would be interesting to know just exactly how an author stands in a legal point of view with regard to a work or works which for any particular reason he may have suppressed. And also if the suppression by an author himself is not just as potent as that of a Government. Very many rare or saleable books are only such because they have been suppressed. Technically, we believe, every "suppressed" book may be confiscated, which is quite right and proper, and which doubtless is precisely what every renegade, from the time of Wordsworth and Southey to the present, has thought. A great many such books are at the present moment in circulation, and occur with considerable frequency at auction sales of books. One of this class is Tennyson's "Poems, MDCCCXXX–MDCCCXXXIII.," and is said to have been printed in Canada. It consists of those poems in the volumes of the above dates which were suppressed in subsequent editions, together with the different readings in those that were altered. It is described as "suppressed," but there are always copies to be had, and if Lord Tennyson does not assert his authority and confiscate every copy in the market, it is scarcely likely that anybody else will.

Tripe for Binding Books.

A COMPANY has been incorporated in Newark, N.J., with a capital of $100,000 for the manufacture of "membranoid." The article and its name are alike new. It is a fancy leather made from tripe—nothing else than tanned tripe, in fact. It is said to be very pretty and durable. The inventor of the process of manufacture, James W. Deckert, of Newark, had considerable trouble with the Patent Office people until he and they compromised on the name of the product given above. They insisted upon it that tripe was tripe, no matter through what chemical processes it might have been put.

The Borghese Library.

THE first part of one of the most valuable and most extensive private libraries on the Continent, the Borghese Library, is now being dispersed at the Borghese Gallery, Rome. The sale commenced on May 16, and will conclude on June 7. To give the late owner his full name, Paolo-Maria-Agostino-Ignazio-Filomeno-Giulio-Melchiorre-Cornelio-Ghilïno Borghese, Prince of Sulmona, placed his books into the competent hands of Signor Vincenzo Menozzi, the well-known bookseller and book-auctioneer of the Rue Piè di Marmo, Rome, and this historical collection is now being scattered to the four quarters of the globe.

The Borghese family has played no unimportant part in the history of Italy, since, in 1605, the first really eminent member of the family became Pope under the title of Paul V. In spite of his somewhat blustering policy, he was an enthusiastic encourager of science and arts, and left no stone unturned to embellish and improve Rome, to restore its antiquities, and to enlarge the Vatican Library. He was equally open-handed in conferring profitable honours on his own family, nominating his brother Francesco to the command of the troops, who all but made war on the refractory Venetians; and giving the son of another of his brothers the principality of Sulmona, with an annual revenue of 200,000 écus. He elected his nephew, Scipione Capparelli, to the dignity of Cardinal, and this nephew obtained a considerable amount of the confiscated property of the Cenci family. It is from the Pope's brother, Giovanni Battista, who died in 1658, that the present family is descended, and one of whose sons married the famous Olimpia Aldobrandini, one of the richest heiresses in Italy, and who brought into the family the

principality of Rossano. The conduct of the head of the Borghese family during and after the Napoleonic descent in Italy, is too well known to students of modern history to be entered into here; and, to bring the reference to family affairs down to to-day, it will be sufficient to mention that the present head of the line was born in September, 1845, and that he has five children by Flora, Comtesse d'Apponya, to whom he was married in 1866.

There can be no doubt that the nucleus of this famous library, the catalogue of the first part of which comprises nearly 5,000 items, was formed partly by the Pope, but it is probably to his nephew the Cardinal that the Library owes most. Its formation began at a time peculiarly favourable to the acquisition of *incunabula*, and when manuscripts were, if not as common as blackberries in autumn, at all events neither rare nor expensive. The Cardinal enriched his Library in the way described by Laurus in "Theatri Romani Orchestra" (Rome, 1665): "Burghesiana bibliotheca, lectis undique volumnibus, Lucullianæ exaequanda." The catholicity of taste in books, which is so frequently the great defect of private libraries, was in reality one of the principal advantages of the Borghese Library. But the great attraction of this first part was unquestionably the collection of music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which has never been equalled in any previous sale since books were sold by auction. There are more than 200 works of this kind, nearly every one being of the rarest type, and in the most perfect state of preservation. Besides this, every book in the collection contains the *ex-libris* of Prince Marc Antonio Borghese.

First among the rarest books comes the *facile princeps* "Biblia Pauperum," printed in Holland in or about the year 1450; in this fine example the illustrations are not coloured. There is also a first edition on vellum of the "Rationale Divinorum Officiorum," printed by Fust and Schœffer, 1459, and is remarkable as being the third book printed with a date; the first issue of the "Catholicon," printed by Gutenberg in 1460, and which, with the Mazarin Bible, is one of the four corner-stones of every great library. A copy of this went for £400 in the Syston Park sale. The great Venetian printer, Nicolas Jenson, is represented by a superb example on vellum of "Gratianus," 1474, with numerous large initial letters, which have never been surpassed for beauty. Of the Missals, by far the most important is the extremely rare second edition of the "Missale Romanum," 1475, of which there are only four other copies known, all more or less incomplete: the only copy in this country is in Lord Spencer's library at Althorp. Besides the foregoing *incunabula*,

there are no fewer than eighty typographical monuments of the first half-century after the introduction of printing.

Among the section of theology and jurisprudence is a very remarkable "Collection Borghesienne" of "opuscules" to the number of nearly 12,000, bound in sixty-one volumes, and containing a nearly complete collection of pamphlets (most of them rare, and some unique) relating to the civil and ecclesiastical history of Rome from 1500 to 1700. First among the works classified as scientific comes the premier and rarest issue of Jacques de Fouilloux's treatise on "the Chase," "La Venerie," printed at Poitiers in 1561, entirely in italic letters, and with a large number of woodcuts. The historical portion includes De Bry's "Collection dite des Grands et Petits Voyages," in twenty-two folio volumes, printed in Frankfort between 1590 and 1619. The Spanish books, which form a very important part of this library, include a number of rare and fine volumes. One of the most important is the "Chronica" of Muntaner, printed at Barcelona in 1562, and which, if only the second edition, has the bibliographical merit of being quite as rare as the first, from which, indeed, it differs only in the date and dedication.

As regards the section devoted to books on music, and to which reference has already been made, four or five pages would hardly do adequate justice to the subject. Several of the items were quite unknown to the first authority on musical literature, M. Fétis, notably two works by Adriano Banchieri, printed in 1622 and 1625 respectively, and the "Strali d'Amore" (1616), by Boschetto Boschetti, who, as a musician, seems to have escaped M. Fétis's notice entirely. Practically unknown, also, is the "Fuggilotio Musicale" of Giulio Romano (1613), the Borghese copy being the only one known to exist. Another of the many works unknown to Fétis is "L'Aretusa favola in Musica" of Filippo Vitali (1620), which is dedicated by the author to Cardinal Borghese, whose arms it bears on the title-page. Books whose interest, or rather commercial value, centres in their binding, are both numerous and noteworthy. At the head comes the "Breviarium Romanum" printed at Antwerp in 1606, superbly bound by Nicolas Eve, and having on the title-page the arms of Paul V.; but perhaps rarest of all is the cover of a book of the end of the fifteenth century, and bound *à la Siennoise* of the period, and of its kind the finest in existence.

The last section in this portly sale catalogue of over 700 page is comprised of manuscripts, the earliest being an "Antiphonarium et Gradule de Sanctis" of the twelfth century, beautifully written, with red initials. But the most generally interesting item in this

section is the "Portulan" of Jacobus de Maislo (1561), beautifully written in red and black on vellum; this remarkable work deals with the whole of Europe, a part of Western Asia, the whole of Northern Africa up to the Gulf of Guinea, and a large part of the Atlantic Ocean. This work on seaports is the earliest and most interesting of its kind, and we trust that it will become the property of some one who will publish a *resumé* or abstract of its contents.

W. ROBERTS.

A Unique Binding.

A CURIOUS specimen of binding is described in *Le Livre Moderne:* "Le Violon de Faïence," in the possession of Champfleurys, is bound in a cover of Sèvres porcelain in the shape of a violin, with a pretty lattice ground in the rococo style. The sides are rather thick but very pretty, in a painted blue and gold original design, and the porcelain is laid upon morocco. The binding is elegant, costly, and unique.



The Bookworm.

I SAW him stand
With keys in hand;
Then o'er and o'er
His precious store,
With gaze intent
And well content,
With rapturous looks
Upon his books.

I could have vowed
He spoke aloud.
These words I'm led
To think he said:
"Oh, for a book
And a quiet nook
In a little cot,
All else forgot."

Each leaf and page,
Though torn with age,
He prized them much
With loving touch.
I watched him while,
With happy smile,
He turned the key
That none might see.

L. GALLOWAY.

Hogarthiana.



THE practice of booksellers issuing special lists of particular classes of literature is one to be specially commended, and we trust that it will be very frequently carried into effect. One of the most interesting and valuable special catalogues of this description has recently been issued by Mr. Tregaskis, bookseller, of Caxton Head, High Holborn, London, whose list of engravings, manuscripts and books relating to Hogarth will be highly prized by collectors, and the *edition de luxe* contains the additional advantage of two impressions of a copper-plate engraving of the central figures from the third scene of the "Rake's Progress" (Richard Sawyer, fecit 1828), and "A Note on Hogarth," by Mr. Selwyn Image. There are 236 items in the list, many of them being very rare. Mr. Austin Dobson has seen this interesting bibliographical catalogue through the Press, so that its accuracy may generally be relied on.

The Aldine Catalogues.

COLLECTORS of books printed by Aldus will be glad to learn that the Catalogues of Greek and Latin books printed by Aldus at Venice, 1498, 1503, and 1513, are being reproduced in photography, in Paris, with a preface by M. Henri Omont. Only a small number are being struck off. Considering the excessive rarity of these Catalogues, we trust that efforts to obtain a copy will be made by all great English libraries. Few bibliographers can write on this subject with the authority and knowledge of M. Omont, and the publication will be very generally welcomed by collectors.

"Literary Coincidences."

MR. W. A. CLOUSTON, whose erudition needs no introduction to readers of the BOOKWORM, has done wisely in reprinting in a permanent form the entertaining essays which form the little book entitled "Literary Coincidences," and published in Glasgow by Messrs. Morison Bros. Besides the exhaustive paper —to which there is a capital index—from which the present book derives its title, there are others entitled "A Bookstall Bargain," "Ancient Riddles," and "St. Valentine's Day in the Olden Time." At the present moment, when "Sermon Transference" and other phases of plagiarism are exciting public attention, Mr. Clouston's essay in coincidences ought to have many readers. We agree with Dr. Johnson that, "as not every instance of similitude can be considered a proof of imitation, so not every imitation ought to be stigmatised as a plagiarism." We have not the space to follow Mr. Clouston in his exceedingly extensive and entertaining rambles among poets and prose-writers of the old world and the new who have consciously or unconsciously given expression to the ideas of a predecessor. We have in this little book a number of really astounding examples—and of examples, moreover, from writers many of whom could not possibly have had cognisance of one another's writings. Many of the citations will completely upset generally accepted opinions as to the authorship of a number of familiar quotations. Indeed, the little book is iconoclastic with a vengeance, and one hardly knows whether to be grateful or otherwise to the author. Like a disagreeable medicine, we prefer to take these "Literary Coincidences" in small doses and at decent intervals, or one will be tempted to ask, in despair,

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"Was anybody the first to write anything?" The "bookstall bargain" of Mr. Clouston is a small square octavo of 28 pages, and entitled "Miscellanies; or, a Variety of Notion and Thought: being a Small Treatise on Many Small Matters, consisting of Things both Moral and Divine, by H. W., Gent.," and printed in 1708, apparently at the expense of the author; and about the adventures of this book Mr. Clouston makes a capital essay, whilst the succeeding one on "Ancient Riddles" contains very many curious items "not generally known."

The Book Mutilator.

THE book thief, or rather the book mutilator, a still more contemptible scoundrel, is again at his tricks in the British Museum. For some time past a copy of Tennyson's "Demeter, and other Poems," with nine leaves roughly torn out, was posted up at the entrance of the reading-room of the museum. The exceedingly temperate note of the chief librarian which appears under the mutilated book will, we trust, bear good fruit in bringing to justice the thief, to whom severe punishment should be administered. "Demeter" is neither a rare book nor a dear one, so that the mutilation is all the more inexplicable. A "reverend" person was some time ago convicted of vandalism by the Museum authorities, who, we hope, will be equally fortunate in detecting the most recent kleptomaniac.



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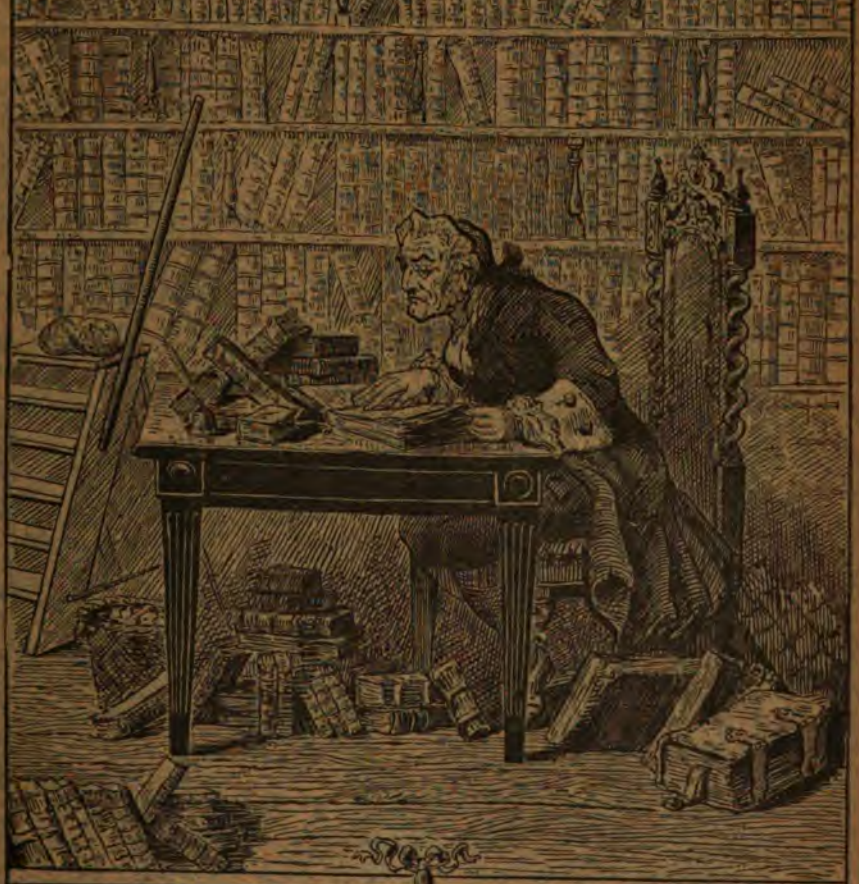
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Victor Hugo's "Journal."

THE announcement of the discovery of a Journal of Victor Hugo consisting of about 2,000 closely-written pages, as well as an important batch of nearly 1,000 letters addressed to the exiled poet, came upon the literary world, both of France and England, as a great surprise, not unmingled with incredulity. At first the statement was pooh-poohed by Victor Hugo's literary executors, who were so certain of having got hold of every scrap of the poet's manuscript. Mr. Samuel Davey, the well-known expert in autographs, of 47, Great Russell Street, thus tells the history of the manuscripts of which he is the fortunate possessor :—

About two years ago six large bundles of miscellaneous papers, relating to Victor Hugo, were offered to my late son for sale, by a person who gave him the following memorandum in writing as to how these papers and letters came into his possession : "Shortly after Victor Hugo's death some member of his family came to Guernsey, to superintend the renovation of his residence, where he lived during his exile (Hauterville House), and in his study were piles of French newspapers and these letters, &c. She (the Poet's relative) called in a dealer of waste paper and sold him the lot. Having bought books and tracts from this man before, he informed me of his purchase and I immediately bought the lot as it stood, papers and all." My son purchased all these bundles, and put them on one side, intending to go over them at his leisure, not considering the contents to be of any special value. It was some months after his lamented death that I had an opportunity of examining this mass of papers, but after a very cursory survey I was fortunate to discover

some packets loosely put together, entitled *Journal de l'Exil*, forty-five packets altogether. This Journal commences July, 1852, and is continued until 1856. It gives a minute record of the conversations of Victor Hugo with his family, friends and distinguished visitors; these conversations were taken down, day by day, either by his son or his daughter, and the whole of the contents must have been carefully gone over by Victor Hugo himself, as he has made various corrections and also some additions in his own handwriting. The subjects discussed are multifarious. Here are set forth the Poet's ideas and opinions upon Religion, Ethics, Literature, the Drama, the Fine Arts, Music, Political Economy, Politics, the current topics of the day, &c. Interspersed are a great number of Anecdotes and Scraps of Autobiography. The whole forming two volumes crown quarto (about 2,000 pages).

The correspondence is of a unique character, and it extends over a period of nearly fifty years. It would be impossible to over-estimate the value of this remarkable correspondence. No History of France can be complete without reference to some of the contents. There are letters from eminent Authors, Artists, Musicians, Actors, Politicians, and Political refugees from every quarter of the globe; the latter containing some strange revelations, and showing in the political world how "the Whirligig of Time brings in his revenges." It is impossible to make an adequate abstract of this voluminous correspondence. There is a letter written to Victor Hugo, dated July, 1850, by a person who signs himself Dineux, one of the surviving fifty-nine who took the Bastille, and who was an eye-witness of the principal events of the Revolution, which began in 1789. The writer makes some remarkable statements and revelations concerning the events of that period, which have never been published, and they were evidently considered as true by Victor Hugo himself, for there is a marginal note in his handwriting "preserve these facts." There is also an interesting State Paper, of thirty-four folio pages, signed by Chas. de Bourgoin, addressed to General Bedeau, Minister of Foreign Affairs, dated 1848, giving the actual position of affairs in each of the countries of Europe, also the character and surroundings of the Sovereigns then reigning, as well as the Princes of the Royal Houses, &c. This document elaborately sets forth the relations which existed at that time between France and Germany, and it reads strangely now by the light of subsequent events. This document contains many notes and comments made in Victor Hugo's handwriting.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Davey, we give brief extracts of the

contents of the *Journal de l'Exil* (translated from the original French MS.), which has created so much stir:—

July, 1852. Notice of Victor Hugo leaving Brussels for London; address of Victor Hugo to his fellow exiles; his arrival at Jersey; General Leflo's conversation on his arrest; reminiscences of Prud'hon; visit of Béranger to Mdme. Victor Hugo; visit of Mdme. Victor Hugo to Rosa Bonheur and reception; Victor Hugo removes to Marine Terrace, Jersey. Reflections on Marine Terrace; conversation of Victor Hugo and General Leflo; walks about the island; letter of Mdme. Victor Hugo to C. Hugo; Granier de Cassagnac; remark of Victor Hugo as to the rôle of Louis Bonaparte, and what the latter should do were he an "ambitious intelligent," instead of being a "miserable intriguer"; conversations about Africa and Bugeaud; opinions as to Generals Bedeau, Lamoricière, Bugeaud; Changarnier, Magnan, and St. Arnaud, the two latter were pupils of Bugeaud; Leflo's opinion of St. Arnaud, "he was all frivolity."

September and October, 1852. Opinion of Victor Hugo as to a future state, original sin, &c.; Victor Hugo says: "from our good or bad life here, depends our happiness in our returning to our primitive state of existence, and in like manner everything in nature will be transformed into something different, even inanimate matter will become animate;" talk with a proscribed, on the English and the refugees; Leflo; rumours of war (Crimea); walk to St. Heliers; conversation between Victor Hugo and Leflo; Victor Hugo says he was at first, as Leflo, a liberal monarchist; "but found Republicanism and Monarchy could not exist side by side;" he hopes Louis Napoleon will last four or five years, so that the Republic will become the Republic of 1793, a retrogression from 1852 to 1793; Victor Hugo on Manin and Venice, Kossuth, Mazzini, &c.; excursion to St. Brélade (on the coast of Jersey), described: story of William, King of the Netherlands, with reference to his treatment of the refugees of the Consulate and Empire; Ledru Rollin's speech; the idea of going in a balloon to visit "Napoleon le petit"; Victor Hugo calls it a "charming idea"; Leflo on his campaign in Africa, told by himself.

November, 1852. Issue of proclamation; General Leflo; conversation on Ab-d-el Kader; Louis Blanc writes Victor Hugo a letter which makes him uneasy. Notes; questions noted as to the extradition of Victor Hugo, and the simultaneous expulsion of Kossuth, Mazzini, and Ledru Rollin from London; talk with Victor Hugo's watchmaker on the subject; story of Théophile Gautier and Gérard (interesting); war rumours; remarks.

Victor Hugo relates that his father, General Hugo, was offered 2,000 francs to surrender Thionville; conversation of a proscribed in Jersey; who admitted in Paris he was a spy at Jersey; C. Hugo says that Changarnier never went to see Louis Napoleon without a pair of pistols in his pockets; Royer on the return of the proscribed to France; Victor Hugo says the address of the Republicans had its effect, he received 4,000 shillings subscriptions; notice of the "Châtiments" in print.

Conversation Victor Hugo and C. Hugo; Prud'hon tells anecdote about him; visit of a proscribed Citozen Allin, dines with Victor Hugo, arrival of Girardin; Victor Hugo relates "what opened my career was the Academy. It was by the Academy I entered the Chamber of Peers against, not Louis Philippe, but of his *entourage.*" Ghosts in Jersey? idea of Victor Hugo developed: to "assemble all national representatives in England, if not allowed, then in America. In America to organise a descent on France, issue proclamations and raise an insurrection." "It is the only way to finish with Bonaparte;" talk with Victor Hugo and C. Hugo. Victor Hugo remarks that this globe is capable of giving to each man land equal to the area of Jersey; arrival of Pierre Leroux, talk with Victor Hugo as to Manon Lescaut; Victor Hugo's opinion.

June, 1853. Burglary at Victor Hugo's house; "the thieves happily took nothing"; refers to the appeal by the exiles. C. Hugo refers to Schoelcher, &c., dialogue; anecdote of the Emperor of Russia and Victor Hugo; refers to the "Contemplations"; Victor Hugo thinks they will have a greater success than the "Châtiments"; the latter caused considerable outlay but an inconsiderable return; Victor Hugo is angry on paying a visit at not seeing his portrait with that of Ledru Rollin, Schoelcher, &c., and the proscribed; his not being in the collection he remarks "he will not give his portrait again"; Victor Hugo speaking of Louis Napoleon and the "contemplations" observes that he (Napoleon) will no doubt say "here is Victor Hugo following the true bent of his genius, pure poetry instead of prose and diatribes;" remarks on Schamyl, Paul Meurice, &c.

November, 1853. The two Viscounts; Mdme. de Montigo; F. Pyatt, Heinrich Herz; the black flag in London; de Lamennais and Carrel; Troplong and Baroche, Leflo, Count de Montalembert; the Polish banquet; A. Dumas fils and his success; Rapport with Ruy Blas and Marie Duplessis; the two Barbières of Victor Hugo, one at Brussels, the other at Jersey; Louis Bonaparte married; Victor Hugo said he would not last fifteen years; Conversation on

Antiquity: Man in relation to false Religion; Auguste Vacquerie and Victor Hugo's discourse; Story of a young man by Hugo; visit of General Leflo; Conversation; Torquemada; Invitation to F. Hugo to go to Exiles' banquet of 29th November, 1853; Victor Hugo hesitates to go; does not approve of killing Louis Napoleon; conversation on A. Dumas's works: the Count de Chambord and Nemours; Talents of Louis Napoleon; conversation on Job by Victor Hugo and A. Vacquerie.

Victor Hugo says he met a native of Jersey, who cautioned him to be careful and distrustful; out of three persons ("proscribed") there are two spies; Louis Napoleon spends 36,000 francs a month for his police in Jersey; table rapping and notes of "talk" in Victor Hugo's writing; Victor Hugo says he saw Marat, who spoke (to the consternation of those present). The Phenomena of the "table" and the immortality of the Soul: debate between Victor Hugo and A. Vacquerie; visit of a Bordeaux merchant; remarks of a Lausanne Journal (Le Progrès); anniversary of 1830; the table speaking again: present, Victor Hugo, C. Hugo, Xavier Durrien; theatre at Jersey; arrival of Mdme. de Girardin's "Table"; remark of Victor Hugo—"it only lifted its foot when asked to speak"; Victor Hugo says he will get circulated in France a sort of daily journal, if his works are refused liberty of publication in France; A. Vacquerie refers to Jérome's son as a garcon d'esprit, who is friendly with Girardin; Victor Hugo says he did not attack Jérome (père and fils) through a friendly regard for them in the "Châtiments"; likewise he omitted Cassagnac on account of old associations; refers to the fusion of Orleanism and Bourbonism; Victor Hugo would like to see it as he would wish to see the last of Absolutism's representative ending as a "Misérable"; Victor Hugo would abolish the guillotine, and would sacrifice his life to do so were the people to insist on its retention; opinion of Victor Hugo as to Lamartine, "who," he said, "was in politics what he was in Literature—a woman born a man, same as Georges Sand was a man born a woman." Of De Lamennais, Victor Hugo says, "a very singular thing is that Chateaubriand left the Royalists to turn Republican, Lamennais left Catholicism to be a Republican, and I myself from Royalist became Republican." On versification Victor Hugo says he never learnt its rules, "but began to make verses from the age of five years;" remarks on music: Meyerbeer, Rossini, Liszt, Berlioz, &c., he would never compose an opera for the greatest musician, and remarks, "the poet, *before* the opera is the despot flattered by the musician: *after* the opera he becomes the ill-used slave of the musician." Chateau-

briand's tomb; Leflo and Dupin; Louis Veuillot and Victor Hugo, rumour of an action at law, quotes paragraph from *La Siècle* against the "religious" journalist who attacks all that France holds sacred in the persons of some of her citizens—further remarks on the journal in question, *L'Univers*; Belgium and the publication of the "Châtiments," protests of the French Government; secret means of circulating the book; Victor Hugo's opinion on De Maistre; the Coup d'Etat of Louis Napoleon would have been made by the Right if not made by him, and we would have as much to fear from that side as from the quarter from whence it came; Michel de Bourges remarks by Victor Hugo; conversation of Victor Hugo, Pierre Leroux, Ribeyrolles at dinner, as to a pâté sent by a proscribed, being poisoned. General remarks: the 19th century as compared with other centuries; anecdote of Louis Blanc by Pierre Leroux; the "Dame aux Camélias" in Jersey Theatre, remarks; the financial question of the future Republic debated; Victor Hugo and Dupin at the Senate: scene; the letter of Schoelcher about Ledru Rollin.

February, 1854. Remarks on Girardin and "la presse"; Victor Hugo's letter to Lord Palmerston on the abolition of capital punishment; says will not go to banquet of 24th of February. He does not want to speak. They would force him to; conversation Victor Hugo and C. Hugo; Victor Hugo goes to banquet; the description; 1s. 6d. per head! says he was a Socialist before he was a Republican. Refers to the remarks of an Englishman as to Victor Hugo's letter to Lord Palmerston; discussion of Victor Hugo and C. Hugo as to Ledru Rollin; letters from Schoelcher, Louis Blanc, and Félix Pyatt; Victor Hugo enumerates the sacrifice he made for Republicanism, this in reference to the proposed Law of Confiscation supported by Ledru Rollin.

1854. About the proscription; speaking of the war in the East Victor Hugo said "he would prefer to see Nicolas at Paris than at Constantinople"; conversation on religion; the apparition of the "Dame Blanche," he cannot rest at night; the phenomena of the "table" denied by the 19th century; thinks prose more difficult than verse; letter from Girardin; talk on Republicanism in France; "they breathe an unhealthy air there; exile air is purer," refers to Béranger; Lamartine refers to a book he wrote; talk on the transformation of souls; men who commit suicide, &c.

June, 1854. Conversation on Fournier, his misfortune; Baroche and his 150 millions Rentes; Parliamentarianism, Victor Hugo says, "the Tribune is the *word* concentrated"; the Epilogue of Schamyl,

address of Schamyl, welcomes the allied army; Anecdote of Liszt by a Hungarian musician; Liszt's "Mazeppa" story of the violin, how to make it simulate the noise made by the running of a horse; remark of Victor Hugo, "music is noise disciplined." Conversation, toothache; physical and moral suffering; music at Marine Terrace, "music exiled come to visit the exiled"; refers to Paganini; Victor Hugo relates the extraordinary effect the playing of Paganini made on him: "it required nothing less than Paganini to make him a lover of music"; if I would not call that man a violinist, I would call him a violin. The human voice music; the three great instruments in music. Victor Hugo says: "The instrument is nothing more than the translation of the sounds of nature—human harmony from Divine, the noise of the wind, of the sea, of birds, the rustling of the leaves on the trees, the murmur of the brooks, the rumbling of thunder—all of which assume a human form in the instruments invented by man—the instrument, it is the Word!" Conversations, the influence of Bonaparte on the English press and French literature; Léopold himself bows before Bonaparte. Victor Hugo remarks: "he (Léopold) will lose thereby the only thing he had—the esteem of the Belgians." The French press? "it is dying, the decadence of the French press will bring the downfall of the library and Bookseller. One does not buy books if he does not buy papers." "Bonaparte has lasted three years, he may last seven or eight more." Comparison of the First and Third Napoleons, "the latter has already the cankering worm eating his prosperity in the war in the East." Conversation on Boileau and Molière, Victor Hugo is advised that his letter to Lord Palmerston on the abolition of capital punishment has been published in a daily Portuguese newspaper; extracts from a Spanish print; the proscription and passports to Spain; more predictions as to Bonaparte's downfall like his uncle at Waterloo; Madame Allin sings the "Air de Malbroucht" and the refrain in the "Chêtiments." Fournier discussion again. Victor Hugo called by Fournier "the chief of the tremblers"; Marie and the "Chapelain"; F. Lemaitre. Parallel between Robespierre and Napoleon I., Victor Hugo maintains the crimes of '93 the Royalists were responsible for, and dates back to the time of Louis XIV.; Danton and Robespierre; Robespierre and Fabre d'Eglantine; Camile Desmoulins. Victor Hugo sums up Robespierre as "a scoundrel—but a colossal scoundrel." Paër, discussion.

Three stories of animals by Victor Hugo; "Jerseries," Victor Hugo obliged to illuminate on the fall of Sebastopol, he thinks his

house would be sacked if he did not do so; "La Reconnaissance" is egotism; concert of M. de Remenyi; Armand Carrell and the "National" of 1834; remarks by Victor Hugo; remarks on Liszt and Duprey; Victor Hugo did not understand Liszt, and as to Duprey, he, through singing his great "airs" and recitatives in Italian was "insupportable;" Raspail on the cause of cholera (a very interesting diagnosis); Victor Hugo's remarks as to dying of cholera (the cause of St. Arnaud's death) that "it was a punishment for the 2nd December, 1851"; the proclamation of St. Arnaud to his troops, 26th September, 1854; remark of Victor Hugo, "what a humiliating death for a soldier, not even to die in a bed, but in a latrine!" story of an American slave-owner; Paul Meurice gives news from Paris.

Victor Hugo reads in the papers a notice in verse on St. Arnaud's death, and remarks it will form a part of the "contemplations"; observation by Victor Hugo that he was the means of bringing about the return of the Bonaparte family to France, by a discussion of his in the chamber of Peers; and Mdme. Victor Hugo says she has preserved as a curious document a letter of Jerome, King of Westphalia, in which he calls Victor Hugo the "liberator of his family"; conversation on Hungary; refers to the fall of Sebastopol; France with regard to Belgium; speculations as to the unity of Europe, like the unity of the United States; the German and the English languages; according to Victor Hugo the English is a *patois* of German; criticism on Molière; comparison of Shakespeare, Byron, and Scott; Victor Hugo asserts that Shakespeare was greater than Byron; C. Hugo says he thinks Byron was his equal; Corneille and Milton identical in style; quotes the "Morning Advertiser" of October 2nd, 1854, and reproduces (in English) the remarks of that journal on the gathering at the grave of one of the proscribed, with the names of those present and discourse of Victor Hugo.

Conversation: the Russian War; Victor Hugo tells his fellow-exiles that the fall of Sebastopol is a triumph for Poland; he does not esteem St. Arnaud as a General; tells anecdote of the Duke d'Angoulême winning a battle by fraud, in "buying" the Spanish Commander; prefers a line of Virgil to all the military glory of Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, &c.; talk about Attila; comparison of the men of the sword with the men of the pen, the former inferior; compares Molière to "Triboulet" (*a farceur*); refers and praises Shakespeare for abandoning the ideas of the aristocracy for those of the people; two papers entitled "Chinoiseries Anglaises."

The War in the East; discussion on suicide—Victor Hugo says,

"I admit excuse but not absolve it. I regard it as a very serious thing, no one has a right to break his chains and go out of existence, to abandon the mission God gave him. . . . I believe the Suicide will be made to recommence life under severer conditions than when he quitted it"; anecdote of Theophile Gautier; details of the sojourn of Bonaparte at Biarritz told to Mdme. Allard by Mdme. Dagoût.

Guernsey, May, 1856. Conversation with Hetzel as to terms of publishing; notes, remarks, and memo; copy of letters from Hetzel, Michelet, Villemain, notes, &c.; Barbet Junior (see No. 19 of the Journal); Lola Montes and the Jesuits in Bavaria; Rembrandt and Ago, comparison as to merit; remark of Victor Hugo: "It is the name that makes the man, and the man that makes the name"; remark on Shakespeare, &c.

The Autograph Hunter.

REPLY to an American boy named Fred Orr, who asks for an autograph, saying that he has already got those of Oliver Wendell Holmes, W. D. Howells, Robert Louis Stevenson, and many others:—

Dear Fred Orr,
 Since you've autographs a score
And more
 From this and that Atlantic shore;
With Oliver Wendell and W. D.
 And Robert Lou-ee,
What do you want with me?
 You should now give o'er
And ask for no more,
 But contentedly shut up your book and its store;
Till such time as your own—
 Young Fred Orr—
Name, now little known—
 Young Fred Orr—
Shall be equal to the best—
 Shall have outstripped all the rest
Of the autographs on which you fondly pore,
 Then you'll wonder how you came
To ask for such and such a name;
 You will smile and you will laugh
When the story you relate,
 How you asked the autograph
Of the man you thought so great.
 Then, with Tom and Dick and Bob,
And the unconsidered mob,
 This poor old name of mine, forgotten quite,
Will serve your maids the kitchen fire to light.

WALTER BESANT.

Catherine de Medici's Books.

QUEEN KATHARINE DE MEDICI during the whole of her stormy and eventful life manifested a great taste for belles-lettres and the fine arts. Her love of choice books —a love which she shared with the princes of the house of Medici, as well as her father-in-law, Francis I., and her husband, Henry II. —has been sung by Ronsard :—

> " Ceste royne d'honneur de Médicis issue,
> * * * * *
> Pour ne dégénérer de ses premiers ayeux,
> Soigneuse a fait chercher les livres les plus vieux,
> Hébreux, grecs et latins traduits et à traduire ;
> Et par noble despense elle en a fait reliure
> Le haut palais du Louvre, afin que sans danger
> Le François fût vainqueur du scavoir estranger."

The queen possessed a very fine library, a large part of which she obtained in a very characteristic manner.

The story of this acquisition is to be found in Brantôme's " Vies des Capitaines Étrangers."

" This famous captain "—Brantôme is speaking of the celebrated Marshal Strozzi, who was killed at the siege of Thionville in 1558— " was a great lover of letters, and possessed a very choice library. It could not be said of him, as Louis XI. remarked of one of the prelates of his realm, who had an excellent collection of books which he never saw, ' that he resembled a hunchback who has a fine hunch on his back but never beholds it.' The marshal often visited and read his books, which principally came to him from Cardinal Ridolfi, by purchase on the death of that ecclesiastic. They were so rare and choice that they were valued at more than 15,000 crowns. But

when Strozzi was killed the queen-mother took possession of the library, promising to recompense his son and to pay him for it some day. He never received a sou, and I well remember his telling me how sore he felt about it."

Katharine took great pains to make her library as perfect as possible, and when she died the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and Italian books of which it was composed numbered about 4,500 volumes. The library also composed 800 ancient Greek and Latin manuscripts, which had belonged to the marshal. The queen died deeply in debt, and it was not without difficulty that these literary treasures were preserved to France. The books were for some time in danger of being seized by the creditors, but by the exertions of De Thou, the celebrated historian, who at this time was keeper of the royal library, they were finally placed among those intrusted to his care, Francis Pithou and others having previously reported that they were worthy to be preserved in France for "posterity, for the maintenance of good literature and honour of the kingdom, and because it would be impossible to obtain or collect such a library in these days at any price or in any country."

The queen's books were almost always very richly bound, the covers most frequently bearing the arms of France, accompanied with a crowned K or CC. Occasionally they are impressed with a double M and a C, and sometimes they have the arms of Katharine impaled with those of France and surrounded by the "cordelière des veuves."

On the death of her husband she also used a symbolic device expressive of her feelings—a mountain of quicklime on which drops of rain are falling, accompanied with the motto: "Ardorem extinctâ testantur vivere flammâ." "They [rain drops, signifying tears] show that the heat [of love] lives, though the flame be extinct;" for water poured upon lime causes heat without flame.

An exceedingly beautiful specimen of the library of the queen is now in the British Museum. The volume, which consists of the "Works of Dionysius the Areopagite," printed in Paris in 1562 by Guillaume Morel, is bound in olive morocco, the sides being decorated with a coloured geometrical pattern in gold tooling combined with arabesques; in the centre of each cover are painted the arms of the queen encircled by the "cordelière des veuves." Four of the panels of the back bear a crowned K, and the edges of the leaves are gilt and very elegantly gauffred. This book was formerly in the possession of the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, who bequeathed it in 1799 to the library of the British Museum.

"Epistres des Dames Illustres."

ONE of the most interesting volumes that has appeared in the book market during recent years was sold at Sotheby's on May 11th. It was a fifteenth century manuscript on vellum (9⅛ by 6⅛ inches), with twenty-one exquisitely beautiful miniatures. Its title runs, "XXI Epistres des Dames illustres, traduicttes [*sic*] le reuerend pere en Dieu Monseig. L'evesque de Angoulesme." It consists of 132 leaves of very pure vellum (of which the last three are blank), written perfectly, in long lines, in a bastard Gothic hand. This translation into French verse of the Epistles of Ovid is universally ascribed to Octavian de Saint-Gelais, Bishop of Angoulême, author of the "Séjour d'Honneur; De la Chesse et Départ d'Amours;" and other works in prose and verse well known to philobiblists. This version of Ovid's Epistles was published at Paris in 1500, and as Octavian de Saint-Gelais was not named to the Bishopric of Angoulême until 1494, and died in 1502, it follows that in all probability this manuscript was executed towards the close of the fifteenth century. We shall now proceed to prove that it could not have been finished before January 7, 1499, the day on which Louis XII. married Anne of Brittany. In fact, this volume, presenting first a beautiful bust of Ovid in a frontispiece richly ornamented on a gold ground, contains twenty large portraits (seventeen of women and three of men) measuring 4¾ by 4 inches, of which several are full-length and others three-quarter size. As amongst these portraits is (on folio iii) that of Louis XII., King of France, with the insignia of royalty, and perfectly resembling the head of that monarch as found on the coins of that period, and as at folio 45 there is a crowned portrait of Anne of Brittany exactly

resembling (except, perhaps, looking rather younger) that delineated in the famous "Hours of Anne of Brittany" (facsimiled in Paris, and which may serve to compare the two), it follows, as a matter of course, that we may safely assert that this manuscript could not have been executed until after the day when Anne of Brittany became Queen of France; that is, not until January 7, 1499.

Here is indeed a truly royal manuscript, and there cannot be the slightest doubt of its having been executed for the illustrious couple, Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany, who did so much for advancing the progress of art in France. Louis XII. was passionately fond of manuscripts, and purchased, as is notorious, the precious collection of Louis de la Gruthure. To Anne of Brittany we are indebted for a Manuscript "Horæ," which has become one of the glories of French art. All who have seen these "Horæ" at Paris, and who will examine this manuscript of the "Epitres d'Ovide," will convince themselves that this Ovid is in no way inferior to the "Horæ" of the Musée of Paris. It would be impossible here to describe the charming females whose portraits are painted in these "Epîtres" with a delicacy without equal. We call them portraits, for not only are they different one from the other, but each seems to bear the individual stamp which only belongs to nature. According to all probability, amongst these portraits, we have those of the prettiest Maids of Honour who were particularly beloved by the Queen. Several analogous portraits (although few in number) occur in the "Hours" already mentioned. It is impossible, for instance, to regard the portraits occurring on folios 6, 10, 16, 29, 34, 51, 68, 79, 87, and above all (if we may venture to use such a word where all are *chefs-d'œuvre*), the so attractive portrait of the charming lady painted on folio 117, without feeling persuaded that at no period and in no country has the art of painting in miniature produced anything superior in beauty. Those who will take the trouble to examine this manuscript will find no exaggeration in these praises. Amongst all these portraits those of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany shine forth by their peculiarly truthful character. The King, who, according to history, was in bad health, is here represented as suffering and feeble. The volume is in perfect condition, and in its primitive state. The binding is very beautiful, and in excellent preservation. At the period when the book was bound, the miniatures have been preserved by the aid of very small intercalated leaves of paper. In the seventeenth century some one has written on separate leaves of paper some curious notes, which do not belong in any way to the manuscript, and can be removed at pleasure.

Everything is perfect in this volume, which, for greater safety, is inclosed in a case. What ought to add much to its value is that it is not a book of devotion. Every one is aware how, for some centuries, ornamentation and miniatures were profusely lavished on Church-Services, whilst the profane manuscripts, such as Ovid, were but too often handed over to inferior or second-rate artists. We boldly affirm that in this instance the profane art has had its revenge. The manuscript was purchased by Mr. Quaritch for £440.

Castelnau's "Memoirs."

THE fluctuation in the prices of old books probably never went to such an extreme as in the case of a large-paper copy of De Castlenau's "Memoirs," which recently came under the hammer at a sale-room. This book, in three volumes, was published at Brussels in 1731, and is very rare on large paper, and the Duke of Hamilton's copy sold for £49 10s. The "Memoirs" of Castelnau, we may mention, were written during his second embassy in England, and are very important for many interesting particulars relative to British history. He is the only historian who takes notice of the daughter of Mary Queen of Scots by Bothwell, and of her dying as a nun in the Convent of Soissons. Yet these interesting volumes realised together only three shillings!

Racine.—Interesting Discoveries.

A RETIRED diplomatist, the Viscount de Grouchy, has discovered among the papers of a notary in Paris several highly interesting documents relating to the affairs of the poet Racine. Among them (says the Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph*) are his certificate of marriage and the inventory of his property and of his library. It is hoped that a careful examination of these papers will set at rest a long-standing dispute as to which of two houses that both claim the distinction was the scene of Racine's death. The documents completely refute the prevailing idea that Racine died poor, as among them is an acknowledgment of a debt of 20,000 francs from a prince. Curiously enough, the inventory of the library shows that at the time of his death Racine did not possess a single copy of any of his own works.

Throwing Dice for Bibles.

THE curious custom of raffling for Bibles took place in the parish church of St. Ives, Hunts, on June 7th. The vicar directed the proceedings, and twelve children cast dice for the six Bibles awarded. The custom dates from 1675, and is in accordance with the will of Dr. Wilde, who left £50 to provide a fund for the purpose. It was expended in the purchase of what is still called "Bible Orchard," with the rent of which the books are bought and a small sum paid to the vicar for preaching a special sermon.

Paper from Eleven Mills in One Book.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I recently bought a second-hand book (foolscap size) in Leeds market. On the fly-leaf is written, 'Mr. E. Baines, Leeds, Presented by Thos. B. Macaulay, Esq.' The title of the book is, 'A Penal Code, prepared by the Indian Law Commissioners and published by command of the Governor-General of India in Council, Calcutta. Printed at the Bengal Military Orphan Press, by G. H. Huttman, 1837.' Although there are only 236 pages, the leaves bear the water-marks of eleven paper-makers, having been made during the years 1835–6–7. The names of the makers are as follows: W. Venables and Co.; Richards and Co., London; J. G. (in monogram); John Key and Co., London; E. Morbey and Co., W. Tanner, J. Rump, W. Bickford, J. Whatman, Richard and Wilson, and W. and J. Clark."

Gulstoniana.

II.

IN August, 1891, I wrote a paper of such a title in this periodical, on some old scrap-books formerly belonging to a Joseph Gulston. Who he was I did not then know, but have since found out. "The Dictionary of National Biography"—to which I certainly ought to have referred before—gives two Joseph Gulstons: a father, originally a successful loan-contractor, and afterwards M.P. for Poole, who died 1766, having married Mericas Sylva, daughter of a Portuguese merchant; and a son, who was born 1745 and died 1786, having had by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Stepney, Bart., a third Joseph, who died at the age of twenty-two. Joseph the second is called a connoisseur and collector of antiquities, and was born, says the Dictionary, "under romantic circumstances, on which Miss Clementina Black founded her novel of *Mericas*." Neither authoress nor novel have found their way into Allibone's Dictionary: whether the book might be discovered by ransacking the British Museum, I cannot say.[1]

I have, indeed, no positive evidence to connect my scrap-books with these Gulstons; but all dates correspond, and I think myself

[1] I have often wondered how the British Museum will dispose in future years—surely in some way they must be got rid of—of the enormous number of trashy modern novels and poetry. The plan of rejecting nothing whatever is quite modern, and sooner or later must in the nature of things be modified. Of course care will be necessary: but probably the chief thing required would be to fix a period of compulsory retention of books. Mr. Macray quotes ("Annals of the Bodleian," p. 227) from a return of books rejected by the Cambridge University Library 1814–18, in which works are found by Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth!

quite justified in doing so: after all, it is not a matter of overwhelming importance. I take it for granted, then, that the three first volumes, dated 1731, were constructed by Joseph senior, and the fourth, dated 1767, by his son; and I now proceed to fulfil my promise of making a few extracts from the ballads and broadsides contained in the last of them.

But first I will venture on a personal anecdote. My brother-in-law, a clergyman long dead, had a habit in any light conversation of using the strange phrase, "Amen said the foal," as an expression of assent or resignation. Many games of chess I have played with him, when he has received any unexpected move with "Amen said the foal." At last, when I suppose I was more tired of the phrase than usual, I asked him for some explanation of the words; but he could give none further than that he had always known them: where they came from, or what they meant, or even how he had first heard them, he had not the least idea. Both he and I, therefore, were very much amused when, turning over this same scrap-book one day, we stumbled on a ballad of which these are the four first verses:—

"I'll sing you a Song, if you please to give ear,
Of a young suckling Foal, and a silly old Mare.
The Clerk of the Parish, as you know full well,
Went to Church for to ring the eight o'clock bell.

"But he was so anxious to be at the ale pot,
The door of the Church he forgot for to lock;
The Mare and the Foal both ran in with great speed,
And did look on the book, to try if they could read.

"Says the Mare to the Foal, let's return back again,
For there's nobody here for to answer amen;
Dear Mamma, says the Foal, pray let us stay still,
And I'll say amen, let you read what you will.

"Then first, says the Mare, let us pray for the King,
That he may be blessed with every good thing;
May himself, as also his family whole,
Live long and be happy—Amen, cry'd the Foal."

There are sixteen verses altogether, but they are hardly worth printing: the last is a hope that the Mare may be made parson and the Foal clerk; to which the Foal seemingly says Amen more heartily than usual.

I find three or four hand-bills connected with the Gordon riots; the following is on the so-called Protestant side:

"ENGLAND IN BLOOD.

"On Thursday Morning the 8th inst. at Nine o'Clock will be published, in One Sheet and Half, Folio, Price only Three-Pence, By C. Thompson, No. 159, Fleet-street,

THE THUNDERER:

Addressed to Lord George Gordon, and the glorious Protestant Association; shewing the Necessity of their persevering and being united as One Man, against the infernal Designs of the Ministry, to overturn the religious and civil Liberties of this Country in Order to introduce Popery and Slavery. In this Paper will be given a full Account of the bloody Tyrannies, Persecutions, Plots, and inhuman Butcheries exercised on the Professors of the Protestant Religion in England by the See of Rome, together with the Names of the Martyrs, and their Sufferings; highly necessary to be read at this important Moment by every Englishman, who loves his God and his Country. To which will be added some Reasons why the few misguided people now in Confinement for destroying the Romish Chapels should not suffer, and the dreadful Consequences of an attempt to bring them to Punishment."

This paper Dickens alludes to in "Barnaby Rudge," p. 184, C. D. edition.

The three next appear to be official:

"It is earnestly requested of all peaceable and well-disposed Persons (as well Protestants associated as others) that they will abstain from wearing Blue Cockades; as these Ensigns are now assumed by a Set of Miscreants, whose purpose is to burn this City, and plunder its Inhabitants; and who wish, by distributing amongst better-disposed Persons, and prevailing on them to wear these Marks and Distinctions, to screen themselves from the Detestation and Punishment due to their enormous Crimes;

"And it is farther recommended to all Tradesmen and Masters of Families not to employ or retain in their Service any Persons who distinguish themselves by wearing Blue Cockades."

"NO FRENCH RIOTERS.

"This is to give Notice, That it now appears, that the horrible Riots which have been committed in this City have been promoted

by *French* Money,— and to call upon all Honest Men to stand forth against Rioters who, under the Cloak of Religion, are wantonly destroying our Property, and endeavouring to overset our happy Constitution. If the *French* are suffered by these Means to prevail, Popery will certainly be introduced, which we have no reason to fear from a *British* Parliament."

"Whereas some ill-designing and malicious Persons have published, for the Purpose of disquieting the Minds of His Majesty's faithful Subjects, That it is intended to try the Prisoners, now in Custody, by Martial Law; Notice is given, by Authority, that no such Purpose or Intention has ever been in the Contemplation of Government; but that the said Prisoners will be tried by the due Course of Law, as expeditiously as may be."

And lastly comes this notice of public thanks from the Gordon family:

"DUKE OF GORDON.

"The Duke of Gordon, and Lord William Gordon, finding it impossible personally to wait on the great numbers, to whom their acknowledgments are due, take this method, to return their warmest thanks to the Gentlemen of the Committee of the Protestant Association, as well as to the Witnesses, and all other persons, who from a regard to justice, and humanity, generously, and voluntarily, stept forward to the assistance of their brother, Lord George Gordon, on his late important Trial.

"Upper Grosvenor Street, Feb. 9th, 1781."

There is also a prospectus of the *Morning Herald*, headed with a woodcut of a phœnix issuing amid flame and smoke from a volume of the *Morning Post*, and disgorging a label inscribed *Morning Herald*:

"Surry Street, 23rd October, 1780.

"Mr. Bate respectfully informs those Ladies and Gentlemen who have kindly patronised the *Morning Post* in Compliment to him, that having withdrawn himself and his Connections from that Print, he intends to publish a new Daily Paper, on Wednesday the 1st of November (being the Day after the Sitting of the New Parliament), under the Title of

THE MORNING HERALD AND DAILY ADVERTISER.

For the Support of which, he has made such spirited Arrangements,

and opened such Channels of real Information, as cannot fail, he trusts, to insure it general Approbation.

"Mr. Bate flatters himself that in the Execution of this Undertaking he shall not only continue to receive the kind Assistance of his old Literary Friends, but also the additional Favours of many new Correspondents.

"The Nobility and Gentry who mean to honour this Publication with their Patronage are requested to give early Orders to their Newsmen to prevent a Disappointment.

"Letters to the Editor, Articles of Intelligence, Advertisements, &c., &c., will be gratefully received at the *Morning Herald* Office, which is now opened in Catharine Street, the third Door on the Right-hand Side from the Strand: where two Letter Boxes are affixed in one of the Pillars for the convenience of Correspondents."

Readers of Macaulay will remember the mention of this Reverend (!) Henry Bate-Dudley, for he afterwards took that name, in the essay on Croker's Boswell's Johnson, apropos of his duel about Lady Strathmore in 1777; "it certainly seems almost incredible to a person living in our time that any human being should ever have stooped to fight with a writer in the *Morning Post*." Though this gentleman held preferment both in England and Ireland, he must have been among the most unclerical of the many unclerical clerics of his day; and the duel above mentioned was by no means the only one which he fought. In fact, his most creditable achievements appear to have been as a magistrate, for his services in which capacity he was made a baronet in 1813; and he died as Rector of Willingham, Cambs., and Prebendary of Ely, in 1824, leaving no children, when his title expired.

But to return to the scrap-book, and to mention next a political ballad against Admiral Keppel after his court-martial on the engagement with the French off Ushant in 1778, during the American war. Keppel had been on the unfortunate Byng's court-martial in 1756, and the ballad is supposed to be Keppel's account of an apparition to him of Byng's ghost, in which the latter compares their conduct. It is a parody on *Hosier's Ghost* (I was going to write "the well-known," but I doubt how far the epithet is still applicable), and is headed with an absurd cut of Keppel in full uniform running away from the ghost. Here are some stanzas:

"As near Bagshot I was walking,
Where the dreary Forest shews
Stumps of ancient Oaks decaying,
Interspersed with mournful Yews;

No Sounds, save the Screech-owl hooting,—
Not a Nightingale did sing,—
Sudden to my heated Fancy
Rose the injur'd ghost of BYNG.
Stern he look'd and unforgiving,
Unrelenting shook his Head,—
In his Hand he held *our Sentence*,
Wan advanc'd the ghastly Shade.
Night, he cried, the Time for roving,
Of each miserable Ghost,
Now permits me to remind you
Of *my Life, my Honour lost.*

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Would you me to Death have sentenc'd,
Tell me, KEPPEL, had you known
The very Crime you was condemning
Would so soon have prov'd your own?"
&c., &c., &c.

The "Boys' Own Book" I read forty years ago had as a motto for its section on Legerdemain these lines—or something like them:

" Leaving at length the top and taw
We magic learnt from sage Breslaw,
Flockton, Katterfelto, Jonas,
Gyngell, Moon, Prudhoe, and Comas:
As conjurors at once to prove us,
We vomit fire like Mount Vesuvius."

I do not know whose the lines are, but two at any rate out of the list of conjurors Mr. Gulston patronised: for I find here the prospectuses of Breslaw and Katterfelto. Conjurors are conjurors all the world over, and it is needless to reprint the bills at length, as well for that reason as because modern professors would turn up their noses at them. It is only the phraseology which may amuse, as, for example, Mr. Breslaw "will exhibit quite in a Manner Entirely New, and particularly will tell the Ladies their real Thoughts without asking any Questions." Mr. Katterfelto seems to have been more of a mechanical exhibitor; thus he had "an Optical Operator: By which will be seen an English Fleet in a hot Engagement with the French and Spaniards firing at one another." Probably it was not so intended, but it reads as if it were a triangular duel *à la* Midshipman Easy. "Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp, and Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy." Mr. Katterfelto had also "a Symberdical Clock: the only one in the World: that Clock is possessed to shew the greatest power of

Symberdy." This is quite past me; what Symberdy may be or have been I know not nor can find out; and Dr. Murray has not got to S. yet.

An exhibition of a higher class, and by one whose name is, I believe, still known to artists, was Loutherbourg's Eidophusikon [Philip James de Loutherbourg, a French painter, born 1740, died 1812]. This consisted of "various Imitations of Natural Phenomena, Represented by Moving Pictures, Invented and Painted by Mr. De Loutherbourg, In a Manner entirely New. The Performance divided into Five Scenes. 1st, Aurora, or the Effects of the Dawn, with a View of London from Greenwich Park. 2nd, Noon, the Port of Tangier in Africa, with the distant View of the Rock of Gibraltar and Europa Point. 3rd, Sunset, a view near Naples. 4th, Moon-light, a view in the Mediterranean, the Rising of the Moon contrasted with the Effect of Fire. The conclusive Scene, A Storm and Shipwreck. The Music composed by Mr. Michael Arne," who was, I believe, a brother of the better-known Thomas Arne, Mus. Doc. A smaller bill, probably distributed in the room, states that "if the Company should be any ways incommoded by Heat in the Room, on signifying their Pleasure to the Door-keeper, the Ventilators will immediately remedy that Inconvenience."

It is stated in *Notes and Queries*, 1st ser. vii. 529, that the first regatta held in England was in 1775. However, as this was only on the Thames, it can hardly have been what is now called a regatta: but I find the bill (appropriately headed with seven men-of-war in full sail) of a "Weymouth Grand Regatta for Cutters and Luggers not exceeding Twenty Tons Burthen," which seems more to resemble a modern one. This was on September 4, 1782, and the bill is noted, "As this Festival is held to celebrate and welcome the Arrival of the Orestes Man-of-War, stationed here by the Admiralty for the Protection of the Trade and Coasts of this Neighbourhood, and Man'd solely by Brave and Spirited Volunteers, Inhabitants of this Coast and its Environs, We are assured, that no Press Gang will molest the honest Sailors that attend the Festival on that day."

Lastly, on January 15, 1782, Mr. Gulston gave a ball and supper at Mrs. Hayward's New Rooms at Bath, which cost him £141 4s. 7d.—the odd penny being traceable to the bill for broken china, for which Mrs. Hayward charged £2 10s. 1d. She also supplied 134 persons with "Tea, Negus, &c.," at 1s. 6d. each, and a confectioner provided supper for 150 at 8s. a head. The wine bill consists of three dozen each of Port and Sherry, with smaller

quantities of Champagne Claret, Burgundy, and Frontignac, and comes to £27 2s. The music bill is £14 13s. 6d., and comprises ten musicians at a guinea each, horns and clarionets £2 12s., pipe and tabor one guinea, and (of all queer things) *hurdy-gurdy* half a guinea. The hire of the rooms came to twelve guineas. A few sundries make up the total.

C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

"The Elizabethan Library."

UNDER this title Mr. Elliot Stock is publishing a series of volumes representing the writings of the great authors of the Elizabethan age. The series is edited by Dr. A. B. Grosart, and the first volume, which has just appeared, consists of extracts from the writings of Sir Philip Sidney, by Dr. George Macdonald. The volumes are in a small handy size, suitable for the pocket, printed in antique style on rough paper, and bound in Tudor binding.

The Shakspeare Year 1891-1892.

THE *Birmingham Post* publishes an exceedingly interesting and careful review of the "Shakspeare Year," in which it says: Another Shakspearean year has brought at its close another of the ever-welcome volumes of the American Variorum edition to which Dr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, has devoted so many years of search, study, and care. This ninth of Shakspeare's plays, "The Tempest," was preceded by "As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet" (two volumes). The American "Bankside" Shakspeare has issued its twelfth volume, and it is intended that a twentieth volume shall complete the issue. It is very carefully edited by Mr. Appleton Morgan—one of the most learned and original of American critics of Shakspeare—and each play has been entrusted to accomplished experts. If our American cousins have given us iconoclasts like the late Delia Bacon and the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly to crush our Warwickshire poet, and to put Francis Bacon in his place, they have in various ways done honour to Shakspeare's memory and fame, by the numerous Shakspeare Reading Societies all over the vast area of the States. Still more they have succeeded in "running" at least two Shakspearean serials—a feat never yet accomplished on this side the Atlantic. *Shakspeareana* (New York), in its new quarterly form, has published many useful and scholarly papers often original in form and style. *Poet-Lore*, too, although greatly mixed with Browning, has had some excellent papers during the year. *Per contra*, however, early last year in May, a thunder-cloud loomed over the horizon, and Dr. O. W. Owen, fresh from the Donnelly "cryptogram," devised a key of

his own and worked at it for four years. He established (to his own satisfaction) that Bacon wrote the Shakspeare Plays, that five of these contained twenty-seven complete narratives, also an interesting defence of Bacon against the charge of taking bribes, also that the Virgin Queen was the mother of two sons (Burleigh being the father of one of them), and finally that "Shakspeare was a favourite actor whom Bacon had to murder to save himself from being betrayed as the real author of the plays, and that Shakspeare's head (so says the cypher) was buried in a lead box, and the place of burial so minutely described that Dr. Owen expects to find it, and will visit Europe this summer (May, 1891) with that intention." Dr. Owen has not arrived (April, 1892). The Bacon (or rather the Anti-Shakspeare) Society of London still labours on, and the indefatigable Mrs. Henry Pott has issued another work, "Francis Bacon and His Secret Society." Another similar proposal is the "Baconian"—a mid-American serial which is to study Bacon, and which will be pretty sure to find further revelations that he really did write the so-called Shakspearian Plays. Even on this side the Atlantic we are not free from the learned authors who know little and who find much. The latest culprit—perhaps victim—is a Mr. T. W. White, M.A., who considers "Our English Homer" "historically," and who proves in three hundred pages that Bacon first wrote "Hamlet," and then various other plays, but most specially that Bacon and his brother Antony wrote all the Sonnets; and that "Tarquin and Lucrece" and "Venus and Adonis"—both possibly by Marlowe (to whose papers Shakspeare had access and had probably stolen them); that one line in the Essays is a clear proof that Bacon wrote "Hamlet;" that "Henry VIII." was wholly the work of Bacon, and that Anne Boleyn was an allegory of Mary Queen of Scots.

Our Birmingham Shakspeare Library has had some notable additions during the year. The famous Forrest collection, filling thirty-two thick quarto cases, including 14,380 portraits, prints, views, autographs, &c., &c., illustrating the plays—from foreign as well as English sources—has been purchased, and these will, in due course, be mounted in volumes for the use of readers and students. The year's additions (1891–1892) are (volumes):—English 379, German 3, French 1, Dutch 1, Greek 2, Italian 11, and Portuguese 3; total 400 volumes, now making the contents of the library 9,200 volumes. The volumes issued to readers have been:—English 1,686, German 148, French 74, Dutch 1, Hebrew 2, Italian 9, Polish 2, Russian 94, Spanish 1, and Welsh 3; the total of readers being 2,020.

The "Shakspeare Memorial" at Stratford-on-Avon has had many

additions to its shelves through the librarian (Mr. A. H. Wall), and from the interest on a sum given by Mr. Charles E. Flower for the purchase of books. The "Memorial" has not only a large and valuable library and an art gallery, but a handsome and convenient theatre, wherein Mr. Flower arranged for the performance of Shakspeare's plays during the Easter week: a special and graceful "memory" of Shakspeare in his own town. The visitors for the year (March 1891–1892) have been registered at 15,563 by their signatures, but the receipts show that really 20,103 have visited the birthplace. The British Isles have supplied 9,549, the United States 5,385, Australia 174, Canada 121, Germany 91, France 41, Africa 23, Italy 31, New Zealand 34, India 28, Holland 24, China 10, Russia 9, Switzerland 6, Spain 5, Austria 4, West Indies 4, Brazil 4, Norway 4, Sweden 2, Bohemia 1, Japan 1, Roumania 1, Samoa Islands 1. The most notable incident connected with the Shakspearean sites at Stratford has been the offering for sale of Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, at a very extravagant price—£3,300—the ground being less than a quarter of an acre, the cottage in a dilapidated state, needing many repairs, and the total value not more than £500, exclusive of the value of the "associations" and the donations of visitors, perhaps £50 a year. The Executive Committee of the Birthplace Trust, however, decided to accept the final offer, or rather demand, of £3,000. This will doubtless be duly confirmed by the trustees at their annual meeting, and the "cottage" will be hereafter under the management of the local trustees.

The "New Shakspeare Society" holds its meetings, and at irregular intervals issues transactions. It seems to have some interesting papers and some important discussions, as for example Mr. Round's "Analogies of the Thaisa story in 'Pericles,'" and the "'Lear' Story in Celtic Mythology," by Professor Rhys; and a very full discussion of "Henry VIII." A paper more generally interesting was Mr. Tyler's on the "Latest Objections to the Herbert-Fitton Theory of the Sonnets"—a very complicated discussion about the "dark lady" in the Sonnets involving much pen and ink, some photographing in Gawsworth Church, and a visit to Arbury Hall, Nuneaton, to inspect the portraits there. The Clifton (Bristol) Shakspeare Society continues to do much good work and to set an excellent example to other places.

Literature is still enriched by Dr. W. Aldis Wright's "Cambridge Shakspeare," issued quarterly with exemplary punctuality. Among miscellaneous literature there are several pamphlets well worth a

passing note. One is very curious, "The Shakspeare Hymn Tune Book;" the tunes composed and harmonised by William Lowes Rushton, who will be remembered as the author of several pamphlets on the Legal Knowledge of Shakspeare, some thirty years ago. Another is an "excerpt" from *Longman's Magazine*, February, 1892, on the puzzling *crux* "Runaways eyes" in "Romeo and Juliet," in which Mr. John W. Hales quotes Greek and Latin, &c., &c., and comes to the conclusion that "Runawaye's" should be "Runawayes," and thus making the phrase clear without altering the word. Another curiosity has a very absurd title, "The Stolen Key," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1892, which would never be taken to refer to Shakspeare's Sonnets! The author (R. Shindler) argues that the Sonnets are not to be taken in consecutive or in chronological order, that they were "made up" piratically during Shakspeare's absence from London, that the volume does not contain all that Shakspeare wrote, and does contain many that were not from his pen. Another literary curiosity appeared in the *New Review*, September, 1891, by H. D. Traill, arguing partly from Charles Lamb's well-known remark that the plays of Shakspeare were marred by "literature" and were unfitted for the stage, and fit only to be read. "Great Speeches from Shakspeare's Plays" is a novelty, collected and annotated by W. S. Dalgleish in a hundred and sixty pages. Another curious pamphlet, "The Long Desiderated Knowledge of the Life and Personality of Shakspeare," is a summary of the results of two remarkable volumes, issued by "Clelia" in 1890 and 1892, under the strange titles "God in Shakspeare" and "Great Pan Lives." Another example of very careful and original study of Shakspeare appeared in a Manchester newspaper in December, 1891, on the "Genesis of Macbeth" (by J. T. Foard), a learned and minute criticism of the play from the historic, as well as æsthetic, point of view.

Germany, as heretofore, is again well represented by the twenty-sixth volume of the Weimar "Jahrbuch"—with three hundred pages of records of excellent work. The statistics of the numerous performances of Shakspeare's plays in 1890 throughout Germany, and even in the smaller towns, is a rather unpleasant commentary on the appreciation of Shakspeare in his own country. Dr. W. Victor has followed "King Lear" by the first and second quartos and the folio reprints of "Hamlet." Herr C. Schilter in his "Original Shakspeare Roman" (Mutze, Leipzig) endeavours to account for the poet's life from 1585 to 1589. He is irreverent enough to make "Bill" (!) one of a group of strolling players who visited Germany, and he also

makes "Bill" a *persona grata* at the Court of Würtemberg, which sends him to be educated at the University of Tübingen, &c., &c. France has not contributed much to Shakspearean literature during the past year, but several Shakspearian plays have been performed, and one especially, "La Mégère Apprivoisée" (Taming of the Shrew) has been more fully approved than could have been expected. Our Antipodean Shakspeareans continue to extend their work, and especially so in Melbourne.

In addition to the above statistics, it may be mentioned that more than twenty thousand persons visited Shakspeare's birthplace last year, and of these, roughly speaking, three-fourths inscribed their names with indications of their nationalities in the visitors' book. The British Isles contributed to these figures 9,546 persons, America 5,385, Australia 174, Canada 121, Germany 91, and Holland 24. Then come Africa 23, Austria 4, Belgium 3, Brazil 4, China 10, Denmark 2, Egypt 3, Fiji Islands 2, France 41, India 28, Italy 31, Japan 1, New Zealand 34, Norway 4, Roumania 1, Russia 9, Spanish Islands 1, Spain 5, Sweden 2, Switzerland 6, and West Indies 4.

A Ballad of Burdens.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE burden of book-buying. Thy whole creed
 To crowd thy gaping shelves—at war with Fate
And Time that brings no hour of grace to read
 The books to which thy life is consecrate.
 In thy choice finds the fond initiate
Seeks out stray faults to raise thy bitter ire,
 Thy cherished tomes book-cynics underrate;
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of years wasted. Vain delight,
 To spend thy life in ceaseless book-hunting,
With Will-o'-Wisp to build thee dreams at night,
 And in the daytime ceaseless envying:
 New fantasies the changeful hours bring
To weave across thy brain in threads of fire,
 But all thy pleasance hath an adder's sting—
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of odd volumes. Deep regret,
 And grievous lamentation day and year,
The hollow incompleteness of thy set
 To taunt thee from the bookshelves. White Despair
 That haunts the wind and moans within thine ear
The weary round of lists which never tire
 With every book but those *you* need marked there;
This is the end of every man's desire.

L'ENVOY.

Princes, 'tis true of others than thyselves,
 Death holds the prize to which our lives aspire—
Dead hopes—and broken faiths—and dusty shelves—
 This is the end of every man's desire.

PAUL HERRING.

Book Burning.

MILTON, in his prose masterpiece, "Areopagitica," has nobly said: "As good almost to kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself." The merest glance over Mr. Farrer's entertaining and instructive work on "Books Condemned to be Burnt," recently issued in the Book-Lover's Library series (Elliot Stock), will force one to the conclusion that English history includes the names of a very numerous band of men in high places who have not duly expiated their manifold sins and wickednesses begotten of burning books. Bitter and uncompromising as were for centuries the persecutions visited upon both authors and publishers, and desperate as were the efforts to burn every book proscribed by an intolerant bigotry or fatuous authority, it seems strange at first sight that even a single copy of many condemned books should have come down to posterity. But a book is the most difficult thing in nature to kill—indeed, it may be said to be, like the soul, imperishable. We believe we are correct in asserting that no proscribed book has vanished completely out of existence through burning or otherwise, although in some instances only one or two copies may be known to bibliographers. Likely enough a particular edition may have faded entirely out of existence, but the book itself exists in a substantial form, smiling, as it were, at the effete attempts of its would-be murderers.

Book burning is not an institution which dates its beginnings with the introduction of printing. Mr. Farrer clearly points out that since the days when Jehoiakim, the son of Josiah, burnt the book published conjointly by Jeremiah and Baruch, it has been the endeavour of those who have been inconvenienced by their contents to get rid of books by burning them. In nearly every instance the pastime has had results distinctly the reverse to what its eminent patrons desired; and that perversity of human nature which animates men to possess forbidden things has nearly always triumphed. The very fact of a book being condemned to the ignominy of burning creates an extremely widespread interest in it, and arouses a curiosity which

otherwise would have had no part or parcel in its life and death, so to speak. To retain a copy of a book after it was condemned was, in the eyes of the law, an unpardonable offence; and if not a few of the law-breakers were detected, and paid the penalty—usually very severe—of their temerity, those who escaped may be considered as benefactors to posterity. It is not at all strange that the political, theological, or social reasons which obtained in the destruction of certain books should appear absurd to us at the present day, for the temperament, conditions, and agitations of times long since past are not now easily understood. Read in the light of to-day not one of these books appears at all dangerous or likely to cause any very great commotion; and for us it is difficult to understand how, even in an age of ignorance, superstition, and oppression, they could have made things uncomfortable for those in authority. Such, however, appears to be the case, and as "facts is facts," we are bound to accept them as such. Mr. Farrer's delightful book teems with facts, and he practically covers the whole range of the subject, so far as book-burning in England is concerned. But it seems more than passing strange that the institution existed, to a certain extent, just over forty years ago, for the Rev. A. Blomfield writes from Beverston Rectory, Tetbury, Gloucestershire: "My private journal records—'Sewell burnt Froude's book.' The history is this: The burnt book was mine. I had just bought the 'Nemesis of Faith,' or as it was called, 'Faith with a Vengeance,' when on Tuesday morning, Feb. 27, 1849, I, an undergraduate of Exeter College, attended a lecture in hall. The Rev. William Sewell, Sub-Rector of Exeter College (not 'Dean of the Chapel') was lecturer. He declaimed loudly against Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith.' Hearing, on my own confession, that I possessed it, he requested me to bring 'that book to him.' No sooner had I complied with his request (Sewell was my college tutor) than he snatched the book from my hands and thrust it into the blazing fire of the college hall. I see him now, with hall poker in hand, in delightful indignation, poking at this, to him, obnoxious book. In a few hours this 'burning of the book' was known all over Oxford. The book became famous—editions multiplied. I lost my 'Nemesis of Faith;' I think I lost 'Faith' in my college tutor, for at least he should have recouped costs (3s. 6d., I believe, was the book's price), or presented me with an antidote in the form of one of his books—*e.g.*, 'Sewell's Christian Morals.' Not he. O tempora! O mores!'

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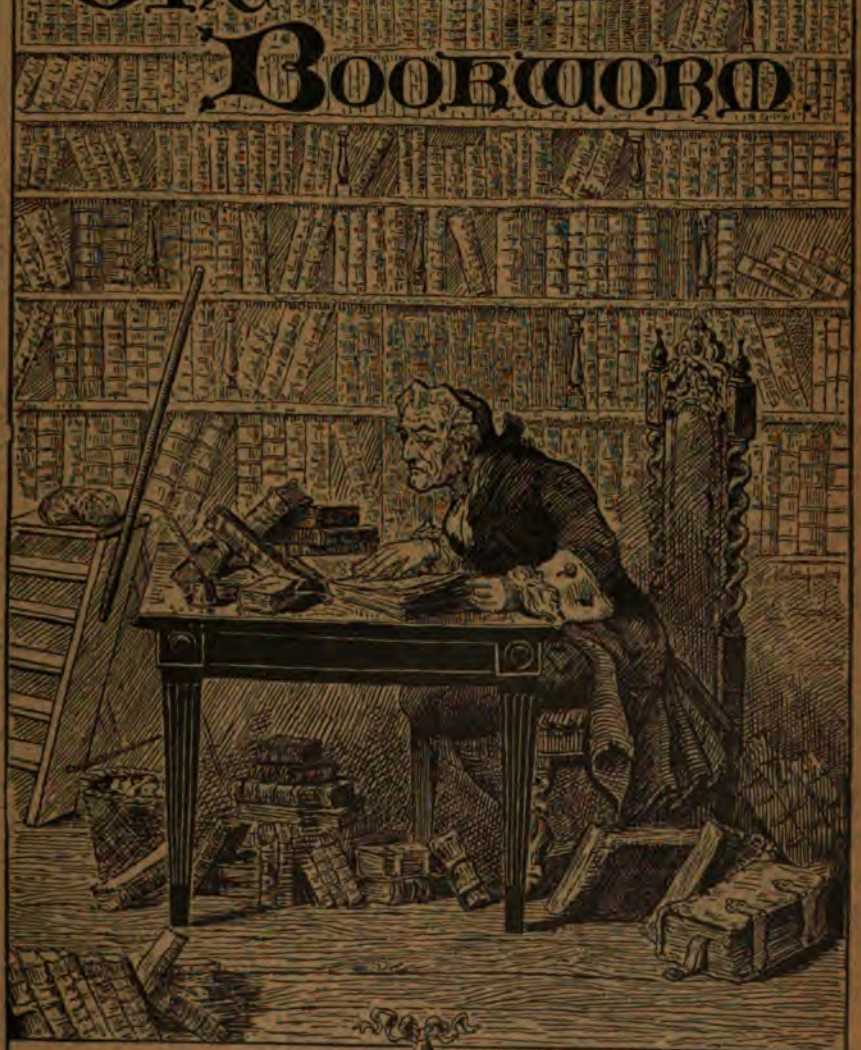
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LIBRARY.

Some Technical Libraries.

III.

THE LIBRARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THIS, the oldest and most important Society in England dealing with history and archæology, was founded more than three hundred years ago. For a long period it led a precarious sort of existence, and unless the members had been great enthusiasts and deeply in love with the subject of their studies, they could scarcely have survived the many difficulties and oppositions which it was their misfortune to encounter. In the troublous times of James I., who suspected mischief on every side, the Society was compelled to suspend its sittings, and for a long interval of years following we hear very little about it. During nearly the whole of the seventeenth century it remained, as it were, in abeyance, but in 1706 we find it emerging from obscurity, and meeting more or less regularly at the Bear Tavern in the Strand. From thence the members shifted to the Young Devil Tavern near Temple Bar; again, a year or two later, to the Fountain Tavern; from thence they migrated to the Mitre Tavern, Fleet Street; and yet another move was made in 1752 to somewhat more settled quarters in the Society's House in Chancery Lane. The Society made an abortive effort to obtain a charter of incorporation from Queen Elizabeth, but it was not until 1750 that they secured the royal favour, when the king was pleased to declare himself "Founder and Patron."

The Antiquaries were now in a flourishing condition, and the

Society was increasing in numbers and influence. Outgrowing the premises in Chancery Lane, they set about finding a more settled residence, and eventually His Majesty George III. assigned to their use more convenient apartments at Somerset House. Here, until quite recently, they continued to meet and to develop schemes and carry out designs which have enriched our historical and archæological stores and cognate branches of study and research to an incalculable extent. Diligently and unobtrusively this association of eminent and earnest men, welded together by kindred tastes, has prosecuted the great work of preserving what was in danger of being lost, and of collecting and amplifying and making readily accessible immense stores of knowledge.

Yet again its quarters became cramped, and the Society had to cast about for a new and more suitable place of residence. The members had greatly increased in number; moreover, a library of 20,000 volumes had been accumulated, and the accommodation was altogether inadequate.

At length the Society secured a final abiding-place in Burlington House, the home of so many learned bodies, the first meeting of the Fellows taking place December 4, 1875. The apartments, if not so ornately decorated as those occupied by the Royal Society, are admirably adapted for the purposes to which they are put, and calculated to impress the visitor with a due sense of the dignity and importance of their illustrious tenant. On the ground-floor are the Meeting Room and other rooms and offices, while the upper-floor is chiefly devoted to the library. The principal division here is lofty, and well lighted by windows overlooking the quadrangle. The ceiling is partly supported on pillars, and a gallery is carried round three sides of the room. The walls are mostly hidden by the valuable collection of books contributed from time to time by generous donors and purchased with the funds of the Society, while portraits in oils, and marble busts and wax medallions of eminent Fellows further enhance the attractiveness of this part of the building. The library is also provided with the electric light, and with the usual provision for writing and quiet study.

Of the portraits and pictures in the possession of the Society a word may be said in passing. Among the former are a number of very valuable original paintings, notably those of Queen Mary, by Lucas de Heere, and original paintings of Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III., which have been copied from time to time into historical works and in some of our best periodicals. On the walls of the staircase is a folding picture on panel, painted by John

Gipkyn, giving a view of old St. Paul's with the scene of the preaching before King James I.

The indexing of the contents of the library has been very completely carried out, and the method adopted for speedy reference is at once ingenious and simple. With works which come specifically under the head of reference books the library is well supplied. A munificent donor in this particular was Albert Way, the well-known antiquary, for some time Director of the Society, and for many years the leading spirit of the *Archæological Journal.* He was the editor of the "Promptorium Parvulorum" by Galfridus, one of the publications of the Camden Society. This forms an important contribution to English lexicography, being an English-Latin dictionary of the earlier half of the fifteenth century, illustrative of the provincial dialects of East Anglia, and of the arts and manners of bygone times. Its pages are enriched with notes gathered during the progress of the work, which appeared in three parts between the years 1843 and 1865. The "Ortus Vocabularum," by Wynkyn de Worde (1514), is included in the invaluable collection of dictionaries and vocabularies accumulated during the progress of this work, and afterwards presented to the Society.

The "Archaeologia" may be mentioned in this connection. This remarkable work, as the modest sub-title states, consists of "miscellaneous tracts relating to antiquity," and comprises a first series of fifty volumes, and a newly commenced series of three volumes. The publication of this costly work was begun in 1770. In 1809 the Society issued a carefully compiled index to the first fifteen volumes, in 1844 an index to volumes sixteen to thirty, and in 1889 a new general index to the first fifty volumes, thus affording ready access to this rich storehouse of antiquarian lore.

Arthur Ashpital, the architect, scholar, and antiquary, was another generous donor to the bookshelves of the Society, and the collection of books presented by him in 1869 on almost all branches of antiquarian study, including costly works on architecture, is deservedly much esteemed. Among the rarest books in this gift is the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," printed at Venice by Aldus in 1499, and "Legenda Aurea," dated 1473. The former is perfect in every respect. A copy of this very rare work was recently sold by public auction for £80, and another a few years ago for £114.

On the study of the national architecture of this country the influence of the Society of Antiquaries has been very great. Evidence of the practical manner in which that influence was brought to bear is to be found in the folio volumes, published between the years

1795 and 1813, which contain illustrations of the chapel of St. Stephen's, Westminster, the cathedral churches of Exeter, Durham, and Gloucester, and of the abbey churches of Bath and St. Albans. There are also numerous architectural drawings in the execution of which the Society engaged several well-known artists. Some of these are unpublished. A collection of historical prints which was also prepared at the expense of the Society, engraved from drawings by Vertue and other artists, may be conveniently described here. Chief among this unique collection is that of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which was drawn from the original by E. Edwards, engraved by James Basire, and published in 1774. It is said to be the largest copper-plate up to that time engraved. A paper of extraordinary dimensions was manufactured expressly for the purpose, and this is supposed to be the original of the size now technically known among paper-makers as Antiquarian.

Topography is a strong feature in the library, and in this section there are numerous volumes of prints and drawings, for the nucleus of which the Society is indebted to Lord Coleraine, who presented in 1754 a valuable collection of topographical prints formed by him.

The only gift of books in the library which is kept separately is an extensive collection that was bequeathed to the Society by F. W. Fairholt in 1866. It comprises nearly two hundred volumes dealing with Pageantry, ranging from the years 1530 to 1859. These are full of artistic and historical interest, many being of great rarity, and the collection as a whole is unique of its kind. In 1843, Fairholt produced the "Lord Mayor's Pageants," which appeared as two volumes, under the auspices of the now defunct Percy Society. He afterwards presented the work to the Society of Antiquaries in four handsome folio volumes very extensively illustrated, with the addition of numerous drawings and engravings. Fairholt was engaged for many years in the making of this collection, and in so doing he rendered a great service to the historian and the student of pageantry and costume.

To antiquaries, but not necessarily to bookish men, Albert Way's collection of seals, which was given to the Society at the same time as his books, will appeal strongly. The subject of Heraldry is represented by one of the finest known copies of Dame Juliana Berners' "Book of St. Albans," which was printed in 1486, and which is therefore contemporary with Caxton. This is the first printed English armorial (and second European), the first printed book on field sports and heraldry, the first book with engravings printed in colours, the first printed book containing English popular

rhymes, and one of the rarest books of the early English press. It may be remembered that Leigh Hunt in one of his inimitable essays refers delightfully to this "old lady,' who, by the way, according to modern bibliographers, was not an "old lady" at all, the instructions in this book being for the "bairns" of St. Julian's School at St. Albans, and addressed to them as from the Dame or schoolmistress.

In a cabinet in the library is a set of the early editions of Camden's "Britannia," including the *editio princeps*, 1586. The smallness of these books contrasts curiously in point of size with a Gough's Camden of 1806 in the library in four stately folio volumes. Contiguous to the early editions of Camden are a number of books of venerable age, which may be enumerated without comment. There are here works of Francesco Petrarca, including "I Triumphi," printed at Venice, 1494; Janua's "Catholicon" (no date), and another copy printed at Venice 1495; "De Oratore" of Tullius Cicero, Nuremberg, 1497; a first edition of the "Etymologicum Magnum Græcum," Venice, 1499; Eusebius' "Historia Ecclesiastica," Mantua, 1479; a copy of Pynson's "Magna Charta," 1514, and an Aldine "Dictionarium Græcum," 1520. Amongst the miscellaneous section we observed a well-aged copy of Dante's "Divine Comedy" by Petro Cremonense, 1491, and near to this Lord Warner's superb edition of the "Inferno" in three folio volumes, which was issued between the years 1858 and 1865; "Del Peregrino," by Cavicæo of Parma, published at Venice, 1520; "De Arbitriis" of Johannes Baptista, published at Leyden, 1512; the "Supplementum," printed by Hailbrun, Venice, 1476; the "Vocabularius Rerum" (in the Way collection), printed by Keller, 1478; the "Liber Chronicarum" of Hartmann, Nuremberg, 1493; the "Speculum Vitæ Humanæ" of Rodericus, Bishop of Zamora, 1471.

The Society of Antiquaries may be justly proud of their comparatively small but precious collection of manuscripts. The topographical portion of this section comprises the Prattinton collection, which relates to Worcestershire. In addition to the MS. portion of the collection there are a number of tracts and books bearing on the county, as well as scrap-books, prints, plans, and portraits. A small auxiliary collection was, some few years ago, presented by Richard Woolfe. There are collections of documents, drawings, &c., by William Smith, relating to the University of Oxford, Habington to Worcester, and Warburton to Berkshire and other counties. They have each been often drawn upon by county historians.

An extremely rare manuscript is the Winton "Domesday" in

an early binding. The Psalterium of Robert de Lindsey is a very remarkable English MS. of 1236; it is magnificently illuminated, and the colourings and designs are, as Ruskin once pointed out, peculiarly English and quite distinct in character from manuscripts of the period which were produced out of the country. The Obit Roll of John Islip, who died 1532, which is also here, contains a representation of the old high altar of Westminster Abbey. Mr. Brewer has recently used the evidence of this roll in the restored high altar which appeared in the *Builder* of July 2nd last. A bulky MS., "Contents of the Jewell House of Henry VIII.," contains the entry of the enamelled gold cup which lately excited so much interest at the British Museum. This cup was presented by James I. to the Constable Velasco; it was afterwards stolen or disposed of, and has only quite recently come to light again. Half of this inventory is in the British Museum, the other portion, as already stated, being in the library of the Society of Antiquaries.

The manuscripts further include Weever's original MS. copy of the Funeral Monuments; the original wardrobe accounts relating to the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II.; illuminated rolls and arms of the thirteenth century, various illuminated pedigrees, and a variety of illuminated Books of Hours and private Devotions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Nearly all of these contain beautifully coloured and executed pictures and initial letters, and are among the finest examples of the richly illuminated manuscripts of the period immediately prior to the discovery of printing.

In our examination of the contents of the library we were assisted both by Mr. W. H. St. John Hope and Mr. E. C. Ireland, and to the extreme courtesy of these gentlemen we owe several very pleasant and profitable hours passed in the fascinating pursuit of handling rare old tomes and books venerable of age and priceless in value. In a necessarily short sketch like this it is obviously difficult to do justice to the subject, and though it has been impossible to avoid omitting many particulars of interest, the impression conveyed—the correct one—will doubtless be that the library of the Society of Antiquaries is a goodly storehouse of those treasures which the bookworm holds so dear.

E. WHITFIELD CROFTS.

Our Note-Book.

WE announced some time ago in the pages of THE BOOKWORM Mr. Quaritch's intention of publishing a "Dictionary of English Book-collectors." The first part of this great undertaking has at length appeared, and we have a peculiar pleasure in welcoming it, inasmuch as the nucleus of the longer of the two articles—that on the Library of Cranmer, by Prebendary Burbidge—was first published in THE BOOKWORM. The work is to be an alphabetical dictionary, printed in double columns, in royal octavo size—similar in outward form to Brunet's "Manuel du Libraire." As it would be impossible to gauge beforehand the extent of the dictionary, or the number of names which it will include, it is proposed to print each article on a separate leaf as soon as it is ready. The need of supplementary alphabets, and the vexation of knowing that several letters of the alphabet are imperfectly treated, is thus obviated, and the work itself will be made capable of extension to the fullest degree in a single alphabet. The first part deals, as we have already said, with the books of Cranmer, to which twenty-eight pages are devoted, in which four facsimiles of the great prelate's signature are given. The second book-collector dealt with is Bilibald Pirkheimer, of Nuremberg (1470–1530), to whom and to whose books six pages are devoted, besides which there are three plates—Durer's portrait of Pirkheimer, his book-plate by the same artist, and an allegorical design imagined by himself, and perhaps sketched for him by Dürer. This article is written by Mr. M. Kerney, whose knowledge of European bibliography is probably unsurpassed by any other living person. To each of these articles is prefixed a few necessary bibliographical details, and the present locations of many

of the books are clearly indicated. Those who have devoted the most time to the study of bibliography as an exact science will best appreciate the labour which has been expended on this work, so far as it has gone, and the absurdly low price at which it is published ought to ensure for it the widest sale among bookmen.

* * * *

A new book by the author of "Obiter Dicta"—which, by the way, has reached a thirteenth edition—is certain of a welcome from a very large number of readers; and if "Res Judicatæ" (Elliot Stock) deals, as it does, with subjects which have been pretty well done to death, it has at all events the advantage and the merit of dealing with them in a bright and not too exhaustive a manner. With two exceptions, the twelve chapters of which the book is formed have already appeared in print, whilst the exceptions have received the circumscribed publicity incident to lectures. Mr. Birrell has been peculiarly happy in his selection of subjects, for who could write dully on the letters of Charles Lamb, or on such attractive personalities as George Borrow, Hazlitt, Matthew Arnold, Sainte-Beuve, or the Reformation? The essay we like best, however, deals with the apparently least interesting individual in English letters—Samuel Richardson, the printer-novelist; and the reader of this essay who has been content to consider "as read" the interminable novels so grimly caricatured by Fielding, will feel "almost persuaded" into a course of Richardsonian study. We would not be understood to recommend this, but the inveterate reader of modern novels might find it by no means a profitless task. We can thoroughly commend Mr. Birrell's little book of essays as both entertaining and instructive. It is scarcely likely that they will achieve an "Obiter Dicta" popularity, but they are quite as well worth reading.

* * * *

The second part of Mr. Bertram Dobell's "Catalogue of a Collection of Privately Printed Books," and issued from "Ye Bibliomaniac's Paradise," 54, Charing Cross Road, London, is, like the first, full of interest, to say nothing of its genuine bibliographical value. Mr. Dobell is not content with quoting the titles of the various books and pamphlets under notice, but gives in many instances the entire gist of the preface, which is usually the most explicit *raison d'être* of the book's existence; and in the case of poetry, the compiler both criticises and gives specimens, which are sometimes good and at others the reverse. Many of the books enumerated in this excellent catalogue are very well known to

travellers in out-of-the-way regions of literature, but the identification of the authors will in several instances be a welcome revelation. That Mr. Dobell has spared no pains to make his list as complete in itself as possible is patent to every bookish man, and the wonder is that he can afford to give so much labour for the small change which he has affixed to the parts of this catalogue.

* * * *

Although not quite in the line of THE BOOKWORM, we can hardly withhold a word or two of praise from the admirable catalogue of Art and Antiquities offered for sale by Mr. Tregaskis, of High Holborn. It includes many items of literary interest, and among its illustrations is one of an Ex-Libris Chippendale book-plate of fine design, the original copper-plate (offered by Mr. Tregaskis) of which has the central portion blank for engraving name, crest, or monogram. The woodcuts reproduced range from those which appear in the list of Early Printed Books in the Lambeth Library, to the severely modern ones by Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Bernard Partridge, and Mr. Harrison Weir. Altogether the catalogue is one to keep.

* * * *

The subject of Columbus and the discovery of America is getting rather tiresome, and books thereon a weariness to the long-suffering reviewer. Mr. Alexander Innes's "Life and Adventures of Christopher Columbus" (David Bryce and Son, Glasgow) possesses the merits of being both pretty in its get-up and small in its dimensions. The frontispiece of the discovery of the New World, from the painting of Brugada, in the Naval Museum, Madrid, might be taken to represent anything; and, in spite of the fact that "clever experts have recently established the genuineness" of this painting, we have yet to be convinced that it is either a faithful or a true representation of the kind of craft in which Columbus made his first voyage of discovery. However, be that as it may, we can commend Mr. Innes's condensed sketch of the discoverer's life and adventures.

* * * *

From the same firm of publishers comes another extremely pretty little book, compiled by our friend and contributor, Mr. W. A. Clouston, and entitled "Some Persian Tales, from Various Sources." Of the eight stories given in this little book, five are from a collection entitled "Mahbub al-Kalúb," or Delight of Hearts, from which they were translated by Rehatsek, the celebrated orientalist, to whom

reference was made in a recent number of THE BOOKWORM, and who died at Bombay in December, 1891. Mr. Clouston's notes and appendix will be found very helpful, whilst the tales will sufficiently prove that Oriental fertility of imagination has not exhausted itself in "The Thousand and One Nights."

Old Books in America.

A DECISION given by Judge Putnam, of Massachusetts, has set at rest a question as to the importation of old books into the United States, which was becoming rather exciting. It all turned on the interpretation of a clause in the M'Kinley Tariff Act. As it would be absurd to regard a copy of an old English book—say a first folio of Shakespeare, or the precious little volume containing Keats's "Lamia" and "Hyperion"—as competing with any American industry, Congress wisely determined that old books should be exempt, and it fixed the limit at twenty years. But owing to a construction which seems to turn partly on the absence of a comma, it was contended that the mere repair of the binding—and most old books in the original binding have been "backed" or otherwise repaired—within that time would entail forfeiture of the privilege. Judge Putnam, however, of the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of Massachusetts, has decided that books that have been bound for twenty years are entitled to free entry in spite of subsequent repairs.

Authors and Booksellers.

THREE interesting letters from Sterne, Rousseau, and Southey, to their booksellers, have just come into the market, and of which we here give the gist:—That from Laurence Sterne is addressed to Mr. Becket, bookseller, in the Strand, and is dated Montpellier, Oct. 18th, 1763. He says: "I wrote my last letter to you from hence with so much haste, that I forgot the principal thing I had in my Intention, and which I had in a former letter desired you to be so good as to inform me about —I mean, what is the real state of our accounts; or in other words, how many sets of *Shandy* you have got off to Booksellers and others since the 7th of last April. I am much obliged to you for your leave to let me draw upon you for the Summ you mentioned—but should be infinitely more easy to know how much you have in your hands of mine. Wherefore dear sir favour me with an exact state of this—for tho' tis more a matter of Curiosity than any Thing else—Yet I would rather have it satisfyed now than 3 months hence when I shall see you and have all things in Course settled. . . ." &c.

The letter from Jean Jacques Rousseau to Monsieur Duchesne, publisher, Paris, Sunday, 23rd May, is longer, but has no date of the particular year in which it was written. He says:—"I owe you my thanks, Sir; you treat me too magnificently in sending the copy (portrait?) of Mdlle. Le Vasseur, which was much too good for me. But why did you not send the copy in 12° as I asked of you? Do you fear I should use it to annoy you? Hearing no further mention of my treatise on the (Social Contract) 'contract social,' I believed the parcel from Rey, taken by the English, has gone to London. If the arrangement proposed by M. Saillam is agreeable to you I shall

be very pleased, the more so, as this work has been quoted and extracts made from it in the treatise on Education, and would serve as a kind of appendix, and the two together making a complete volume. But this book, not having been at all intended for circulation in France, I have never spoken of it in this country; and further, its publication here would place it in rivalry with yours; it should then, naturally, be suppressed, and I recognise beforehand, with great pleasure, that if it runs a certain course in Paris it will only be by the care you take in coupling them together. Moreover, there is so little likelihood that a preference should be made as there are only two copies in Paris, both having come by the post, I have not yet had one single copy—mine are coming in the parcel of M. Gaillam. If you would kindly also do me the favour of undertaking the distribution, it would be very convenient to me, and I shall not require to make two lists. Here is a supplement to that which I have sent you; you can send the parcels during the week at your convenience, as there is no hurry. . . . Here I am, having been miserably retaken, and I suffer more than ever. Good-day, Sir, Mdlle. Le Vasseur sends you her very sincere thanks. As I shall suffer from some inquietude until all this will be settled, you will oblige me by keeping me informed from time to time how things are progressing, as I always fear you have risked too much. As I understand you always require card-board boxes, I return those you have put in the packet. As to another matter, do not pay further l'Epine as henceforth. I shall pay him all the commissions he does for me to you, or from you to me, commencing with this one. Return the sheet P of vol. iii. to M. Neaulme, as he complains much of this *qui pro quo*, and I find he is not wrong."

The third is from Robert Southey to Joseph Cottle, and is dated Keswick, April 30th, 1829:—"The day before yesterday I received your books, forwarded to me from Sheffield by Montgomery:—Wordsworth's shall be sent to him on the first opportunity. You would ere this have received from me some remembrances of the same kind, if Murray had not, for some reason or other, thought it advisable to delay the publication of both my books. Both however he has been desired to send to you when they are published. The two poems may, each in its way, amuse you, they are such as I might have written thirty years ago. I wish the prints in the prose works would tempt you and your sister to come and see the scenes which are there represented:—more of this presently.

"You ask my opinion upon your 9th Essay. I am too ignorant to form one. . . . This I can truly say that the Essays in general

please me very much, that I am very glad to see those concerning Chatterton introduced there,—and very much admire the manner and the feeling with which you have treated Psalmanazar's story. You tell me things respecting Chatterton which were new to me, and of course, interest me much. It may be worth while when you prepare a copy for republication to corroborate the proof of his insanity by stating that there was a constitutional tendency to such a disease. Which places the fact beyond all doubt." He then suggests some corrections with regard to certain antiquarian statements in Cottle's Essays. Mentions Bunyan. "When you and I meet in the next world, we will go and see John Bunyan together, and tell him how I have tinkered the fellow (for tinker him I will) who has endeavoured to pick a hole in his reputation. . . . There are two dreams which may be said to haunt me, they recur so often: the one is that of being at Westminster again and not having my school books. The other is that I am at Bristol, and have been there some indefinite time, and unaccountably have never been to look for you at St. Paul's Square, for which I am troubled in conscience."



A "Biblia Pauperum."

A COPY of this extremely rare Bible has now safely reached London, after many risks, owing to the jealousy of the Italian Government lest a national treasure should slip out of the hands of the nation. This is a picture Bible, recording in forty illustrations the leading facts of salvation, as disclosed in the New Testament, with subordinate engravings taken from Old Testament history. The present possessor of the treasure obtained it at a sale in Rome recently held, through Olschki of Venice, for 15,800f. (about £632). There are thirty-six pages out of forty originally issued, and they are mounted upon cardboard. Each page measures 10½in. by 7⅝in., and the paper is extremely thin, though in excellent preservation. This work is supposed to have been printed about 1440, though compiled by Bonaventura, a general of the Franciscans, about 1260. Each page is printed from a wooden block, and the ink is still black. At the top and bottom of each page are the portraits of kings, prophets, and saints, out of whose mouths flow ribbons inscribed with Latin words; the corners of the pages are filled in with Latin texts explanatory of the three pictures which occupy the middle of the page. The centre one is always a New Testament theme, while to right and left are subjects taken from the Old Testament. There is no pretension to character or beauty in the figures; the perspective is ludicrous; and the incident is always treated from a purely local standpoint. The portrait of David figures very frequently, and varies in character. All the figures wear boots; some have high heels, others have pointed toes, and in the representation of Moses before the Burning Bush there is introduced a pair of thick-soled laced boots. In very many of the pictures there are soldiers clad in mediæval armour, and castles of an Italian type are introduced. The chariot by which Elijah ascended into heaven resembles a soap box mounted on small wheels, and Jonah is represented as being swallowed by a whale with immense teeth. All the animals introduced have human faces, and are most quaint. As illustrating the very dawn of pictorial art this "Biblia" is exceedingly valuable. This copy is of the same issue as those in the King's Library at the British Museum and in the Althorp collection, but there are minute differences as compared with other copies in existence, such as delights the heart of the bibliographer.

The Finest Private Library in the World.

IT is not without a keen feeling of regret that we make the announcement that Lord Spencer has resolved to sell the famous Althorp Library. Agricultural depression and low prices have made themselves so severely felt by nearly all the great landowners of the country that no announcement of the kind is now received with much surprise; but none the less is it permitted to be sorry for the hard necessity which commands the dispersal of the finest private library in the world. The expression is strong; but it is that of Renouard, echoed by Dibdin and by many another bibliographer down to our own day. The seven large volumes in which Dibdin, in his garrulous manner, describes the "Bibliotheca Spenceriana" tell but half the story of the wonderful collection, formed at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century by George John, second Earl Spencer. Neither money, nor energy, nor skill was spared by that indefatigable collector. He lived at the right moment, when revolution and war were everywhere causing property to change hands; he had a fine taste of his own, and the best possible assistance; and, though he often bought whole libraries for absurdly small sums, he did not care what he paid, if to pay heavily was necessary. The old, hackneyed story of the Valdarfer "Boccaccio" is characteristic at once of his courage and of his luck. At the Roxburgh sale he ran it up to the then unheard-of figure of £2,260; and when his successful competitor, Lord Blandford, in his turn had to sell, Lord Spencer got the volume for £750. And now this, with all the rest, is to come again to the hammer; and round the table in Wellington Street will be fought one

of those determined, noiseless battles which will offer as the prize of victory such books as not even our own days, so famous for scattering great libraries, have seen before. For the Althorp Library makes even the Sunderland, the Hamilton and Beckford, and the Syston Park Libraries seem almost second-rate. It contains from 45,000 to 50,000 volumes of the rarest and most priceless books in the world; and their condition is as remarkable as their rarity. Many are on vellum; many more are on larger paper; all, nearly without exception, are faultless; and very many are splendidly bound. We know what prices are realized nowadays by fine bindings; but we shall probably see the record broken by this series of books which bear the marks or arms of Francis I., of Grolier, of Maioli, of Diane de Poitiers, of Colbert, of De Thou, of Madame de Pompadour; books bound by Nicolas Eve, by Pasdeloup, by the Deromes, by Roger Payne, and by Charles Lewis.

To enumerate even the principal treasures of the Althorp Library would require several columns; but we may here just touch upon a few of those that have given it its title to fame. The block-books, printed before the invention of movable metal types, are nine in number, besides the celebrated block-print of St. Christopher, which bears the date 1423. The list of early Bibles fills a hundred pages of Dibdin, and opens with a superb and quite perfect copy of the Gutenberg (so-called Mazarin) Bible, the first important work of the inventor of printing, in the accepted sense of the word. Still rarer is the copy of the Mentz Psalter of 1457, printed on vellum and finely illuminated. It was another copy of this almost unique book that was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, a few years ago, for the unprecedented price of close upon £5,000. The second and third editions of this Psalter are also in the library; as are many other books of Gutenberg and Fust, and of their workmen who were scattered over Germany and Italy after the capture of Mentz in 1462. But Mentz still worked at printing; and the earliest dated classic was printed there in 1465. It is the "De Officiis" of Cicero, and a copy of it is at Althorp. So are copies innumerable of the first editions of Greek and Latin poets, orators, and historians, whom Italian scholarship and German skill in printing gave to the world during the next half century; the Florentine Homer, the "Anthologia" of 1494, on vellum; the "Cicero ad Familiares" of 1469, printed by Johannes Spira at Venice; the same printer's Pliny; and a number of the works produced by Sweynheym and Pannartz, both at Subiaco and after they had moved to Rome and placed themselves under the protection of the Massimi family. No less remarkable is

the collection of Aldines, which numbers no fewer than 610 volumes, fifteen of them on vellum. Here are the complete "Aristotle," the Virgil of 1501, the first book printed in the "Italic" type; and the Dante of the next year, rare in any state, but rarest of all on vellum, as this copy is. At Althorp also are to be found the three earliest volumes illustrated with copper-plates, the "Monte Santo de Dio," printed at Florence in 1477; the "Ptolemy's Maps" of 1478; and the first edition of Dante with Landino's commentary, printed at Florence in 1481. The illustrations of the first and third of these have been attributed to Botticelli. Of books printed in Spain and France there is no lack; perhaps it is enough to mention fine copies of the extremely rare Mozarabic Missal and Breviary of 1500 and 1502, and of the Polyglot Bible of Cardinal Ximenes.

But to English people the great interest of the library will probably be found to consist in the series, entirely unapproached in any private collection, of the books printed by Caxton. One Caxton distinguishes a library; half-a-dozen make it illustrious; but what shall be said of a collection which contains fifty-seven? According to Mr. Blades, there are 99 known productions of Caxton's Press; the British Museum contains 81, of which 25 are duplicates. Thus the Althorp collection is really one in advance of that in the Museum; and of the 57 there are 31 that are perfect, and three of which no other copies are known to exist. These are "The Four Sons of Aymon" and "The History of Blanchardin and Eglantine" —these two imperfect—and a broadside of death-bed prayers, in perfect condition. Among the rest, there are the celebrated "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye" and "The Game and Playe of the Chesse," both printed at Bruges, while the English printer was learning his work from Colard Mansion—of whose more beautiful workmanship there are two noble specimens here. Several of the other Caxtons at Althorp are of the most extreme rarity, only one or two other examples of them being known; while there are also a number of works almost equally covetable from the presses of Pynson, Wynkyn de Worde, and Machlinia, and of the printers who worked at Oxford and St. Albans. But enough has been said to show that this library is, as Renouard said of it, the finest ever collected by a private individual, and to show that the sale will be something entirely without precedent. We assume that the decision to sell has been irrevocably taken, and that, the matter having been considered in all its bearings, there is found to be no possible solution except to disperse this unrivalled historical collection. Doubtless every alternative has been thought of, such as a possible sale of

Spencer House; and, in the opinion of those most nearly concerned, the only thing to do is to sell the library. If so, the public, with much regret, must stand by and see the Gutenbergs and Caxtons come to the hammer. It may at least be hoped that not all, and not the best, of them will leave the country, and that both in the public libraries and among the private English collectors there will be found champions able to wage successful war against New York, Paris, and Berlin.—*The Times*.

Some American and Other Autographs.

A CATALOGUE of the autograph collection of Miss Mary L. Booth, formerly editor of *Harper's Bazar*, has just been issued by Mr. Benjamin, of New York, and it includes many items of very considerable interest. Those who, for example, revel in the sea stories of Mr. William Clark Russell will be interested in learning, from his own autograph confession, that "at the age of 13½" he "went to sea in Duncan Dunbar's service, and was eight years at that life, in China, India, and Australia, and found eight years of salt water and salt pork enough for one life, and settled down ashore." Four and half dollars are asked for the "fine and interesting letter" which contains these words. An equally candid letter of Rose Terry Cooke, "the popular author and poet," is catalogued, who, writing to a friend whom she had never met, says—

"I warn you that I am not at all an attractive-looking person. I am very sorry, but it can't be helped now; I am tall and dark and sallow and grey, and queer-looking, and oh! I am fat! All this to be named Rose, too! when the only flower I ever was compared to was an orchid. It is an awful warning to people who give their children floral names."

This bit of candour should be cheap at two and a half dollars. More than one example bears the signature of Mary M. Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, in one of which she refers to a poem of hers written "for the sake of the much-abused yet useful domestic animal called man," and with this item ought to be in-

cluded a letter from Kate Field, another editor, in which she says, "Tuesday will suit me perfectly well, but I refuse to invite a third woman. Three women are too much for one man, though he be a host in himself." Yet another editor of the so-called "weaker sex"—Jeannette Gilder, of *The Critic*—and this time the writer expresses herself very forcibly in this way: "I am nearly frantic, which accounts for my copy being late. We have just moved into town, and our chimneys won't draw, so between smoking and freezing, and —— at stove men and trying to get my letters done for the Thanksgiving rush, I am nearly done myself." Among the letters of Lucy Stone—yet another female editor, and "the celebrated abolitionist reformer"—is one in which she complains of the errors of her compositors—"Our types called a 'piggish' old maid should have been 'priggish,'" &c. A letter of Washington Irving, written over half a century ago, is interesting from the fact that it applies in equal force to the present condition of things—"I am convinced that it has not been owing to any want of exertion on her part, but to the peculiar state of literature at the present moment in England, where the literary market is completely overstocked by cheap and vamped-up publications, and the art of bookmaking reduced almost to a handicraft"—a letter which is certainly not dear at four dollars. For five dollars the collector may possess himself of a page of Leigh Hunt's MS., beginning with "A. 'I love my love with an A,' said the fair Cockney, 'because he's 'andsome.' In like manner, but with an ardour more informed, we love our dictionary with an A, because it is alphabetical," &c. The late John Murray, the publisher, is represented by a single specimen—valued at a dollar and a quarter—addressed to the Secretary of the Post Office, in which he recommends his footman for a position as letter-carrier. A very characteristic letter from "Bill Nye," in answer to a letter from a gentleman in New England, containing "a few modest requests," is well worth quoting in its entirety:—

"DEAR SIR,—Your note is at hand, and I cheerfully enclose autograph, hoping that you will use it wisely and not 'run through with it,' as some have done. I would write and sign some of my work as you suggest, but I have not the time. How would Noah Webster have felt if you had asked him for the original MS. of his justly celebrated works?"

And the first of three autograph verses, valued at five dollars, by the charming versifier, Whitcomb Riley, is worth quoting—

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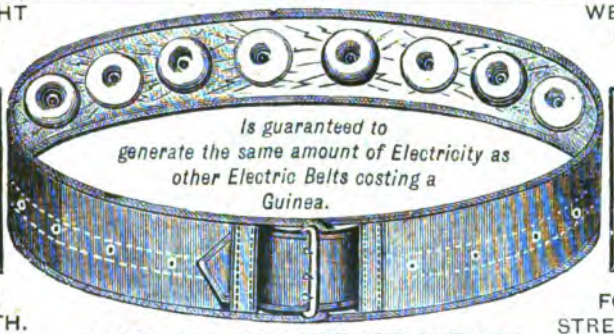
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GOUT,	VARICOSE VEINS,
RHEUMATISM,	SLEEPLESSNESS,
MELANCHOLIA,	HEART WEAKNESS,
BRONCHITIS,	SHORTNESS OF BREATH,
ASTHMA,	DEFICIENT CIRCULATION,

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MELANCHOLIA,	STOMACH DISTENSION,
EPILEPSY,	NERVOUS EXHAUSTION,
PARALYSIS,	NERVOUS DEPRESSION,
CORPULENCE,	LOCOMOTOR ATAXY,
GOUT,	WEAK HEART & CIRCULATION,
RHEUMATISM,	BRAIN OVERWORK,
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LADIES should read the following:

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Falcon House, 1, Ethelbert Road, Cliftonville, Margate.

Many thanks for the "BELT." I suffered a great deal from sore throat. The "BELT" has done me a lot of good. I have not had an attack since I wore it.

ELLEN A. BRIA.

Tired and Sleepy.

8, Luther Street, Great Homer Street, Liverpool

The "BELT" you sent to my daughter last week. I find she is much better. She is twenty years of age and unmarried. Always felt tired and sleepy. That has quite left her. Now she is able to walk and do her work with great ease since wearing the "BELT."

MARY WEBSTER

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Burton Hill.

Dear Sir,—I was suffering from the effects of Rheumatic Fever when I purchased your Belt, and was so weak that I could scarcely walk across the room. From the very day I took to it, I found my strength gradually returning, and now after two months' experience I am free from the Rheumatic pains, and my general health is altogether much improved.

HARRIET SMART.

Rheumatism, Swelling and Pain.

114, Hubert Grove, London Road, Stockwell, London, S.W.

The Belt, I am thankful to say, has done me an exceeding amount of good. The swelling and pain in the fingers and shoulders are now very slight indeed.

MRS. BELCHER.

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SHOULD WEAR
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FEATHER-WEIGHT
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STRENGTHENS,
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The whole System.

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I received the Belt, and having applied it, find a great relief.

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Weak Back and Heart Weakness.

Long Neer, Sittingbourne

I am happy to say I am better than I have been for a long time.

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Head Nearly Well and Nerves much Stronger.

Fern Cottage, Bigfrith,
Cookham Dean, near Maidenhead

I have worn the Belt, and am pleased to say my head is nearly well, and my nerves are much stronger. MRS. JAMES SILVER

Endured Rheumatism for nearly 5 years.

O.S.R. St. Scholastieas Priory,
Llanthony Abbey, Abergavenney.

Your wonderful "BELT" which you sent me has completely taken away the Rheumatism I had endured for nearly 5 years. I shall be happy to speak of the benefits derived from your treatment if it will in any way help to relieve other sufferers.

REV. DAME MARY CECILIA, NUN.

Biliousness and Sick Headache.

8, Parker's Terrace, Goodhead Street, Wilford Road.

Dear Sir,—About six months ago I purchased from you a "BELT" for biliousness and sick headache. After wearing it only a month, I was much relieved, and now, I am pleased to say, I feel quite cured of my troublesome complaint. HARRIET WILDBORE.

Done me more good than all the medicine I have taken for the last 12 years.

Lower Cotham, Brow, Bristol

Four months ago I purchased from you one of your M electric "BELTS," which I have worn ever since, and I am most happy to tell you that it has done me more good than all the medicine I have taken for the last 12 years. My digestion is better and lungs acting well. You may remember it is 12 years I have been like this, but I feel sure that I have arrived at the right cure in electricity.

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Exeter Buildings, Redland Park, Bris

Dear Sir,—My wife has been quite cured of a severe Acute Neuralgia in the arm entirely through your appliances. W. MELLER.

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Pains in Back.

62, Park Lane, Faversham.

eceived great benefit from your 5/6 electric Belt, d a month ago. I have not had a pain in my . I write now for one for a lady friend who om. MRS. LUCY SPILLETT.

Pains in Back.

The Limes, Watford, Near Rugby.

I thought that I would give the "BELT" a fair trial before writing to you. I have not felt the pains in my back since I have worn it. N. H. ROWE.

ness and Weak Circulation.

4, Perth Road, Dundee.

r has worn one of your has been greatly bene- O. CARGILL.

EVERY MAN in the Kingdom
SHOULD WEAR
Dr. CARTER MOFFAT'S
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Electric Belt
AS IT IMPARTS INCREASED
VITALITY, STRENGTH, AND ENERGY
To the Healthy as well as to the Debilitated Constitution.

Pains and Weakness in the Back.

50, Festus Street,
Pease Hill Road.

Dear Sir,—For long time past I have been suffering from severe Pains in the Back. I am happy to say, since wearing the BELT, the pains have entirely left me, and I am enabled to attend to my work as usual. W. LEDGER.

ing Quite Fat.

ingham Road, Reigate:

eased to say that I am ter now since wearing In fact, I am getting everyone is saying how looking. W. COLEMAN.

Returning Good Health.

Head Department, c/o Barl s, He don.

I beg to testify to the efficacy of your appliance, which has done me much good. I shall soon be in better health than ever I was.

JOHN J. WILSON.

Trinity House, Hastings.

ot express to you how ter I feel since wearing ric Belt. The pains and I complained of have one; I can strongly re- my friends to wear your G. GOATLY.

er Affection, and Nervous Debility.

Bristol and South Wales Cabinet Works,
127, Victoria Street, and Temple Street, Bristol.

ir,—For the last twenty years I have been from Liver Affections and Nervous Debility. I ed to try, in December last, your appliances, and r wearing them six months, am more than pleased able to say I feel myself thoroughly cured.

J. SNARY.

er Complaint, Giddiness, and Pains in Back.

146, Alfred Street South, Nottingham.

ir,—Having purchased one of your "BELTS" a s ago, I am able to state that I have derived efit from it, and I am perfectly satisfied with it add that I purchased it for Liver Complaint s in the Head, and Pain in the Back.

E. H. BATTESBY.

Habitual Constipation.

73, High Street, Lymington Hants.

Mrs. Drayton having suffered from habitual Constipation, and having found great relief from wearing one of your "BELTS," I have recommended it to several of my friends, and they all speak of great benefit received. You are welcome to use this in any way you think proper.

(Signed) WILLIAM DRAYTON.

Excessive Weakness, Nervous Debility, and Spasms.

Dear Sir,—For years past I have been suffering from excessive weakness, nervous debility, and spasms, caused by an accident I met with a long time since. I can now eat better, sleep better, and walk better since wearing your Belt. R. WOOTON.

mfortable to wear; it invigorates , and may be relied upon not only inst every form of ailment, but to **Impart new Life and Energy** to the whole system.

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d confidential. *Private Advice Form sent free on application.*

nd Address, and beware of spurious imitations, for which as charged by us is often demanded.

DR. CARTER MOFFAT'S ENERGIZING FEATHER-WEIGHT ELECTRIC BELTS

are guaranteed to be equal in power to much advertised Electric Belts costing one guinea. Every person is earnestly advised to procure one at once, and they will be astonished at the speedy and permanent restorative powers therein contained. They

STRENGTHEN & BRACE UP the whole NERVOUS SYSTEM,

restore the lost healthy complexion and enfeebled powers, bring back the keen sense of appetite, speedily resuscitate the whole physical, mental energies of the Body and Mind.

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NEW WORK,

"ELECTRICITY IN FAILING HEALTH."

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Indicating the symptoms of many ailments which the patient may recognise on reading, and the benefits to be derived from the application of his genuine electrical health-giving appliances for self-application.

GOOD REASONS WHY
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Should be Worn by All.

BECAUSE	it braces up, invigorates, and stimulates the entire frame.
BECAUSE	it is a genuine electrical appliance.
BECAUSE	it is a constant storehouse of electricity.
BECAUSE	it never gets out of order.
BECAUSE	it exercises a cooling influence in warm weather.
BECAUSE	its electricity is absorbed by the system.
BECAUSE	it protects highly important organs.
BECAUSE	it acts in sympathy with every nerve and muscle of the body.
BECAUSE	it may be worn in all climates.
BECAUSE	no vinegar or other acids need be used.
BECAUSE	it will last for years, is pleasant and comfortable to wear, and inexpensive.
BECAUSE	it removes morbid and impure matters from the blood, and restores to health, strength and vitality, the most weakened, debilitated and shattered condition.

HEALTH INVENTIONS AND APPLIANCES ARE USED BY

H.M. The Queen,
THEIR R.H.
The Prince and Princess of Wales,
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ALSO BY THE
Marquis of Lorne,
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RT. HON.
W. E. Gladstone,
Duke of Argyll,
Lord Churchill,

and many others, including about 180 M.P.'s 1100 Clergymen, and many thousands of Private Individuals in every part of the world.

Over 3000 Special Editorial Articles have appeared in the principal London, Provincial and Colonial Newspapers in support of Dr. Carter Moffat's Health-giving Inventions.

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for a (Lady or Gentleman).....

Size of Waist next Body.....*inches.*

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One Belt 5/6, Two 10/6, Three 15/-, Five 24/-, post free.
P.O.O.'s & P.O.'s to be made payable at G.P.O. and Cheques crossed "& Co."
TELEGRAMS: "DUALISTIC," LONDON.

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"WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK IN THE TREES.

"In spring when the green gits back in the trees
And the sun comes out and stays,
And yer boots pulls on with a good tight squeeze
And you think of yer barefoot days;
When you ort to work and you want to not
And you and yer wife agrees
It's time to spade up the garden lot,
When the green gits back in the trees.
Well! work is the least of *my* idees
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees."

Seasonable, also, in view of the appearance of *Sala's Journal*, is the autograph letter of Mr. George Augustus Sala to the late James Rice, which contains as a signature a pen-and-ink portrait of himself, surrounded by the words, "Seven Tons of Gammon," in reference to Hain Friswell's travesty by that title of Mr. Sala's "Seven Sons of Mammon," for which travesty Mr. Sala recovered £500 from Friswell for libel. Another eminent Englishman, Professor Tyndall, is represented by a recent letter, in which he regrets he cannot furnish articles for an American editor. He says, "Pressure is, moreover, put upon me by editors at home, who seem to think that I can write articles as easily as the birds sing. This, alas! is not the case."

Besides an extensive series of letters from dramatic authors and celebrities generally, this catalogue includes in one lot the 127 "Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J.," which were published in book form a year or two ago. With these letters is also one from Arthur Richard, second son of the Duke, written in 1867, in which he declines to purchase this singular series of his father's letters on the ground that he was well supplied with autographs. For this collection 150 dollars is asked. A manuscript of Robert Burns, in his official capacity as officer of Excise, handsomely framed, is priced at 100 dollars; a series of sixteen letters from Mrs. Piozzi, written during the years 1816 and 1817, for the most part to Sir James Fellows and members of his family, the whilom friend of Dr. Johnson being then nearly eighty years of age, is priced at 90 dollars; and a "magnificent letter" of Dickens, dated from Devonshire Terrace and addressed to Washington Irving, is priced at 50 dollars.

AN AUTOGRAPH HUNTER.

A Doting Bibliophile.

THOSE of our readers conversant with French will be glad to have in the original form the following charming bookish verses of M. Fertiault. We should be pleased to publish in THE BOOKWORM a really good translation from any of our readers.—ED.

Loin des bruits de la rue il a fermé sa porte,
Ayant bien défendu qu'on le dérange. Epris
D'une trouvaille, heureux de tout ce qu'il apporte,
Calme, il veut savourer ces moments attendris.

Parfois sa joie est lourde, et, pour qu'il la supporte
Il lui faut sa retraite ou meurent tous les cris. . . .
Tenez, voila déjà que son œil se transporte,
Dévorant le vélin roux de ses manuscrits.

Des livres ! Ses deux mains caressent la rangée ;
Veau clair, maroquin rouge à nervure frangée,
Emplettes de haut prix qu'il contemple en vainqueur.

Oh ! c'est avec amour et feu qu'il s'abandonne ;
Il les embrasserait. Chers tomes ! Il leur donne
Tout ce qui reste encore de vif et son vieux cœur !

Book Clubs.

[The following article, which is taken from *The Anti-Jacobin* of 1798, will be welcomed by readers of THE BOOKWORM. It is quoted *verb. et lit.*]

A PAPER has been put into our hands, not immediately relating, we believe, to what is generally understood to be a Book Club; but to the proposed formation of a society for the purchase and circulation of cheap tracts among the lower classes of the community, calculated to promote their happiness, and to meliorate their minds. The design is, in itself, so praiseworthy as to deserve the most serious attention, and the fullest encouragement, from every well-wisher to his country. *Our* best exertions may, at all times, be relied on to promote the success of every plan, which has for its object the promulgation of truth, and the inculcation of sound principles, religious, moral, and political. It is with this view that we publish the paper in question.

"*Hints for the Prospectus of the Plan of the proposed Book Society, in Maidstone, and its Vicinity.* 1798.

"A declaration of our attachment to our beloved Sovereign, and the existing constitution in church and state.

"Our sincere wish for every *necessary* and *practible* reform in every department; and our sense of the many national advantages accruing from the various reforms that have, under the present administration of this country, already taken place; at the same time expressing our unequivocal disapprobation of all fantastical and speculative *innovations*, tending only to endanger the whole fabric, and affording no prospect of any real benefit.

"As a guide to our conduct in the duty we owe to our King, our country, and ourselves—our sense and persuasion that religion as revealed in the sacred writings must be the foundation of all happiness, and the source of all real comfort both as it respects the nation at large and each individual—that where the doctrines or precepts of the Christian revelation are denied, all obligations to morality are weakened, and the peace and welfare of society undermined.

"Our acknowledgement of the wisdom, energy, and vigilance of the present Ministers; of the great difficulties they have had to encounter, not only in opposing an enemy who has trampled on all religion and every sacred principle of truth and justice, which regulate the conduct of all civilised nations unhappily engaged in war; but all the consequences of the unexpected defection of allies, evidently in contradiction to their own true interests;—and the effects of a powerful opposition from men of rank and ability in both Houses of Parliament—who now appear to have been the dupes of the desperate planners of foreign invasion, and of the leaders of a most ferocious and bloodthirsty rebellion; and from a total ignorance of the character, designs, and conduct of the men with whom they associated, and whom they called and treated as their friends, have been made instrumental in promoting their nefarious purposes; greatly multiplying the difficulties of government, increasing the public expenses, and manifestly injuring the country.

"An expression of the gratitude we ourselves *feel*, and which we think the nation at large owe, to his Grace the Duke of Portland and his friends, who, in the moment of real danger to the state, forgot all inferior considerations and rallied round the throne and the constitution to preserve them from that overthrow and ruin to which they saw them so evidently exposed, as well from *domestic traitors*, as from *foreign enemies*.

"Influenced by these motives and considerations, it is the desire and purpose of this society to devote a part of their time and substance to, and to unite in such measures as may appear calculated for, the preservation of religion, loyalty, and patriotism, among all ranks of men, who have the happiness to be our fellow-subjects, and to live, protected by our laws," &c.

It is needless to observe that these hints must proceed from a man who entertains a just sense of the duties of a good Christian and a loyal subject. Repeating our sincere wish that they may meet with the most extensive encouragement, and that the plan itself may be generally adopted, we shall offer some brief remarks on the conduct of Book Clubs. It is a fact, too notorious to be denied, that men

who are disaffected to the religious and political institutions of this country, make it a point to become members of these clubs, that they may have an opportunity of propagating their own principles, by exercising the privilege generally vested in each member of ordering a certain number of books within the year, for the use of the club. This circumstance has tended, more than any other (excepting only the mischievous exertions of the Corresponding Society and other associations of a similar description), to increase the circulation of democratical and blasphemous productions, calculated to eradicate, from weak or half-formed minds, every principle of religion, and all sense of public duty. The same end has, in a certain degree, been promoted by another instance of inattention among the well-disposed members of the societies in question. Few publications are purchased until the lords paramount of literature, the Reviewers, have fixed on them the seal of their approbation. We were ourselves present at a Book Club in the country, not long since, which was attended by seven ministers of the established church, all, but *one*, men of sound principles, when a work was proposed to be purchased, and a reference actually made to a *Jacobin Review*, in order to ascertain its merits. We particularly call the attention of all clergymen, who are members of Book Clubs, to the observations prefixed to the second division of our work; and we must express a hope, that after our exposure of the profligacy of the *Jacobin Reviews*, they will never henceforth be referred to as *authority*, in matters of religion or politics. Besides, it is a common practice with critics of this description, either to take no notice of a work which inculcates principles favourable to the constitution, or not to notice it until, in their opinion, the period of its sale is past. The *kind of notice* which they take of such works it has been our business to demonstrate.

The remedies which we would suggest for these evils, that appear to us to call for immediate removal, are very simple, and easy of adoption. Let a strict scrutiny be made into the religious and political principles of every person proposed as a member; let the difficulty of admission be increased by adopting the mode of a private ballot, and rendering a single negative sufficient for the purpose of rejection. Where disaffected men are actually members, let the club be dissolved, and a new one formed. With respect to the choice of publications, every book proposed should be subject to the same rule of rejection as is observed in the election of members. Perhaps, it might be more advisable to trust, for the character of a book, to some judicious friend or correspondent in London, than to the account of a Reviewer.

These brief suggestions are susceptible of extension and improvement. They are merely offered to obviate the common objection—"We see the evil, but we know not how to remedy it." This is a subject of the first importance, and it calls for immediate attention. It should never be forgotten that the Press was the grand instrument so successfully employed to subvert the throne and altar in France, where the circulation of jacobinical and irreligious books throughout the provinces in the first years of the revolution was so immense, as to set all calculation at defiance; that the Press was the engine used by the traitors and rebels of Ireland; and that the Press has been proclaimed by the seditious *clubbists* of the metropolis, as the means of promoting discontent, and exciting revolt in Great Britain.

Since the preceding observations were written we have been referred to some remarks on the same subject which have appeared, at different times, in the *Monthly Magazine*. These tend to strengthen our conviction of the arts employed, and the industry exerted, by the disaffected to render Book Clubs, particularly those in the country, instrumental to their own base designs of overturning our constitution, by the infusion of bad principles into the minds of the middle and lower classes of people; and they corroborate our opinion of the necessity of immediate attention to the rules and regulations which we have suggested for the conduct of the societies in question. One of Mr. Phillips's correspondents says, "It appears that a very considerable number of *these excellent institutions* have recently been set on foot in various districts of North-Britain, and that they are already beginning to produce the *happiest effects* upon the state of knowledge among the middling and laborious classes in that country." We may easily conjecture what kind of institutions appear *excellent* to, and what kind of effects are considered as *happy*, by a man who styles the *Monthly Magazine* "an extensively *useful* miscellany." This benevolent gentleman (for he assumes the appellation of *Benevolus*) recommends "the establishment of various degrees of them, in every district of this island." The recommendation is seconded by another correspondent, *Mercator*, who speaks rather more plainly as to the object of his wishes. He complains of the inattention displayed in the choice of publications. "This is particularly the case where *the clergy* have most influence, or are put upon the committees. All books upon theological or political subjects, differing from their own sentiments upon these topics, are then admitted with great reluctance, or indeed generally rejected; whilst the writings of those who are in favour with our civil or ecclesiastical leaders, are voted in as a matter

of course. If such *partial pitiful* conduct only affected the parties themselves, it would be too trifling and contemptible to notice; but when it deprives the rest of the society of their rights, and prevents free discussion upon all interesting topics, it becomes a serious injury. Dr. Priestley, in his *pathetic* 'Appeal to the Public' concerning the riots at Birmingham, has given several curious instances of *sacerdotal interference* and party-spirit. Many similar instances might be collected from other places, where book clubs are founded, and *the evil is increasing.*" WE fear not.

A third correspondent from *Lincolnshire* informs Mr. Phillips, that the observations in his "*admirable* miscellany" had made "a very forcible impression" on him, and on many of his neighbours, who had accordingly formed a Book-Club, of course, on the plan and principles recommended above. And he adds, that "some labouring mechanics who have derived their ideas from the *same source*" are also forming a similar society in the same place. "The *Monthly Magazine*," he says, "forms a part of our permanent establishment!"

A fourth correspondent, calling himself *Liber*, after congratulating Mr. Phillips on "the pleasing proof of the general circulation and *utility* of his *most valuable* magazine" displayed in "the subject" of the preceding letter from Lincolnshire, pays a high compliment to *Mercator*, and observes, that "the evil he complains of is indeed real, increasing, and therefore should be *carefully guarded against.*" He then suggests a means of removing it. "Let the committee be changed every three months, and let the new one be composed of such members as shall be drawn by the librarian out of an urn, containing the names of all the society, except the last committee. By this means, all underhand combinations, *clerical bigotry* or *party spirit*, will be prevented as much as possible; each member will have the opportunity of gratifying his own taste, subject to proper regulations, in the choice of books, and free discussion, so essential to the spread of literary knowledge, be greatly promoted."

These men have sufficiently explained *their* object in the encouragement which they afford to the establishment of Book Clubs to render any farther observations from us unnecessary. Nothing can be more clear, than that every effort is exerted by persons disaffected to our established church and to our political institutions, to encourage the circulation of such books as are inimical to both; and, thereby, to seduce from their duty and allegiance that class of readers whose minds are least fortified against the jesuitical sophistry and dangerous principles which they contain. The regulations which we had recommended, at the beginning of these observations, seem to us the best

calculated for frustrating the projects of such propagandists as the correspondents of the Monthly Magazine, and the numerous sectaries, who think and act with them. Some remedy should certainly be applied to the evil of which WE complain, and that without delay. After purifying those Book Clubs whose members chiefly consist of the upper part of the middle classes of society; it will behove the clergy and gentry to exercise a peculiar degree of vigilance in attending to the publications that are circulated, by means of a subscription, among the lower class of people; tradesmen, labourers, and artisans. To prevent the infusion of poison into the minds of this description of persons, and to administer antidotes where poison has been infused, is a duty, to sanction a neglect of which no possible excuse can be found, and to enforce a due observance of which the most potent considerations combine.

The Bibliographical Society.

THIS Society, for we may now consider it in the light of an established fact, is now in the course of active formation. A public meeting called by Mr. W. A. Copinger, of Manchester, to consider and determine as to the desirableness of forming a Bibliographical Society, was held on July 15th at the rooms of the Library Association, Hanover Square, London. The chair was taken by Mr. R. C. Christie, M.A. (Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester). Mr. Copinger, in opening the meeting, said the subject they were met to discuss was, to his mind, of very grave importance. Since the reading of his paper on the necessity of such a society, before the Library Association last year, he had received a great many letters asking him to take steps to give effect to his proposal, and as a result this meeting had been called. It would be agreed that there was no branch of literature which had increased so rapidly in proportion to the increase of former years, as bibliography. The products of the Press increased so rapidly year by year that knowledge of what had been written and published in particular branches of literature became of greater importance. There was a growing love for good literature, desire was being expressed for a higher class of writing than had usually fallen to the lower classes, and the result must be a call for guides to literature. One work much needed, and which could only be effected by the united action of bibliographers throughout the country, was a universal catalogue of English literature. This work might well be undertaken by a society on the principles of that great national

work of Mr. Murray's, the New English Dictionary, and the basis might well be the printed catalogue of the British Museum, which, he understood, would be ready for publication in seven or eight years. It was remarkable how far this country was behind others in the matter of bibliography. France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Spain were all far ahead of England. There were, no doubt, scores of bibliographers in remote parts of the country working upon their own lines, and probably several on the same subjects, who, if brought together by such a society as proposed, would be very helpful to one another, and far more useful and helpful to the world of literature in general. It was absolutely necessary, if the society was to be a success, that it should have a broad basis. It must be a society which could include a Dibdin as well as a Bradshaw, and it must not degenerate into a mere dining club, or a mere printing and publishing society. The members would meet at intervals for the discussion of matters of bibliographical interest, and at such meetings there might be exhibitions of rare and valuable works, of curiosities in the book world, and so forth. Mr. Copinger concluded by moving the following resolution: "That this meeting is of opinion that a society should be established to be called the British Bibliographical Society, and that its objects be (*a*) The acquisition of information upon subjects connected with bibliography; (*b*) the promotion and encouragement of bibliographical studies and researches; (*c*) the printing and publishing of work connected with bibliography."

Further progress will be duly reported in the columns of THE BOOKWORM.

Second-hand Book Catalogues.

IT is only the bookworm who fully appreciates a book catalogue: to him they show the Past, Present, and Future; their pages appeal to those who, if their ghosts ever reappear, will assuredly walk, not with their head, but a book, under their arm.

The Past, in the pages of a catalogue, show us books we have read, had, lent, and lost; the Present, those we have; and the Future, those we should like to have—when our ship comes in.

Of course, to collectors of rare editions and bindings, catalogues are necessities greater than clothes or food, to those on the watch for rare Elzevirs, Caxtons, the first Chaucer of 1532, the Homer of 1422, the "block" books, "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," and other such treasures; but personally we feel only an interest in a book for the book's sake, and lay no claim to be a collector. We look for our friends, such as gentle John Evelyn, the little 12mo Essays of Bacon, with the delicate little engravings by Stothard, bound in yellow morocco, with gilt toolings and ribbon-markers, a charming pocket companion, and the Essays, ever fresh, of Charles Lamb.

Of another stamp are the stately volumes that require a table to read them on, and a comfortable chair to sit in meanwhile; these are the kind of books to read in a shady library, with deep mullioned windows, through which steals a waft of warm summer air and a scent of new-mown hay. Of such library books are Nash's "Mansions of England," the beautiful 1876 edition of White's "Selborne," Bewick's Woodcuts of 1870, with over 2,000 impressions from the

woodblocks; the Arundel and Holbein Society volumes, old Dugdale's "Monasticon," the quaint "Baziliologia" of 1618; and with these before us, our ears are dull to the shaking of the hour-glass as old Time flies by.

Then the County Histories, what pleasant memories of old hospitable houses that know us no more, the "Bracebridge Halls" of our youth, where Hasted's Kent, in its four ponderous folio volumes, full of the pedigrees of the worthy men of Kent—Walsinghams of Scadbury, Scot of Scott's Hall, and others; or Manning and Bray's Surrey, Nicholson's Cumberland, telling of its misty hills, Shaw's Staffordshire, Nichol's Leicestershire, and Ormerod's Cheshire, that "seed-plot of gentry."

For quiet corners on a shelf; there are Gerarde's Herbal of 1633, and the Household Books of the Kings and Princesses of England, curious scraps of the bills of dead and gone butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers (the Pickering edition in four volumes for choice), and who ever saw a catalogue without "Walton and Cotton's Compleat Angler," which no gentleman's library would be "compleat" without?

For splendour and magnificence, Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages" lead the way, with Lacroix to follow; Grose's "Antiquities," Meyrick's "Ancient Armour," and other special books on special subjects; Gould's various Monographs, and perhaps Agrippa's three books of occult philosophy, flanked by Nastradamus and Calmet's "Apparitions des Vampyres," &c., "De Hongrie"—*not* the kind of book to sit up late at night alone with.

Arber's reprint of the Paston Letters gives ample margin for notes, and the old chatterbox Pepys has a share in our affections, if not esteem; whilst Horace Walpole, in blue velvet court suit, just out of his sedan-chair, with all the gossip of the town, charms us with his witty letters.

Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads" recall the "Moorish Borders" by Owen Jones, and the spirited sketches by Corbould, of Bavieca trotting, cantering, and galloping round the pages; but we must now leave the Catalogue, and with a sigh betake ourselves to the dull business of this work-a-day world.

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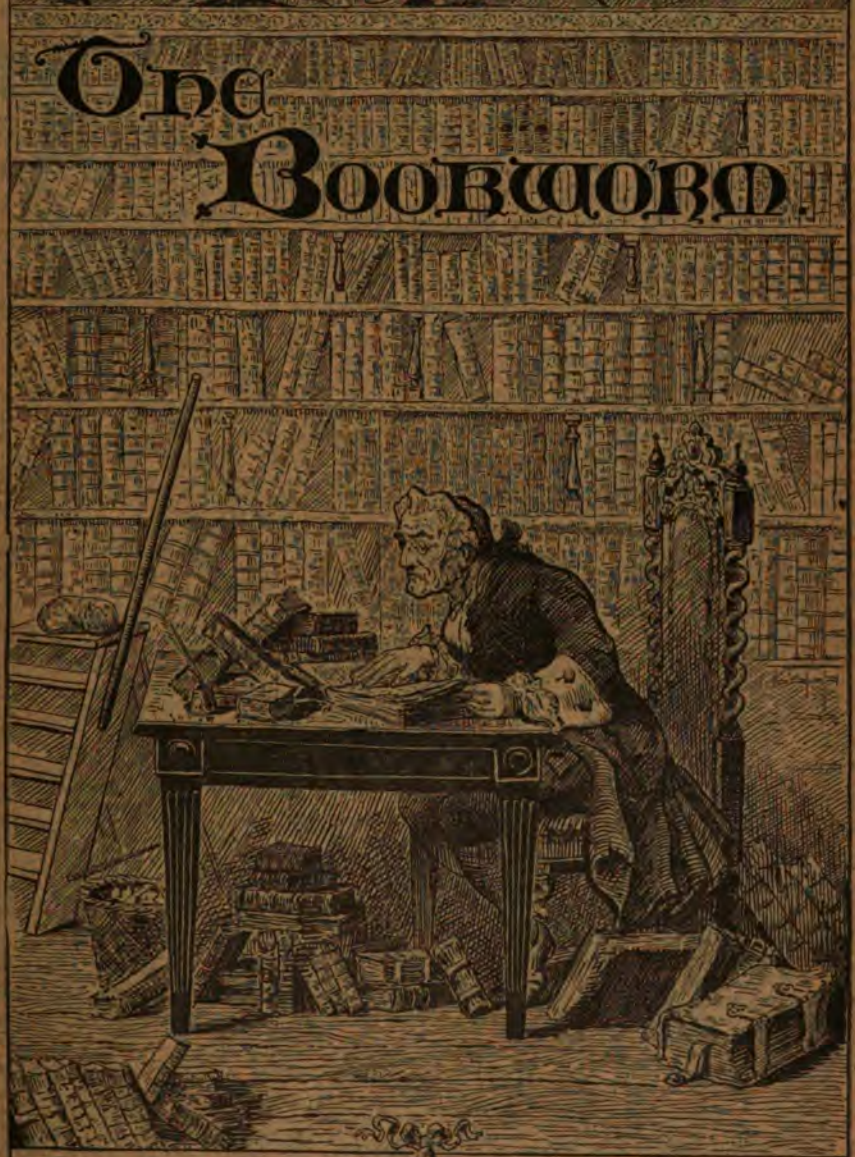
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The Bookworm



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Illuminated Manuscripts.[1]



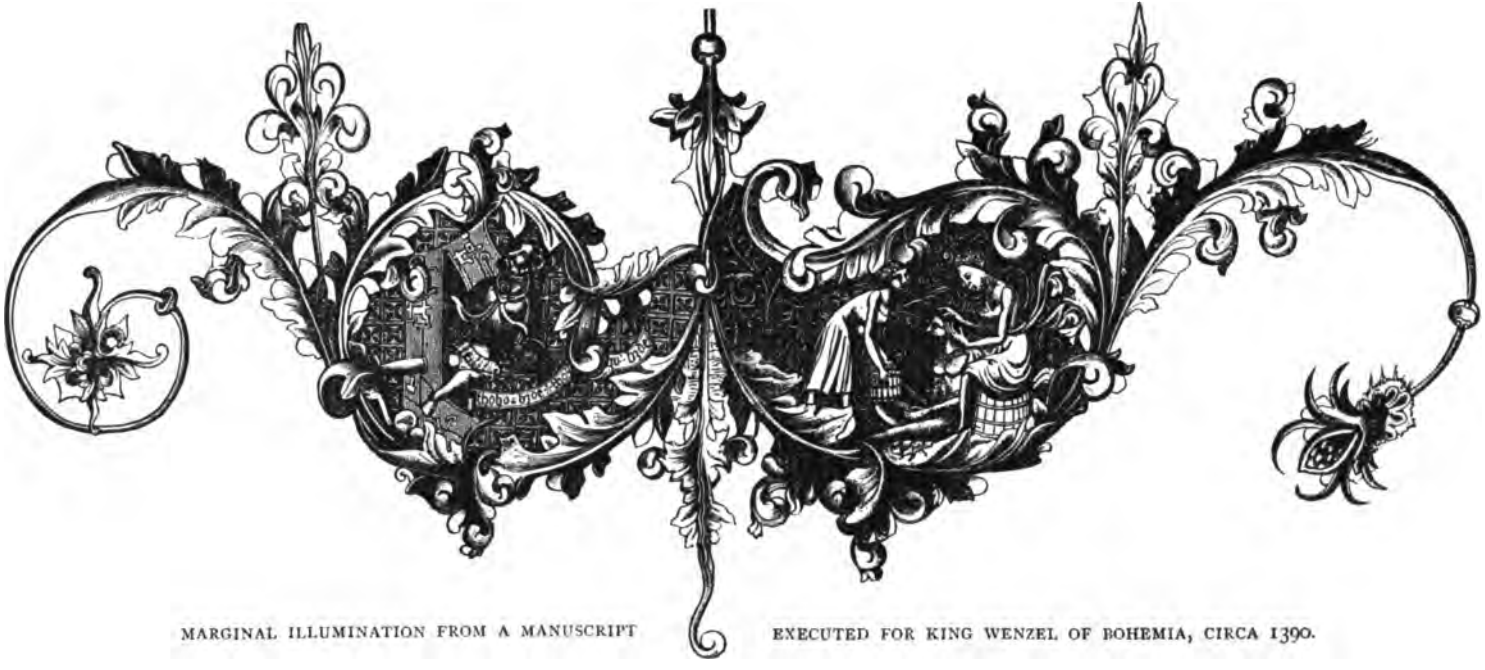
AN INITIAL B OF THE CELTIC-CAROLINGIAN TYPE.

BY a strange coincidence the two leading universities of the United Kingdom have made almost simultaneous contributions to one of the most interesting and least clearly understood phases of literary and artistic industry. The more elaborate of these two works, Professor Middleton's "Illuminated Manuscripts in Classical and Mediæval Times," may

[1] 1. "Illuminated Manuscripts in Classical and Mediæval Times," by J. H. Middleton, Slade Professor of Fine Arts. Cambridge: The University Press. 2. "Twelve Facsimiles of Old English Manuscripts," with introduction by Rev. W. W. Skeats. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

be regarded as a complete *vade mecum* of this comprehensive and recondite subject. Although it is not exactly a popular handbook in the sense in which facts are sacrificed in an attempt to produce a picturesquely-written treatise of little import to the student, Professor Middleton has nevertheless produced a work which will attract readers who have little or no knowledge of the subject as well as those fairly familiar with it. The author's object has been to give a general account of the various methods of writing, the different forms of manuscripts, and the styles and systems of decoration that were used from the earliest times down to the sixteenth century A.D., when the invention of printing gradually put an end to the beautiful art of manuscript illumination. Further, he gives an historical sketch of the growth and development of the various styles of manuscript illumination, and also of the chief technical processes which were employed in the preparation of the pigments, the application of the gold-leaf, and other details, to which the most unsparing amount of time and labour was devoted by the scribes and illuminators of many different countries and periods. As the Professor himself further points out, an important point with regard to this subject is the remarkable way in which technical processes lasted, in many cases almost without alteration, from classical times down to the latest mediæval period, partly owing to the existence of an unbroken chain of traditional practice and partly on account of the mediæval custom of studying and obeying the precepts of such classical writers as Vitruvius and Pliny the Elder.

We are so apt to fall in with the very prevalent custom of praising everything which is foreign and underrating all that is English, that it is comforting to be assured that there were two distinct periods when the productions of English illuminators were of unrivalled beauty and importance throughout the world. This was first in the eighth century when the schools of illumination in the Abbeys of Jarrow, Wearmouth, and York in Northumbria, and of Canterbury and Winchester in the South were turning out some of the most artistically executed work to be found anywhere; and, in the second instance, during the thirteenth century when the Anglo-Norman art had reached a higher pitch of perfection, æsthetic and technical, than had been attained in any other part of the world. In the case of each period, however, the highest attainment of the art was the immediate precursor of its decay, for the ninth century was a time of great misery and turmoil consequent upon the invasion and havoc of the Danes, who utterly quashed the artistic movement in Northumbria. The second period was immediately followed in the fourteenth



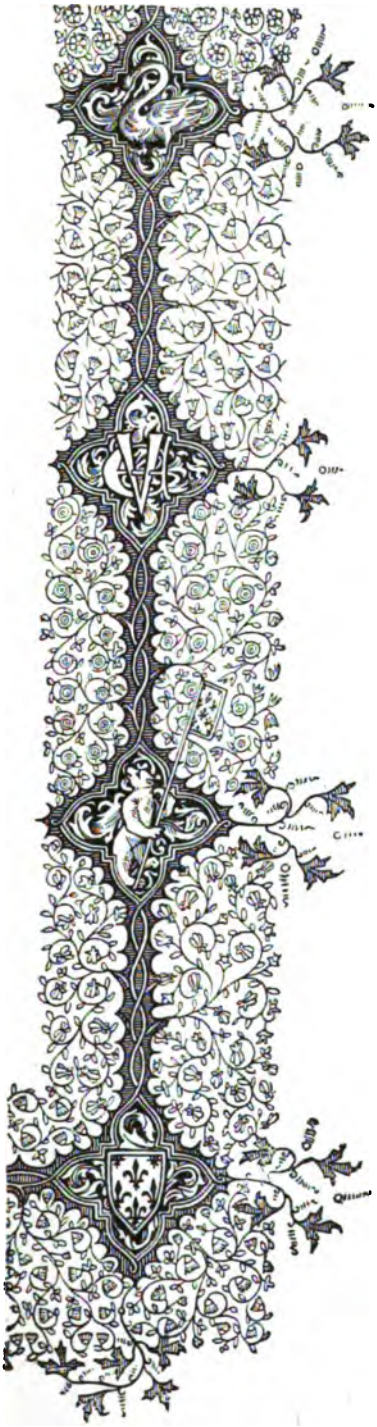
MARGINAL ILLUMINATION FROM A MANUSCRIPT EXECUTED FOR KING WENZEL OF BOHEMIA, CIRCA 1390.

and fifteenth centuries by the Black Death and the protracted Wars of the Roses, which, like the Danish invasion, completely obliterated the movement of arts and letters.

It is neither possible nor desirable for us to enter even superficially into the more remote phases of this fascinating subject. Professor Middleton gives a sufficiently exhaustive account of the classical manuscripts which were written with a stylus and those which were written with pen and ink. Classical illuminated manuscripts may be said to commence with the Egyptian miniatures, whilst the illuminations in the Roman and Greek manuscripts are also among the earliest of their kind, the originals of which unfortunately do not now exist. Greek twelfth-century "Psalter" in the Vatican library has one special picture which is obviously a careful copy of a miniature painting of the first century A.D. or even earlier.

When Rome ceased to be the seat of government, Constantinople became the chief centre for the production of illuminated manuscripts, and from its central position—being midway between the East and the West—the styles and technique of both met, with the natural result that a new stylistic development formed and to which the term of Byzantine is applied. This style is in several respects unique, and the earliest example which is now known to exist is a fragment of the "Book of Genesis" now in the Imperial library of Vienna, which dates from the latter part of the fifth century. It, however, rather belongs to the latest decadence of Roman classical art than to the yet undeveloped Byzantine style or school. The most important as it is also the most beautiful example of the Byzantine style is the Greek codex of Dioscorides' work on botany, also in the Vienna library, the date of which is fixed at about 500 A.D. It contains five large and elaborate miniatures and numerous vignettes of plants. The characteristics of the pure Byzantine style lie in its formal attitudes, rigid drapery, lengthy proportions of figure, and stiff, monotonous schemes of composition.

Constantinople in its turn became no longer the home of the illuminator. But the art itself sprang into life under the fostering care of Charles the Great, who was elected king of the Franks in 768, and in the year 800 became Emperor of the West. The Imperial capital, Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), became the centre; and it is particularly flattering to our national vanity to note that this remarkable revival both of letters and of the illuminator's art was brought about mainly through Alcuin of York, who had been sent to Charles the Great as an envoy by Offa, King of Mercia, about 782. Alcuin's most important literary work was the revision of the Latin



BORDER ILLUMINATION FROM A "BOOK OF HOURS," BY JACQUEMART DE ODIN.

text of the Bible, the "Vulgate," of which there is a magnificently illuminated copy in the British Museum. As a specimen of the combination of two very different styles we give on page 289 a large initial B in which the Oriental element is very strong.

The next great school of manuscript illumination was the Celtic, which in the seventh century had reached its highest with a number of exquisitely beautiful and richly illuminated manuscripts. The famous "Book of Kells," now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, is the greatest triumph of the Celtic art in Ireland. From Ireland the art was carried by the monks to the western coasts of Scotland, and also to Britain. When Alfred the Great had at length secured an interval of peace at the latter part of the ninth century he was instrumental in forming a new school of manuscript illuminating in many of the Benedictine monasteries of England, and some of these in the succeeding century produced works of very great beauty and decorative force. An example of this, now in the Duke of Devonshire's library, may be mentioned in the "Benedictional of Æthelwold," who was Bishop of Winchester 963–984. · In this as in other examples of the

Anglo-Saxon school there is much similarity to the Carolingian style, which, however, as we have already seen, was originally brought over into France from Northumbria. The Anglo-Norman school came in with the Conquest; and in this one of the more notable features was that the ornaments were treated more broadly and very unlike the microscopic minuteness of the earlier Irish and Anglo-Celtic school. The Anglo-Norman is perhaps the most interesting phase dealt with in Professor Middleton's book.

To cross the Channel once more, the manuscripts produced at Paris in the thirteenth century, during the reign of Louis IX., are in many instances of exquisite beauty, and the same may be said of those produced there in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. A noticeable point about the French and Franco-Flemish illumination of these periods is the manner in which certain modes of decoration survived with very little alteration for more than a century. For example, we find the blue, red, and gold diapers used for backgrounds, and the ivy-leaf pattern and its varieties, which had been fully developed before the middle of the fourteenth century, still surviving in manuscripts of the second half of the fifteenth. The border illumination for a "Book of Hours" painted by Jacquemart de Odin for the Duc de Berri, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, which we reproduce on p. 293, is an example of this kind of work.

At the end of the fifteenth century the art of printing had established itself, and coeval with it that of manuscript illumination began to decline. There was, however, for many years a distinct link between the old and the new, of books which were printed, but which were also decorated with woodcut borders and pictures, and sometimes illuminated by painting in gold and opaque colours over the engravings. Space does not permit us to enter into this new and far-reaching phase; and we confine ourselves to referring to two other illustrations reproduced from Professor Middleton's very fascinating book. The first of these is an initial Y, from a German manuscript of the beginning of the thirteenth century, in which will be observed a most graceful and fanciful combination of figures and foliage—a youth gathering grapes, while a monkey, sitting in the branches, is eating some of the fruit. The second is a marginal illumination (see p. 291) of a very beautiful and refined style for a manuscript executed for King Wenzel of Bohemia about the year 1390. The two scenes represent, first a prisoner in the stocks, and a man being bathed by two girls. The backgrounds with their delicate scroll-work and diaper patterns are imitated from those in the fine French and Anglo-Norman manuscripts of the earlier part of the fourteenth century.

We have left ourselves very little room in which to deal with Professor Skeats' "Twelve Facsimiles of Old English Manuscripts." Taking for his text, as it were, the lines from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"—

> "*You* read the book? . . .
> O ay, it is but twenty pages long,
> But . . . every square o' text an awful charm,
> Writ in a language that has long gone by,"



INITIAL Y FROM A GERMAN MS. (FIFTEENTH CENTURY).

the learned Professor gives both transcription and an introduction to the dozen facsimiles, the object of which is to put the student of Old English in a better position for understanding the subject. The facsimiles are arranged chronologically, beginning with a page from King Alfred's translation of Gregory's "Pastoral Care," which dates

from the end of the ninth century, and concluding with a page from Chaucer's "Balade to Rosemounde" (late fifteenth century). The examples show a very wide variance in the style and form of the orthography of our forefathers, and as the originals are beyond the pockets of bookbuyers, these admirable and in every sense satisfactory substitutes will be a welcome addition to the student's library.

W. ROBERTS.

Mr. Ruskin's Books.

"MR. RUSKIN'S books," says the writer of an article in the August number of the *Scottish Typographical Circular*, 'furnish an object-lesson in typographic art." "Any one who views one of Mr. Ruskin's 'Modern Painters' pages," it is remarked, "from the standpoint of the harmony of its proportion will at once say, 'It is a shapely page.'" The distinguished art critic's page "is, as nearly as an oblong square can be made so, modelled on the proportions which artists have assigned to the finest types of the human countenance." In the style of type Mr. Ruskin has chosen for his works, "the Roman strength is departed from, and the letters are constructed with an approach to the more distinctive characters of the Greek alphabet—all to the advantage of the old style series, making it a very easily read letter." Mr. Ruskin, it appears, permits no deviation on the part of the printer from his own rule of punctuation; and in the matter of uniformly open spacing is so insistent that on several occasions, when the compositors disregarded his instructions in this respect, proofs of an entire volume have been returned to the printer, in order that whole paragraphs might be overrun from beginning to end. The writer assigns as Mr. Ruskin's reason for placing his printed page "so much out of the centre" the desire to give students of his works ample margin for MS. notes.

Medicine in Fiction.

"WE laughed" (writes the *British Medical Journal*) "when Mark Twain proposed to deliver a course of lectures upon chemistry before the Royal Society, adding that he was 'in a position to do this with greater freedom, because he knew nothing whatever about the science,' but the public do not laugh at but take in all seriousness the medical incidents and opinions scattered up and down the pages of the novels and poems which so commonly deal with medical matters. One of the strange medical things in "Monte Cristo" is the way in which the old revolutionist, Noirtier, manages to live on paralysed in every part of his body except his eyelids, which he winks freely. Yet the old fellow reasons acutely, and finds no difficulty whatever in swallowing food and drink. Dumas seemed absolutely unaware that such a paralytic condition as he describes in Noirtier's case involved of necessity brain damage of the most serious kind. Elsewhere Dumas made a guillotine head speak and weep. In one of his tales in the volume, 'Les mille et un Fantômes,' there is a story of a man engaged in making experiments on heads fresh from the guillotine in the Reign of Terror. Then there was Krook, the 'Lord Chancellor,' in 'Bleak House,' who went off the earthly stage by spontaneous combustion. Dickens might well be excused for falling into an error which was at that time commonly believed in by people who ought to know better. Bulwer Lytton went in for medicals marvels in 'Zanoni,' but as he was a student of mystic lore, and actually learned magic from a professed thaumaturgist, the Abbé Constant, his wonders were attributable not so much to his ignorance of medical science as to his belief in the elixir of life and the transmutation of metals. It is not surprising that even George Eliot,

with all her knowledge of the innermost workings of the human mind, should have lost her way when dealing with the morbid changes of mind and brain. Tito's father, Baldassare, had been a great scholar, but after a long illness his memory upon recovery became a perfect blank; he could recall nothing of his scholarship, though he had not forgotten who he was; with all this Baldassare is not represented as having lost his reason; he remembers his past life, but he can no longer read or write or recall any of his scholarship for which he had been so distinguished. It was not amnesia nor agraphia with which he was afflicted, it was a form of cerebral disease known only to the eminent novelist. Wilkie Collins made a speciality of his medical knowledge, and it was upon this account that he was induced to undertake an anti-vivisection novel, which he published under the name of 'Heart and Science.' The work was equally unsatisfactory both to the persons who inspired it and to the general public. Wilkie Collins's effort in this direction was a complete failure, and his medical men and his wonderful drugs could never have existed outside his own imagination. In Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities,' where Sydney Carton substitutes himself for the condemned Evremonde, we have premonitions of the chloroform which was to be discovered fifty years later—the chloroform of popular imagination, however, and by no means the $CHCl_3$ of the 'Pharmacopœia.' The poets, are, if possible, even worse offenders in the matter of their death scenes than the novelists. A man pulls a 2-drachm phial of some poison from his breast, swallows the contents, proceeds to make a 200-line speech without a pang or a gasp, staggers gracefully backwards to a conveniently-placed seat, drops upon it, clasps the region of the heart with both hands, and dies after a little convulsive movement of the legs. Heart disease, too, carries off heroines in a fashion quite unknown to doctors, and, although it is of the variety known as 'broken-heart,' has characteristics which must not be generally associated with fracture of so important an organ."

The Shelley Centenary.

AT the Shelley Centenary, held at Horsham on August 5th, Mr. Edmund Gosse delivered an admirable address, of which the following is the substance:—He began by referring to Sussex, "with its blowing woodlands and its shining downs," not being unaccustomed to poetic honours, when Shelley was born in the old house but a little way removed from Horsham. One hundred and thirty years before it had given birth to Otway, seventy years before to Collins. "But, charming as these poetic figures were and are, not Collins and not Otway can compare for a moment with that writer who is the main intellectual glory of Sussex, the ever-beloved and ethereally illustrious Percy Bysshe Shelley." Mr. Gosse then dwelt upon the exact connection of the poet and of his family with the county. He had no intention, however, to claim for the subject of his address a provincial significance. "Shelley does not belong to any one county, however rich and illustrious that county may be; he belongs to Europe, to the world. The tendency of his poetry and its peculiar accent are not so much English as European. He might have been a Frenchman or an Italian, a Pole or a Greek, in a way in which Wordsworth, for instance, or even Byron, could never have been anything but an Englishman. He passes, as we watch the brief and sparkling record of his life, from Sussex to the world. One day he is a child, sailing paper boats among the reeds in Warnham Pond; next day we see, scarcely the son of worthy Mr. Timothy Shelley, of Field Place, but a spirit without a country, 'a planet-crested shape sweeping by on lightning-braided pinions to scatter the liquid joy of life over humanity.'" We may well be content now to take the large romance of Shelley's life, and leave any sordid details to oblivion. "What seems to me most wonderful," continued Mr. Gosse in this

connection, "is that a creature so nervous, so passionate, so ill-disciplined as Shelley was should be able to come out of such an unprecedented ordeal with his shining garments so little sprinkled with mire. Let us at all events to-day think of the man only as 'the peregrine falcon' that his best and oldest friends loved to describe him. While a grateful England is cherishing Shelley's memory, and congratulating herself on his majestic legacy of song to her, we may reflect, almost with amusement, on the very different attitude of public opinion seventy and even fifty years ago. That he should have been pursued by calumny and prejudice through his brief, misrepresented life, and even beyond the tomb, can surprise no thinking spirit. It was not the poet who was attacked, it was the revolutionist, the enemy of kings and priests, the extravagant and paradoxical humanitarian. It is not needful, in order to defend Shelley's genius aright, to inveigh against those who, taught in the prim school of eighteenth-century poetists, and repelled by political and social peculiarities which they but dimly understood, poured out their reprobation of his verses. Even his reviewers, perhaps, were not all of them 'beaten hounds' and 'carrion kites'; some, perhaps, were very respectable and rather narrow-minded English gentlemen, devoted to the poetry of Shemstone. The nearer a thing is, in the true sense, the slower people are to accept it, and the abuse of the *Quarterly Review*, rightly taken, was but a token of Shelley's opulent originality." But the career of Shelley is no longer a battle-field for fanatics of any sort, "if they still skirmish a little in obscure corners, the main tract of it is not darkened with the smoke from their own artillery. It lies, a fair open country of pure poetry, a province which comes as near to being fairyland as any that literature provides for us." Recalling the fact that Shelley was born when the thundercloud of revolution was breaking over Europe, Mr. Gosse thus proceeded: "The same week that saw the downfall of La Fayette saw the birth of Shelley, and we might believe the one to be an incarnation of the hopes of the other. Each was an aristocrat, born with a passionate ambition to play a great part in the service of humanity; in neither was there found that admixture of the earthly which is needful for sustained success in practical life. Had Shelley taken part in active affairs his will and his enthusiasm must have broken, like waves, against the coarser type of revolutionist, against the Dantons and the Robespierres. Like La Fayette, Shelley was intoxicated with virtue and glory; he was chivalrous, inflammable, and sentimental. Happily for us and for the world, he was not thrown into a position where these beautiful qualities could only be displayed to us shattered like a dome of many-coloured glass. He was the not

unfamiliar figure of revolutionary times, the *grand seigneur* enamoured of Democracy. But he was much more than this; as Mr. Swinburne said long ago, Shelley 'was born a son and soldier of light, an archangel winged and weaponed for angel's work.'" Shelley satisfied the cravings of youth, and it was not for hermits to pass a verdict upon his productions. For this, sympathy was necessary; there must be a recognition of the same point of view before we could judge Shelley aright. If for choice he dealt with the most agitated of emotions, Shelley harmonised natural phenomena with the delicacy of his theme. With all his modernity, however, he was faithful to classic form. Looking upon the interest taken in the Shelley centenary as a sign that the period of prejudice was over, Mr. Gosse concluded with the noble lines from "Adonais":—

> "The splendours of the firmament of time
> May be eclipsed, but are extinguish'd not;
> Like stars to their appointed height they climb."

"The Second Funeral of Napoleon."

THE claim to the title of the rarest of all Thackeray's publications belongs to the first issue of "The Second Funeral of Napoleon, in three letters to Miss Smith, of London, and the Chronicle of the Drum, by Mr. M. A. Titmarsh," 1841, and of which a fine clean copy, in the original illustrated wrapper, was sold at auction a few weeks ago for £42. Considering how little the purchaser got for his money, and the absolute extrinsic worthlessness of the pamphlet itself, the sum paid takes one's breath away. True, it included a letter signed by Napoleon to his Minister of War; but one may fairly ask if this craze for first editions of "unconsidered trifles" is not likely to prove a bad speculation for collectors?

A Book on "Jades."

A UNIQUE book by an American millionaire is to appear shortly. Mr. Heber Bishop, who possesses incomparably the finest collection of jades in the world, recently visited Peking and made large additional purchases. Now he proposes to publish a volume on the subject, which will cost £20,000 to bring out, and to bind each copy in a binding costing £24. The edition will be limited to 100 copies, which will be distributed by the author to the chief Governments of the world, many of the crowned heads, and the principal public libraries. Then the plates will be destroyed, and the volume thus rendered one of the rarest and most valuable in existence. The jade is the most valued ornament of the Chinese, perfect specimens fetching enormous prices, and its delicious green and white will lend itself to exquisite illustration.

Reminiscences of a Bookseller.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Bookseller* relates some amusing incidents in the life of Robinson Peter Sutherland, aged 74, a well-known second-hand bookseller, who died at Edinburgh in May. Born in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1819, where for many years his father was a bookseller, Peter received an excellent education, which proved advantageous to him in his business. He settled in Edinburgh in 1842, and for fifty years carried on a small trade in Leith Walk. At one period he had a small shop with a bookstall outside, and many of the old book collectors were accustomed to visit his stall. One well-remembered bibliophile, the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of Hoddam, was a frequent visitor, and felt so much interested in Peter that he left him a bequest of £100. Another of his customers was the late David Laing, the celebrated Scotch antiquary. When Peter succeeded in picking up a rare book, it was his practice to give Mr. Laing the first refusal of it, and many a rarity passed through his hands in that direction. On one occasion Peter got hold of a rare edition of "Don Quixote," in two vols., quarto; he picked it up at another stall at a small price. He carried it off to Mr. Laing, who requested him to call next day, when he would fix the price. When Peter called he was considerably surprised when he received £10 for it. It may, however, be noted that this same book realised, at the sale of Mr. Laing's library in London, in 1879, the handsome sum of £192. Another of Peter's patrons, who holds a high position as a Lord of Session, on one occasion asked him to keep a look out for volumes one and two of the *Scotsman* newspaper, but he never happened to fall in with them until twenty years there-

after. He, however, trudged off with them to the residence of the gentleman, who at the time was engaged entertaining a party of friends. Great surprise was expressed, and so novel was the situation felt to be, that, on being apprised of the circumstance, the party demanded that Peter should be introduced. This being done, there was great merriment on seeing a bookseller who executed an order which had been given twenty years previously. Peter, it need scarcely be added, was liberally entertained, and at last sent home in a cab. Many similar illustrations of his experiences as a bookseller were wont to be referred to by Peter when talking over past times. Latterly he had a hard struggle for existence, chiefly because of his being frequently shifted on account of city improvements. His health also became very precarious for some time previous to his decease. In many respects he was a remarkable individual, who possessed a vast amount of information in regard to old books, and he was much respected by the trade.

Order "Slips" in New Books.

IN a book just published by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. there is an innovation that should commend itself warmly to librarians, and will also be of service to private individuals. It consists of including "catalogue or order slips" among the advertisements at the end of the volume, and also inserting some loose ones in the book. "It is hoped," observe the publishers, "that these slips, which have been drawn up and printed strictly in accordance with the British Museum catalogue rules, will prove a convenience to booksellers, librarians, cataloguers, and bookbuyers generally."



Some Old English Metrical Versions of the Psalms.

PART FIRST.

THE names of Sternhold and Hopkins have acquired a questionable kind of celebrity from their English metrical versions of what are commonly known as the Psalms of David. Their clumsy and sometimes ludicrous turns of expression have been girded at, by wits and witlings, almost from the first appearance of their "translations." For example, in a rare collection, "Jests, Epigrams, Epitaphs," &c., printed in 1753, are these mordacious lines, "spoken extempore to a Country Clerk, after hearing him sing Psalms":—

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad;
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear *thee sing*, and *them translate*—
By Jove 't had made him mad!

As I have pointed out in my recently-published little book, "Literary Coincidences and Other Papers," it is probable that Byron had this skit in mind—he was an omnivorous reader—when he penned the following verses, on his college choir:—

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his songs had ne'er descended—
In furious mood, he would have tore 'em!

It is, perhaps, not very generally known that the first English metrical versions of some of the Psalms were made by John Croke, one of the six clerks in Chancery, in the reign of Henry VIII., which—with the first chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes—remained in their "native" MS. until 1844, when the little "boke" was printed for members of the Percy Society. This MS. is described as "a square book of parchment, three inches and three quarters in height, by two inches and three quarters in breadth; bound in blue turkey, panelled with gold lines and acorns at the side; the leaves gilt. It was originally tied with blue strings, and consists of forty written leaves and seven blank. The place of the first word of each psalm is left blank, for the purpose of being illuminated, as usual with manuscripts. This neat book was probably written in his [*i.e.*, John Croke's] own hand, and the very copy presented to his wife Prudentia"—at whose request the translations were made, from the Latin Vulgate, as we learn from the Dedication, which is written in Latin, and has been thus rendered:—

To turn these Psalms to English verse, enjoined
By my much-valued wife, Prudentia hight,
Love, stationed in the virtues of her mind,
My pen directed, and the task was light.

A few specimens of Mr. Croke's translations—which must have been made before 1547, when Henry VIII. died, and therefore were prior to Sternhold's renderings, of which the first fifty-one were printed in 1549, and the whole collection in 1562; and also before those of Surrey and Wyat—may prove interesting to readers of THE BOOKWORM who do not possess, or have no ready access to, the Percy Society publications. These, then, are the two first verses of the Sixth Psalm, according to Mr. Croke:—

Dnē ne in furore.

Lorde, holde thy hande yn thy great rage:
Stryke me not after my desert,
Nor yn thy wrath ley to my charge
The faultes founde yn my synfull hert.

Miserere mei.

Have mercy, Lorde, vppon the weake,
My body feble and lowe brought;
I trymble as my bones would brake,
When thy stroke cūmeth yn my thought.

His rendering of the grand Nineteenth Psalm merits a somewhat longer extract—the first six verses :—

Celi enarrant.

The maiestie of God above,
And his glorye, the heavens confesse:
The firmament, that doth still move,
His handiwork doeth playne expresse.

Dies diei.

The daye doeth tell how tyme doeth passe,
His worde hath wrought this purvyaunce:
The nyght that is, by it that was,
Declareth his high ordynaunce.

Non sunt loquele.

There is no place of speach so dūme,
Nor ears so dull, his workes ben such,
But they may heare of whom they cūme,
The voyce of theym doeth spread so much.

In omnem terram.

In all the earth, both far and wyde,
The sound of theym doeth stretch and go:
Through the worlde, on every syde,
The fame of theym doeth rune also.

In sole posuit.

His seat is set yn the sūne bright,
That first doeth ryse with coloure red,
Lyke as when passed is the nyght,
The fresshe bryde grome doeth ryse from bed.

Exultauit vt gigas.

Lyke a lusty gyant, and stronge,
Redy to runne for the best game:
He setteth furth his course alonge
The heaven, and doeth perfourme the same.

Et occursus eius.

So from the heigth his course doeth reach,
Not ceassyng thither to returne:
None to hyde hym can other teach,
But with his heat he woll hym burne.

The worthy Chancery clerk's translation of the first chapter of Ecclesiastes is very much of a paraphrase, as will be seen from these verses (1–6, and 16–18) :—

ECCLESIASTES Salomon,
Son of David, that worthy kynge,

Doeth teach vs, and doeth grounde vppon,
That vanytie is yn all thynge,
From vanytie vanyties sprynge:
This yn his boke affirmeth he,
That all thynge is but vanytie.

For what hath man for all his payne,
Vppon the earth, vnder the sone,
But thyngs of nought, or litle gayne,
He passed furth, his course is rone:
One doeth succede, his thred is spone.
Nothing can stande yn one degre,
Excepte the earth, that cannot fle.

Jn the mornyng the sone doeth ryse,
And towards nyght downe doeth he go,
Makyng his course, that in like wyse
The nexte daye he may sprynge also:
The wynde likewise blowth to and fro,
Now sowth, now north, though he go rounde,
Yet to hymselfe he woll rebownde.

* * * * *

J to my selfe seid in this wise:
Lo, J am brought to high estate,
And haue founde owt, by my devise,
More wisdome than hath ben of late;
And may compare J had no mate
Byfore me, kynge in Jsrael,
In wisdome, knowledge, and counsell.

For J haue had experience,
As by such sute as J have made,
I knowe wisdome from negligence,
And how they varie in theire trade;[1]
And if in errours J did wade,
It was to knowe where they were sowen,
That therby wisdome myght be knowen.

This studie doeth not satisfie,
But rather vexeth hert and mynde.
Who studieth to be wise, sey J,
More then is nede, is more then blynde,
For this displeasure shall he fynde:
The more knowleage he doeth attayne,
The more shall that put hym to payne.

There is no reason to suppose that this first English versifier of portions of the Scriptures ever entertained the ambitious notion that

[1] Trade-way of life.

his translations should be "appointed to be sung in churches"; but during the reign of the pious young son of Henry VIII. his organist, Dr. Christopher Tye, not only turned the first fourteen chapters of the "Acts of the Apostles" into English verse, but composed music for each section, or chapter. Dr. Tye was the composer of music to anthems still used in English churches. The title of this scarce and curious little book is as follows:—

THE ACTES OF THE APOSTLES, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLYSHE METRE, and dedicated to the Kynges moste excellent Majestye [*i.e.* Edward VI.], by Christopher Tye, Doctor in Musyke, and one of the Gentlemen of hys graces moste honourable Chappell, wyth Notes to eche Chapter, to synge, and also to play upon the Lute, very necessary for studentes after theyr studye, to fyle theyr wyttes, and also for all Christians that cannot synge, to reade the good and Godlye storyes of the lyues of Christ hys Apostles. 1553." [At the end:] "Imprynted at London, by Nicolas Hyll, for Wyllyam Seres. *Cum priuilegio ad impremendum solum.*"

The dedication, "To the Vertuous and Godlye learned Prynce, Edwarde the VI., by the Grace of God," and so forth, begins thus:—

Consydryng well, most godly King,
The zeale and perfecte loue
Your Grace doth beare to eche good thynge
That geuen is from aboue.

And that your Grace oft tymes doth looke
To learne of the last daye:
The which ye fynde, with in God's booke,
That wyll not pass away.

Whose boke is geuen, in these your dayes,
Wherein ye do reioyce:
And eke prayse hym in al his wayes,
And that with thankful voyce.

Here is a specimen of Dr. Tye's translation of the opening of "The Acts":—

In the former treatise to thee,
Dear friend, Theophilus,
I have written the veritie
Of the Lord Christ Jesus;

Which he to do, and eke to teach,
Began, until the day,
In which the sprite up did him fetch,
To dwell above for aye.

After that he had power to do,
Even by the Holy Ghost,
Commandments then he gave unto
His chosen, least and most.

This quaint production, which is printed in black letter, also comprises music in four parts: "Meane, countertenor, tenor, and base." Judging from the foregoing samples of Dr. Christopher Tye's versification, most readers will probably be disposed to consider the well-meaning author as nothing better than a mere doggerel rhymester.

Sir John Hawkins, who reproduces Dr. Tye's music to his metrical version of "The Acts," says it was sung in the chapel of Edward the Sixth, and probably in other places where choral services were performed, but "the success not answering the expectation of the author, he applied himself to another kind of study, the composing of music to words selected from the Psalms of David, in four, five, and more parts, to which species of harmony, for want of a better, the name of anthem, a corruption of antiphon, was given" ("History of Music," vol. iii. 258).[1]

In 1549—two years after John Croke made his metrical versions of twelve of the Psalms, and the same year when the first fifty-one of Sternhold's translations appeared—there was printed a small volume, which is interesting from the circumstances of the author at the time of its composition, if it cannot be allowed to possess any striking literary merits. It is entitled:—

CERTAGNE PSALMES OR SONGUES OF DAVID. Translated into Englishe meter, by Sir Thomas Smith, Knight, then Prisoner in the Tower of London; with other Prayers and Songues by him made, to pas the tyme there.

Sir Thomas Smith was an eminent scholar, historian, statesman, and diplomatist, and through his loyal adherence to the Protector Somerset he became involved in his disgrace, and was imprisoned in the Tower for some time. The Psalms which he selected for versi-

[1] Dr. Christopher Tye is one of the characters in Samuel Rowley's curious comedy of "When you see me you know me," printed in 1613, which represent some of the remarkable events during the reign of Henry VIII. His version of the "Acts of the Apostles" is thus brought before Prince Edward in the course of this "scenical history":—

Tye.—Your grace doth honour me with kind acceptance,
Yet one thing more I do beseech your excellence,
To daine to patronise this homely worke,
Which I unto your grace have dedicate.
Prince.—What is the title?
Tye.—The Acts of the holy Apostles turned into verse,
Which I have set in several parts to sing;
Worthy acts, and worthily in you remembred.
Prince.—I'll peruse them, and satisfy your paines,
And have them sung within my father's chapel.

fication are eleven in number (according to the Latin Vulgate): 102, 152, 142, 119, 85, 30, 40, 70, 54, 144, 145; which he doubtless considered as suited to his own unhappy condition. This is how he has rendered our Fifty-fifth Psalm, verses 1–8 :—

Exaudi Deus orationem meam.

Do thou, O Lorde!
My prayer heare;
Thine help I do abide:
To my peticion
Encline thine eare,
Do not thee from me hide.

Tak heede to me,
My God, I say,
And heare me in my paine;
How piteously
I moorn and pray,
And lamentably complaine.

The enimie
Crieth on me so,
The ungodlie cometh on me so fast,
Thei minde to me
Great mischief to do,
Which maketh me agast.

For feare I tremble
Now, and quake,
As a ship that hath lost her helme;
An horrible dread
Maketh my hart ake,
And doth me overwhelme.

O that I had wings,
I said, lik a dove,
That I might flie to some nest,
And convey my self
By the skie above,
To a place where I might rest.

Then wolde I hence
Set me away farr,
And for a tyme remain;
And wildernes
Wolde I make my barr
To save me from this pain.

T'avoide this blustering
Stormie winde,
I wolde make right great hast ;
And hide me where
Thei shulde not me finde,
Till the tempest were overpast.

After Psalm 145 are "Collectes, or Prayers," all addressed in the plural number, from which it has been supposed that they were offered up in company of the Tower attendants. Then follow three metrical compositions, called "Psalms" by Sir Thomas, but evidently of his own composition, and having reference to his unhappy condition as well as to the state of the kingdom.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

Ex-Libris at the Royal Academy.

SOME idea of the extent of the current craze for book-plates may be gathered from the number exhibited at the Royal Academy this year. Here is the list, published in the *Ex-Libris Journal*, from the official catalogue of the exhibition :—

1507.	"Hermione"	C. W. Sherborn.
1508.	T. J. Barratt	H. Stacy Marks, R.A.
1509.	T. A. Guinness	H. Stacy Marks, R.A.
1510.	W. R. Ingram	H. Stacy Marks, R.A.
1511.	Mrs. Corbett	C. W. Sherborn.
1520.	Phillips	George W. Eve.
1561.	E. K. Corbet	T. Erat Harrison.
1563.	Arthur Somervell	L. Leslie Brooke.
1579.	S. H. J. Johnson	T. Erat Harrison.
1580.	University College School	T. Erat Harrison.
1581.	C. W. Mitchell	T. Erat Harrison.

Mr. Harrison has also several of his book-plates on exhibition at the Salon, Paris.

Althorp and its Library.

IN the last issue of THE BOOKWORM we quoted, under the title of "The Finest Private Library in the World," a leading article from *The Times*, and to-day we give from the same source a more general description of Lord Spencer's magnificent collection of books, it being in many respects a sequel to the former paper:—

"The work of dismantling the Althorp Library has commenced; in a few weeks those thousands of glorious volumes will be transferred to their new home, and their place, the great Northamptonshire house, will know them no more. One feels inclined, as one reflects upon this great transformation, to quote Lord Spencer's poet-namesake, and to say:—

> " 'Wherefore this lower world who can deny
> But to be subject still to Mutability?'

The books—'These Aldus printed, those Duseuil has bound'—came here from a score of collections; they have been here long enough to make it seem to everybody that here was their permanent home; and lo! a moment comes when the noble owner thinks that they are too costly a luxury to keep, by the stroke of the pen they are sold, and through the munificence of Mrs. Rylands they will soon practically belong to the public, and be housed in Manchester. Before they go, it will be interesting to record a few last impressions of them in their present home, while they still form the Althorp Library. The house and park are well known to all inhabitants of Northamptonshire and the Midlands generally, for Earl Spencer has

kept to be looked at, and only handled in a proper devotional spirit by rare worshippers. Indeed, it must be owned that this is all that most Caxtons are good for; a modern reader would hesitate long before fairly sitting down to read 'The Four Sons of Aymon.' We pass from curiosity to literature when we descend to the shelf below the Caxtons, for there are the four folio editions of Shakespeare, the Sonnets 'Printed by G. Eld for T. T., 1609,' and other books of the great age. The Sonnets is a delightful little volume, bound in old peacock-blue morocco, and the folios are as choice examples as one expects in such a library. The first folio, perfect except that the prefatory verses are 'inlaid,' was the copy that Theobald used—that commentator whom a recent critic has very properly been trying to rehabilitate. A former owner has written on the flyleaf, just as a modern collector would write, 'Bought at Mr. Folkes's sale, Feb. 1, 1756,' while in the copy of the third folio—the rarest of the four—the owner, one J. Godfrey, has written, 'Norton Court, March ye 2th (*sic*), 1703–4. pretium £01 10.' One pound ten for a third folio!

"The Gutenberg Bible was thought to be, from the point of view of the auction room, the most precious of printed books, until Messrs. Sotheby sold, a few years back, a copy of the Mentz Psalter for close upon £5,000. The rival claims would have been retried had not the present purchaser stepped in and deprived the world of the pleasing excitement of an Althorp auction, for here are copies of each, supreme in condition. They have been seen at more than one public exhibition, for Lord Spencer has always lent his books as well as his pictures very generously. On the same shelves with them are numberless examples of the most beautiful of all printed books, the works of classical authors printed in Italy in the fifteenth century and in the early part of the sixteenth at Venice and Florence and at Rome. These we need not specify; but the shelf after shelf of Aldines, fifteen of them printed on vellum, are too fascinating to be passed over. Here among the fifteen is the Dante of 1502, clearest and loveliest of volumes; here is its rival in rarity, the Virgil of 1501, the first book printed in 'italic' type. Shall we, in ancient fashion, appeal to it for a 'sors Virgiliana'? The volume opens at the 3d Æneid:—

> "'Quæcunque in foliis descripsit carmina virgo,
> Digerit in numerum, atque antro seclusa relinquit:
> Illa manent immota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt.'

"Alas! the prophet is wrong, for these 'carmina,' these folios, are

not fixed in their places but destined to fly away. The door is at this moment opening to admit the disturber; 'teneras turbavit janua frondes.'

"There is in this room one more noticeable little collection—the small case containing a dozen shelves of miniature volumes. The founder of the Althorp Library was, unluckily, not an Elzevirian, or we might have found here choice copies of the Virgil, the Cæsar, the 'Imitatio Christi,' and, better still, the French books from the same press—the Regnier, the Molière, the 'Pastissier.' As it is, the little case contains charming volumes from the Lyons presses, old pocket Bibles, a diminutive Pindar in several volumes, and special copies of those Diamond classics which were suggested to Pickering by Lord Spencer and printed in the first instance for him. Here, too, is that *rarissime* little volume, the first edition of the 'Compleat Angler.'

"When we pass from the *sanctum sanctorum* we enter another region altogether; we are no longer among the books which stir the passions of the bibliophile, but rather among those which belong to the proverbial 'gentleman's library.' The vast billiard room, 40ft. long and 25ft. high, with a gallery at half its height, contains thousands of such books—old treatises on botany and zoology, county histories, and the works of voluminous and forgotten divines. So with the 'Domenichino Room,' so called from a 'Dædalus and Icarus,' which is not a Domenichino at all, but a well-known picture by Vandyck; here is shelf after shelf of finely-bound 'Histories de l'Univers' and such like, with Strype, with Mungo Park, with multitudes of old quarto classics, and with the ever-amusing 'India Occidentalis' of De Bry, a storehouse of pictures of marvellous manners and impossible customs. There are similar books in the 'Raphael Library,' so called from the late 'Holy Family' over the fireplace; the only volume that need detain us is the presentation copy on *charta maxima* of Tyrwhitt's 'Poetics of Aristotle,' with a letter from Dr. Wills, Warden of Wadham and Vice-Chancellor, explaining how the University Press had had a few special copies taken off, and begged the honour of adding one to his lordship's library. In those days the accounts of the Clarendon Press were not so carefully audited as now!

"Then comes the last and most beautiful room of all, the Long Library. Here, in a wheeled case, is the manuscript catalogue, perhaps the first of the 'slip' catalogues which are now so general, the slips lightly run together in vellum-backed volumes. The books are thousands in number, and assuredly no such furniture, for beauty

and harmony, can well be found to take their place. There is not much of great bibliographical value, but the splendid purples and browns and golds of the morocco and russian backs give to these spacious volumes a decorative quality which is unapproachable. As to the books themselves, they preach once more the eternal lesson of old libraries, the *vanitas vanitatum* of human efforts. What are these three great rows of glorious volumes in uniform coverings of rich morocco? They are the 'Œuvres de M. Arnauld'—the embalmed relics of the dead Jansenist controversy, the record of infinite effort which once seemed full of meaning, but which is now unintelligible, save to the trained historical imagination. And these seven gorgeous folios in crimson and gold? Is it Homer, Dante, or Shakespeare, or even Buffon, that has been thought worthy of such honour? No; these volumes are the works of Sir William Jones. He was almost a great man once; he helped to found a Sanskrit scholarship, and he wrote one solemn little poem which is printed in most of the anthologies; but his works, it is to be feared, have long since become mere furniture, and not even in this splendid form will they tempt the Manchester reader. But perhaps the Althorp Library is not richer in dead reputations than any other collection of its size. Its unique glory is that among this multitude of books of little enduring interest there are to be found four or five thousand volumes on which Time, 'the only critic that does not err,' has placed the mark of ever-increasing value."

The following is the substance of an official announcement:—It is now more than three years since Mrs. Rylands formed the plan of erecting in Manchester a memorial to her late husband, which should embody one main purpose of his life, as carried out by him very unostentatiously, but with great delight, during the greater part of his career. To make the highest literature accessible to the people was with him a cherished aim; and it was accordingly resolved by his widow that the memorial should be in the form of a library. The site in Deansgate, lying between Wood Street and Spinningfield, was purchased; and after visits to several great libraries and other public buildings, Mrs. Rylands instructed the architect of Mansfield College, Oxford—Mr. Basil Champneys, of London—to execute plans for a suitable structure, to bear the name of "The John Rylands Library." About the same time she commenced the purchase of books, being aided in this by her friend Mr. J. Arnold Green, son of the Rev. Dr. Green, who, putting himself in communication with various agents, has, during the past two years and a half, collected a large number of standard books in English and

foreign literatures, including early Bibles, first editions, and many other rare and valuable works, with several choice manuscripts and autographs. The number of volumes purchased has reached many thousands, one of the latest acquisitions being the celebrated copy of the "Biblia Pauperum," once belonging to the Borghese Library in Rome, and to which full reference is made in the last number of THE BOOKWORM.

When the announcement was made that the noble owner of the Althorp Library was willing to dispose of that famous collection, Mrs. Rylands at once felt that its possession would be the crown of her whole scheme—accomplishing it with a completeness of which she never dreamed when first she formed her plans. Mr. Arnold Green, accordingly, at once communicated on her behalf with Mr. Railton, of Messrs. Sotheran & Co., a firm which had been largely employed by her in previous purchases of books. The result is known to all, and that splendid library will in due course be transferred to the new building in Deansgate.

An "Intelligence" Department.

THE tale of the north-country tallow boiler who ordered from his bookseller a novel called "Soap," believing that it was a technical treatise on the subject, has lately been equalled at the Admiralty. In the latest catalogue of works published in Paris was an announcement of one simply called "Mélenite." Under the impression that it would be a scientific brochure on the newest explosive, it was ordered by "My Lords" for the comprehensive library at Whitehall, but to the disgust of some and to the amusement of others there, when it arrived it proved to be a novel of distinctly advanced Parisian type, bearing its heroine's name. Perhaps the story will afford some economical person in Parliament an excuse to move a reduction in the Naval Estimates.

Mohammedan Literature in Russia.

MOHAMMEDAN literature seems to enjoy unusual liberty in Russia, and the metropolis of the old Tartar empire, Kasan, is its publishing centre. In 1890 the greater part of about 300 books were printed there in the Tartaric, Turkestanic, Arabian, Persian, and Turkish languages, mostly in issues of from 200,000 to 300,000 copies, and there exist special Mohammedan booksellers' shops, which send these books direct to the Crimea, the Caucasus, Turkestan, and other Mohammedan countries. Among them, schoolbooks, almanacks, and prayer-books take the lion's share, then follow romances, novels, and story-books, written in the flowery language of the orientals, and well adapted to the simple minds of the greater part of the people; scientific books, of course, form the least part of the publications. Only two newspapers are published amongst the Russian followers of the prophet; the one at Kasan bears the title *The Translator*, the other is edited in the Turkestanic province and calls itself *The Home Newspaper*.

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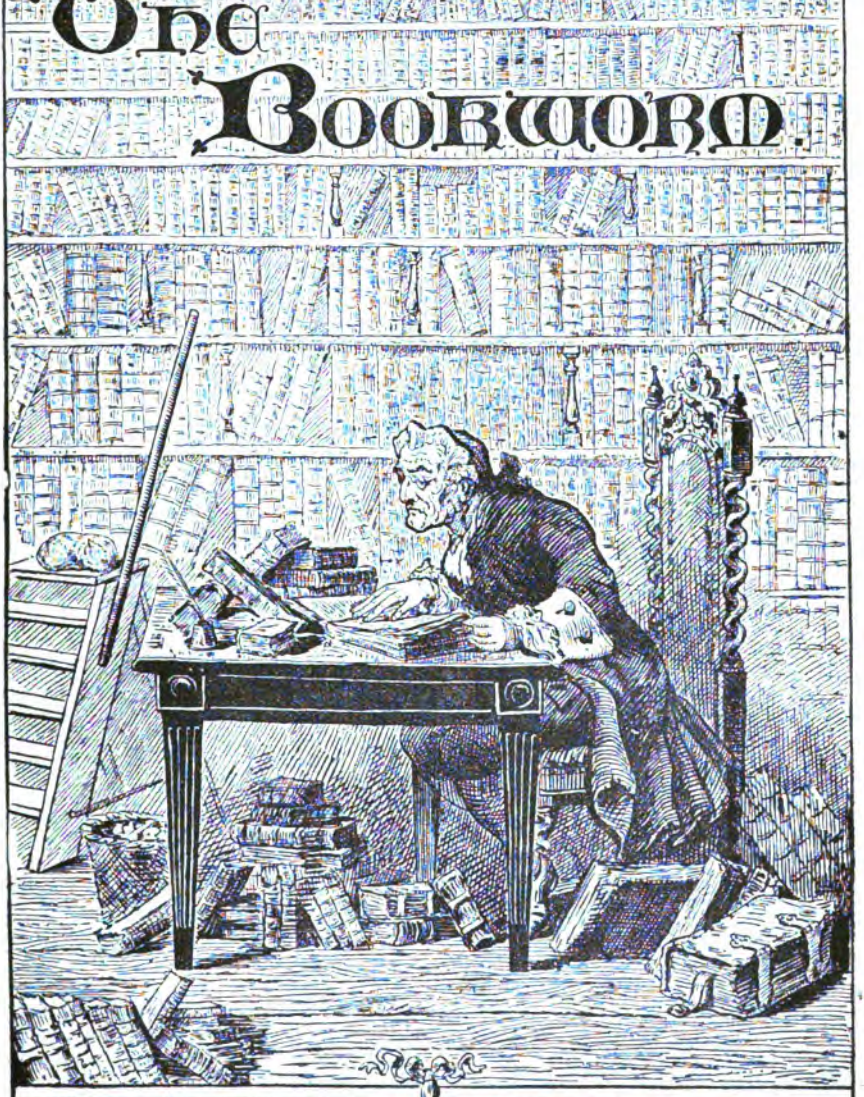
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The Musée Plantin-Moretus.

MOST people, I suppose, are acquainted more or less with the history of the great printing house founded at Antwerp by Christopher Plantin, which, after an active existence of more than three centuries, was purchased with all its treasures—literary, typographic, artistic—by the municipality of the city in 1876, and since 1878 has been open to the public as a museum, unique in character and supreme in interest to every man of taste—especially to every bibliophile; for there is, I should imagine, hardly a book collector in the world who has not upon his shelves some few volumes, at least, bearing the device of the hand and compass, with the motto, "Labore et Constantia." It is not, however, with the museum as a treasure-house of art and a picturesque example of the domestic architecture and furnishing of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that I purpose to deal. Many articles have been devoted to this task. I wish simply to call attention to the points of interest which it offers to the book lover and the amateur of printing and engraving. It was in or about the year 1550 that Christopher Plantin, a native of Touraine, left Paris, where he was established as a printer, and migrated to the Low Countries to escape the troubles—religious and political—in which France was then involved. He began printing at Antwerp in 1555, and it would be superfluous here to do more than allude to the splendid works—theological, ritual, scientific—which issued in rapid succession from his press; or to the men of art and literature—Rubens, De Vos, Lipsius, Montanus, Poelmann, Van Kiel, Raphelengius—who were associated with him in their production. Plantin was succeeded by his son-in-law Moretus, and the family of Moretus, or Plantin-Moretus, con-

tinued to print on the old premises in the Marché du Vendredi until August, 1867, when the presses were brought finally to rest, and the house of Plantin, as a "going concern," ceased to exist. Only three or four men were then employed. As may well be supposed, Plantin and his successors in the course of their multifarious labours accumulated a large library. This library is still intact, and the character of the collection is well displayed in the specimens to be seen in the show-cases of the museum. Let me note a few of the more important items. In the third room on the ground floor will be found several manuscripts of the tenth century, one of which is the "Carmen Paschale" of Sedulius, written in Lombard characters and adorned with outline miniatures. Here, too, may be seen a MS. French translation of Cicero's "De Amicitia," "De Senectute," and "De Officiis" made for John the Fearless, and a splendid but incomplete manuscript of the Bible. This is in two volumes. The first consists of 426 pages, each richly adorned, and has no less than 187 miniatures; whilst the second contains 442 pages, only 34 of which, however, are illuminated. The book is dated 1402. I leave without particular mention the "Horæ" and other service books, though many are of fine execution, but cannot pass without notice a MS. of Froissart with admirable miniatures, and a "De Civitate Dei" of great beauty. In the same room is a volume (the sixth, I believe) of the famous Royal Bible, printed upon vellum, and containing the translation of Pagnini, which had already appeared as part of the Complutensian Polyglot. It may be thought curious that the museum does not possess a complete copy on vellum of this, perhaps the greatest work issued by Plantin. But only thirteen were so struck off—all for the King of Spain; of these, six went to the Escurial. The Pope and the Dukes of Savoy and Alva had each a copy, and one is, I believe, at Salamanca. What became of the rest I do not know. The copy given to the Duke of Alva is now in the British Museum. Still more rare, however, than the impressions upon vellum are those on "Grand papier Impérial d'Italie." Only ten were printed. Of these, the Bibliothèque Nationale possesses a specimen formerly the property of Duplessis-Mornay. The town library of Antwerp has a copy on fine paper, presented to it by Plantin in recognition of the favours granted to him by the municipal body. Before concluding these remarks on the Royal Polyglot, I should mention that amongst the MSS. shown in the third room of the museum, are the letter of Philip II. authorising the edition; the privilege accorded to it by the Cardinal de Granvelle, and the formal approbation of the Sorbonne. The next apartment to the "salle"

we have just visited is the "Chambre des Correcteurs," the room in which Raphelengius, Van Kiel, Poelmann, Madoels, Steenhart, and a succession of learned persons, revised the proofs of the works about to be issued by the house. On the table lie the corrected proofs of their last Missal. From this room we reach the office; and then, passing through the cabinet of Justus Lipsius (clarum et venerabile nomen), and along a short passage, we arrive at the type and printing rooms. In the former are endless varieties of the type used by the firm, and in the latter are seven presses, two of which date from the time of Plantin himself. Upstairs, in the first room, many rarities present themselves: A splendid copy of Pfister's Bible, printed at Bamberg, 1458–60; Cicero, "De Officiis," printed by Fust and Schœffer, 1466, which, though perhaps not so rare as their edition of the preceding year, is still of great value, especially when on vellum as this copy is. Then we have "Le Vergier Florissant" of 1534, also on vellum; a Sarum Breviary, printed at Louvain, 1499, and said to be *unique;* Æsop, with woodcuts, printed at Antwerp by Gerard Leew, 1486, and the "Chevalier Délibéré" of Olivier de la Marche, with curious woodcuts, printed at Schiedam about 1500, besides rare pageants, specimens of the Aldine, Estienne and Elzevir presses, and fine examples of the work of Quentell, Zell, Froben, Gryphius, and others, and a copy on vellum of Pigouchet's highly-decorated "Livre d'Heures" of 1502. In the small library adjoining are autograph letters of famous men, and annotated books, and documents of all kinds. One of the most interesting rooms in the museum is that containing the woodblocks, illustrations, initial letters, &c., of which, used and unused, there are some ten thousand. Besides these, is an endless series of copperplates, many of large size, after the designs of Rubens and other great artists, and a large collection of rare engravings. I should weary your readers if I were to enter more into detail, but I hope that enough has been said to indicate the surpassing interest of the museum. I would suggest a visit to it, with the assistance of the admirable "Déscription Sommaire" compiled by the curator, Mr. Max Rooses. Also I would recommend for perusal this gentleman's monumental work entitled "Christophe Plantin, Imprimeur Anversois." The book is a perfect mine of information, whilst for paper, typography, and what "Froggy Dibdin" used to call "graphic embellishments," it is probably unsurpassed. Having mentioned Mr. Max Rooses, I think I cannot do better than conclude this article in his words:—"On cherche en vain les reliques des ateliers des Aldes, des Juntes, des Estiennes, des Frobens, et de taut d'autres imprimeurs fameux: le

temps a été impitoyable pour eux, et n'a laissé subsister que leur nom et leurs produits. Mais, par contre, il s'est montré jaloux de nous conserver intacte la grande imprimerie an versoise, avec toutes les richesses scientifiques et artistiques qui s'y sont accumulées pendant des siècles, et il nous a transmis, comme une propriété publique, ce qui fut réuni soigneusement et conservé religieusement par les nombreuses générations de la famille Plantin-Moretus."

W. ALEXANDER SMITH.

A Microscopic Bible Text.

IT would seem that the foolish people who waste their time in crowding a great number of words on postcards have at all events an ancient precedent, as may be seen from the following fact:—a rare and remarkably well preserved Latin manuscript has been given to the American Bible Society by Charles J. Baker, of Baltimore. It is on vellum, undated, but supposed to be of the fourteenth century. The entire Scriptures are embraced, and the labour of preparing the work can be imagined when it is said the chirography is so minute that none of the letters can be distinguished without the aid of a powerful magnifying glass.

The Lament of the Literati.

ONE of the alleged comic papers—*Moonshine*—has managed to deliver itself of the following lines, which seem to deserve—if only because of their feebleness—some sort of perpetuity:—

"'We're worthy of our hire,' the authors cry,
With work-worn heads, and hearts all sad and sore;'
'We don't agree,' the Publishers reply,
'Since, in return for *hire*, you give us *lore*.'"

A West of England Bibliography.

MOST of our readers are acquainted with Messrs. Boase and Courtney's "Bibliotheca Cornubiensis," a work which occupied its compilers for many years, and which may be cited as a model bibliography. Since this was published the most important work dealing with West-country literature is the new Reference Catalogue of the Plymouth Free Public Library, compiled by Mr. W. H. K. Wright, the Borough Librarian of that town. Ever since the Plymouth Library was started, in 1876, Mr. Wright has set before himself the task of collecting Devon and Cornwall literature, and so successful has he been that the local collection he has formed is one of the most extensive and important in the country. The catalogue before us is entitled an "Index-Catalogue of the Reference Department of the Free Public Library of the County-Borough of Plymouth," and it includes the "Devon and Cornwall Library," and the library of the "Plymouth Medical Society." The whole compilation is admirable, the titles and authors being arranged in one alphabet on the index or dictionary system, with numerous cross-references and special lists. The first portion (Reference) occupies about 300 pages, being printed with the names of authors in black-faced type. The second portion of the Catalogue (Devon and Cornwall) is that with which we propose to deal; and this occupies about 250 pages, averaging sixty lines to a page, and is printed in brevier, authors' names being set in a blacker type. In the "Local" portion of the Catalogue are given some 15,000 separate entries, representing between 5,000 and 6,000 distinct works, all in some way connected with the two western counties, of which Plymouth forms a geographical centre. We have carefully

examined the list, and noted the inclusion of nearly all the best-known, and many little-known names. In fact, there is scarcely a writer of repute who hails from Devon or Cornwall whose name may not be found in Mr. Wright's Catalogue, and one is surprised on turning over the pages to see what a multitude of authors have hailed from the West.

The principle adopted in connection with this special local collection is to include whatever relates to the counties of Devon and Cornwall generally, or to any place or portion of the same; everything written by natives of the two counties; and all works published or bearing the imprint of printers in this district. In many instances both the place and date of publication have been given, although, necessarily, many of the entries are abbreviated.

Taking the entries in their strict alphabetical order, we find under "Acts" a great number of Acts of Parliament relating to Plymouth and other towns in the district. "Antiquities" forms an interesting group; and a number of works relating to Ashburton are given. Under letter B we first notice Babbage (C.), the eminent statistician, who was a native of Devon; and Sir Samuel W. Baker also occupies a prominent place. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, one of the most prolific Devonshire writers of the present day, occupies the greater part of a page, with works ranging from "Lives of the Saints" to highly sensational novels. Several members of the Barnes family follow, and a good list of descriptive and historical works come in under "Barnstaple"; also a goodly number of works are classified under "Bible." "Bibliography" has also a good heading. Bishop Bickersteth, the present Bishop of Exeter, has a fair representation, while the Rev. J. Bidlake has about a dozen entries. There is a special list of "Biographies," containing some interesting items; next comes Bishop Blackall, and closely following the well-known novelist, R. D. Blackmore, several of whose works relate to Devon. J. T. Blight is a well-known writer on Cornish Antiquities. Mr. W. Copeland Borlase, the modern antiquary, closely follows his namesake, the Rev. William Borlase, the well-known writer of the eighteenth century; while Sir John Bowring occupies a prominent position. Mrs. Bray is, of course, well represented; in fact, we believe that the collection includes nearly everything written by that highly-cultured lady, while Andrew Brice, E. W. Brayley, and J. Britton are not far away. Next we find William Browne, of "Britannia's Pastorals" fame; and Dr. T. N. Brushfield, the President-elect of the Devonshire Association, who is a most indefatigable worker, especially in matters appertaining to Ralegh. J. Silk Buckingham is there with a respectable

list of works. Edward Capern, the Bideford postman-poet, is well to the fore, and then we come to the various members of the Carew family, closely followed by Carlyon, Carne, and Carpenter. Then the Dartmoor poet, Carrington, J. R. Chanter, Mrs. Charles, and many others but little known, may be found interspersed with works on Christianity, Chronology, and the Church. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, as premier poet of Devon, has a good number of entries, although we miss some of his rarer and more important works; then follow the names of Collier, Mortimer Collins, Cookworthy, Cornish and Cornwall (Rev. A. G.). A special group is given under the general heading "Cornwall," in which the works are classified in a very useful manner. Following these the names of Cotton, Couch, and Courtney are taken in order, and so it goes on all through the alphabet, every page revealing the names of some writers of eminence in their day and generation. "Devonshire" is another special group, occupying about twenty pages; Dartmoor literature is also very extensive, and all the most interesting items are here brought together. The popular poet of to-day, Austin Dobson, as a native of Plymouth, is represented, while there are a goodly array of works relating to Sir Francis Drake. Exeter books are numerous. John Gay, the poet, is well to the fore; the celebrated "Gorham Case" has a number of entries. Samuel Carter Hall, John Harris, Sir W. Snow Harris, and others show up well, while Dr. Robert Hawker occupies more than a page. George Francis Heath is there, also Robert Herrick and George Hughes, one of Plymouth's ejected ministers. Of course Kingsley stands prominently forward under letter K, closely followed by Kitto, while Kennicott, King, Keys, and Kerslake take their proper stations. The Rev. W. S. Lach Szyrma leads off in the next group, while Lavington, Le Grice, Dean Lowe, the Lysons, and the Rev. H. F. Lyte follow after. Maclean, Marriott, Maskell, Merrifield, Nicholas Michell, Mudge, and Mount-Edgcumbe are prominent under letter M. Nicolas and the Northcotes are the chief names which follow, while under letter P we have Parfitt, M. A. Paull, Peirce, and others. Mr. W. Pengelly, the eminent geologist, is represented by some eighty or ninety entries, and Bishop Phillpotts by a goodly group. Next to Devonshire and Cornwall the special group under Plymouth is the most important and extensive, the works being classified in the same manner. Poets and poetical works are very full, and Polwhell occupies a most important position. Pott (Archdeacon), Prideaux, Pring, Praed, Prout, Prynne, Pulman, and Pycroft, are the other notable names in this section. Of course Sir Walter Ralegh has a good

register, and Cyrus Redding heads an interesting list. Reports occupy several pages, and Sir Joshua Reynolds shows to considerable advantage. The list of sermons is a lengthy one, as is also that under the heading of the great Smith family. Joanna Southcott is represented by an interesting collection of tracts, and the veteran poet, H. S. Stokes, by nearly all his published works. Bishop Temple, Toplady, Towgood, Townsend, Tozer, and others, monopolise a fair number of entries; these are followed by Tregellas, Tregelles, Trelawny, Trevithick, and other names well known in Cornwall. Then comes a lengthy section, as it includes, amongst many others, R. N. Worth, nearly two hundred entries; Walcot ("Peter Pindar"), about fifty entries; W. H. K. Wright, over one hundred entries, with many others of varying merit and importance. The Appendix, containing works added while the Catalogue was going through the printer's hands, occupies more than thirty closely-printed pages, and is filled with very interesting items.

We might go on pointing out many more special features of this remarkable Catalogue, but we think we have said enough to show the ordinary book-lover that there is here a work of great usefulness, and particularly to the collector of Devon and Cornwall literature.

CORNUBIENSIS.

The Words of the "Messiah."

IT will be remembered that last year Professor Dowden picked up at a Dublin bookstall what proved to be a unique copy of the book of the words used at the first performance of the "Messiah." We learn that this treasure has just been purchased by the British Museum.

A Book Hunter's Spoils.

IT is the book-hunting spoils of Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the well-known honorary secretary of the Shelley Society, which are meant. His manuscripts and first editions of this century poets, make a collection which is wholly unique. If some illiterate spirit were to evaporate with it from his house at Crouch Hill, no possible effort could make a similar collection.

The other evening Mr. Wise (writes a representative of *The Daily Chronicle*) was showing me some of his principal treasures, and telling me their associations, their "points," and their worth.

"Apart from manuscripts," he said, "my idea has been to gather together first editions of the English poets from 1783—the date of Blake's 'Poetical Sketches'—to the present day. All my life I have been collecting. Now I have Keats, Swinburne, Browning and Ruskin, Morris and Arnold, and other minor bards, complete, and Wordsworth and Coleridge almost complete. Of Tennyson I only want the excessively rare 'Lover's Tale' of 1883, and of Byron three volumes; while of Burns I have everything except his Kilmarnock edition. Certainly my Shelley collection is the most exhaustive in existence."

"And of Rossetti, have not you some very special relics?"

"Yes, and that brings me to details, and a truly weird matter. Here is the only complete portion of manuscript preserved from the book which Rossetti buried in his wife's coffin. It is the manuscript of 'Wellington's Funeral,' scored, you notice, with a light line from corner to corner of the pages, as if Rossetti had determined at one time that it should not be printed."

"That is what he did determine, is it not, of all the manuscript he buried with his wife?"

"Different stories have been told of the buried book, and of this part which survives. I'll tell you the true one. Rossetti was in the habit of copying all the verse he wrote into a book for his wife, the original slips being destroyed or thrown away. When his wife died, he declared, 'Nobody shall see my poetry.'"

"But had not any of it been published?"

"Only scraps, and very few of these. Rossetti took the book of manuscript, laid it on the breast of his dead wife as she lay in her coffin, folded her hands over it, and saw the coffin screwed down. Body and manuscript were buried in Highgate Cemetery, and there they lay for some years undisturbed. When Swinburne and Morris and other friends of Rossetti began to be famous by their poetry, Rossetti said, 'Why should not I publish mine?'"

"Most of which, of course, was lying in his wife's grave?"

"Just so. It was determined to open the grave and take the manuscript from the coffin, and permission having been obtained from the Home Secretary of the day, this was done. William Rossetti, the poet's brother, and Theodore Watts were, I think, the only people, besides the Home Office officials, present when the grave was opened. Rossetti himself was not present.

"No doubt the precious volume was much decayed?"

"Yes; but it was disinfected and cleaned with the utmost possible care, and a transcript of it made. 'Wellington's Funeral' I got from Mr. William Rossetti, who himself has one or two mere fragments of the manuscript. My portion of the strangely-historied volume is the only perfect poem that could be preserved."

"Not the only Rossetti manuscript, I believe, which you have?"

"Oh dear no; nor, moreover, to me the most valuable. This is the complete manuscript of Rossetti's 'The Bride's Prelude,' a poem which was written, of course, in Rossetti's later days. Mark, that Rossetti had originally intended to call the poem 'The Bride's Chamber'; his pen is struck through the word 'Chamber,' and 'Prelude' is written below. In addition to these remains of Rossetti, I have the manuscript of a large number of the sonnets which appeared in the 'Ballads and Sonnets' of 1881, and a copy of 'Sir Hugh the Heron,' a legendary tale written by Rossetti when a boy—a presentation copy with an autograph inscription. My copy of 'Sir Hugh the Heron' is the more to be esteemed because I have with it a document by Rossetti, in which, to safeguard his reputation as a poet, he states that the poem is a boyish, not a mature effort." Together with "Sir Hugh" is "Sister Helen," printed privately at Oxford, and now of the greatest rarity.

"Now, if you don't mind—from Rossetti to Browning."

"Browning, you said? I have Browning's 'Pauline,' published in 1833, and of which only eight copies are known to be extant. Listen to this inscription which Browning wrote on it for me:—

'I see with much interest this little book, the original publication of which can hardly have cost more than has been expended on a single copy by its munificent proprietor and my friend Mr. Wise.

'ROBERT BROWNING.

'*Feb.* 12, '88.'"

"You knew Browning intimately, then?"

"Oh, yes, and admired him greatly, both as a man and a poet. There was nothing of affectation, nothing but geniality about him. Here you see Carlyle's own copy of the 'Bells and Pomegranates,' with Browning's autograph inscription to him. I bought it shortly after Carlyle's death. Mrs. Browning, when a child of fourteen, wrote an epic, called 'The Battle of Marathon,' which her father printed privately. Of that I'm glad to say I have a copy (one of the three now known), which, if you care, you may look through. As poetry 'The Battle of Marathon' is not, perhaps, particularly admirable, but as the production of the child who became Elizabeth Barrett Browning it is widely interesting. This is George Meredith's first book, his poems of 1851; and here beside it Mathew Arnold's suppressed volumes, 'The Strayed Reveller,' and 'Empedocles on Etna'; and here, scarcer still, Arnold's Rugby Prize Poem, 'Alaric at Rome,' of which, until recently, only a single copy was known to exist."

"What of your Tennyson treasures?"

"They include first editions of 'Poems by Two Brothers,' published in 1827, never reprinted, a 'large-paper' copy, now worth £25 a copy; the 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical,' of 1830, and the 'Poems' of 1833. What I want, as I said at the beginning of our chat, and very much want to get, is 'The Lover's Tale.'"

"I am suggesting the poets to you without any kind of order. Perhaps Byron should have come sooner—but no matter."

"This book—look at it—is the only uncut copy known of the first edition of Byron's 'Waltz.' The only copy which I know to have been sold by public auction was cut down to the types, and even in that state it fetched £50. Byron suppressed the first 1807 collection of his poems after it had been printed privately. I own a copy, which is just as it was printed, and there is only one other copy like it in existence. Similarly, I have one of two known first editions of

Shelley's 'A Refutation of Deism,' and a nearly perfect set of the poet's other works."

"And also, I presume, a very great deal more Shelley material than can be found in a six days' journey?"

"Take the manuscript of the 'Masque of Anarchy,' the only complete manuscript I know of a poetical volume by Shelley. Again, take a copy of the original edition of 'Adonais,' which was printed in Italy, or a copy of 'Alastor.' Now this 'Queen Mab' would not be worth more than five guineas instead of thirty, but for one fact. It has the title-page, dedication, and imprint, which Shelley himself tore out of every copy before he gave it away."

"Shall we take Swinburne and William Morris together?"

"By all means. At college Swinburne wrote largely for a magazine, called 'Undergraduate Papers,' of which four numbers appeared. Of the four issues the British Museum has two, but of the complete issue there is only one companion to mine. About William Morris's, here are 'Poems by the Way,' on fine vellum, and a large-paper copy of the first edition of 'The Earthly Paradise.'"

"What can you show me of Ruskin's?"

"Many letters in manuscript, and especially a manuscript headed 'Work and Play,' which he delivered as a lecture, and then re-wrote and published as 'Work' in the 'Crown of Wild Olive.' Also a fine uncut copy of the excessively rare 'Poems by J. R.' privately printed in 1850."

"Although Dickens and Thackeray do not come into the list of poets, you have, I imagine, given them attention?"

"All the Dickens' manuscripts, with the exception of three, are in the South Kensington Museum. Of the three not there, one belongs to Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia; another to an American gentleman, at present in London; and a third is with me. It is the manuscript of 'A Curious Dance round a Curious Tree,' a little booklet describing a madman's dance at a Christmas-tree given at St. Luke's Hospital."

"Then concerning Thackeray?"

"I have, in particular, a pamphlet entitled 'An Interesting Event,' by 'M. A. Titmarsh,' which saw the light in 1849. Also an unpublished letter by Thackeray bearing upon the pamphlet."

"Lastly, mention to me in a sentence, if you will, one or two of your rarest finds not already touched upon."

"At random I pick out copies of George Eliot's sonnets 'Brother and Sister,' and her dramatic poem 'Agatha'; Fitzgerald's 'Omar Khayyam,' the Persian poet, uncut, in the original wrappers; Blake's

'There is no Natural Religion'; and Horne's epic poem, 'Orion,' which he issued at a farthing, because, said he, 'That's the value the British public puts on poetry.' Here, in this case, are more than *sixty* volumes all *im membranis!* So on and so on."

Well might Mr. Wise say "So on and so on," for while all this gives some trifling idea of his wonderful collection, it will never be described until his own descriptive catalogue comes out. And the book is happily on the way.

An Unpublished Letter of Thackeray.

MESSRS. PUTTICK lately sold for five guineas an unpublished letter of Thackeray, which runs as follows:—"13, Young St., Kensington Square, the house with the bow windows on the left right hand side near the Kings Arms, Kensington Palace Gate, Thursday Evg. My dear Frederick, I hope you have not forgotten your engagement to me for tomorrow ½ to 7 o'clock. An omnibus from Piccadilly will drop you at the entrance of Young St. and my maid shall walk home with you and a lanthorn in the evening. Your affte. Aunt, W. M. Thackeray." With this letter went an original pen-and-ink sketch representing the aunt playing the guitar, and signed W. M. T., very cleverly executed about 1833 or 1834, when Thackeray was as yet little known to fame, and on reverse a pen-and-ink sketch taken from life.

The Toronto Library.

A COMMITTEE has been formed in Germany to collect books for the university library at Toronto, in Canada, which, as is well known, was entirely consumed by fire last year. Already 8,800 German volumes have been collected, but as different branches of science are not yet satisfactorily represented amongst them, the Samaritan work still continues, and several eminent publishers in different towns of Germany take charge of the volumes sent, and will forward them to Toronto.

A "Life" of Grolier.

"JEAN GROLIER: Some Account of His Life and Famous Library" is the title of a book written and published by William Loring Andrews, of New York, who has just relinquished the presidency of the Grolier Club. This limited edition consists of 140 copies on Dutch hand-made paper and 10 on Japanese paper. Embellishments in gold and varied colours by the Bierstadt "artotype" process include six notable specimens of genuine Grolier bindings owned by New York collectors of classic book covers. The armorial bearings of Jean Grolier, a view of the church where his body was entombed, an Aldus bronze medal and Jost Amman's pictures of the paper-maker, printer, engraver, and binder complete the illustrations.

An Austrian "National Biography."

AN immense work, most remarkable for the history of science and knowledge in Austria, has just been brought to a close with the publication of the sixtieth volume of the Biographical Encyclopædia of the Austrian Empire. It contains 24,254 biographies of all the men worthy of notice who have been living in that empire since 1750, and the whole sixty volumes have been edited by one and the same savant, Dr. Konstantin von Wurzbach, who has spent nearly his whole life over this tremendous task.

Mr. Gladstone on Books.

MR. GLADSTONE'S love for books is one of the most characteristic features of the right hon. gentleman's catholic taste. Here is a quotation from the venerable statesman's "Speeches and Public Addresses" just issued in book form:—"And now I commend you again to your books. Books are delightful society. If you go into a room and find it full of books—and without even taking them down from their shelves—they seem to speak to you, to bid you welcome. They seem to tell you that they have got something inside their covers that will be good for you, and that they are willing and desirous to impart to you. Value them much. Endeavour to turn them to good account, and pray recollect this, that the education of the mind is not merely a stowage of goods in the mind. The mind of man, some people seem to think, is a storehouse that should be filled with a quantity of useful commodities, which may be taken out like packets from a shop, and delivered and distributed according to the occasions of life. I will not say that this is not true, as far as it goes; but it goes a very little way, for commodities may be taken in and commodities may be given out, but the warehouse remains just the same as it was before, or probably a little worse. That ought not to be the case with a man's mind. No doubt you are to cull knowledge that is useful for the temporal purpose of life, but never forget that the purpose for which a man lives is the improvement of the man himself, so that he may go out of this world having, in his great sphere or his small one, done some little good to his fellow-creatures, and laboured a little to diminish the sin and the sorrow that are in the world. For his own growth and development a man should seek to acquire, to his full capacity,

useful knowledge, in order to deal it out again according to the supreme purposes of education. I remember just now I said that, outside of science, the chance for a labouring man to acquire knowledge was comparatively very little, unless he acquire it through observation. The poet Gray describes the condition of the rustics of the village in these words:—

> "'But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
> Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of the soul.'

We have witnessed an improvement upon that state of things. Knowledge has now begun to unroll her ample page, and chill Penury does not now so universally repress. Let that improvement itself be improved upon, not necessarily by grand, imposing designs, but by each of us according to his means, with the sedulous endeavour to do our duty to our neighbour and our service to our country."

A Bibliography of Bookbinding.

MISS S. T. PRIDEAUX has just completed a Bibliography of Bookbinding, of which 150 copies have been printed. It is the most complete classified list of books and papers upon the subject yet issued—indeed no other can be compared to it, and it must have cost untold time and labour. Not only have books dealing directly with the subject been alphabetically arranged, but many others have been searched for an odd note or chapter, and all sorts of journals ransacked with the same object, the year and the page of the journal being noted. Acts of Parliament, petitions to Parliament, illustrated catalogues of libraries and book sales, and plates of designs are all duly recorded.

Illuminated Manuscripts in the Market.

THE most interesting and important lots in the wonderful Magniac collection of objects of art just sold at Christie's consisted, so far as the readers of THE BOOKWORM are concerned, of three illustrations in water colours. The first lot was an illuminated page frontispiece to a Flemish manuscript, *circa* 1480. This splendid folio page (we are quoting from Messrs. Christie's catalogue) is obviously the work of two different individuals, one an artist of high talent, an immediate follower of the Van Eycks, the other an ordinary book decorator or painter of missal-borders and heraldry. In the upper part of the page is a large square picture, and beneath it a panel containing two large lozenge-shaped shields of arms; the whole is surrounded by a border of the usual floriated ornaments of the period, a small lozenge-shaped escutcheon being placed in the centre of the border at the bottom. The picture represents a double action going on in the same interior, which is a lofty Gothic hall, with an open circular arch on one side disclosing the crowded buildings of a Flemish city, such as Ghent or Bruges. The two subjects are separated from each other by a Gothic column, forming the centre pier for two circular arches, and constituting a kind of framework for the picture. In the compartment on the right a priest, or canon, in black, kneels before a King of France (recognisable as such by various heraldic indications, and apparently a portrait of an actual sovereign), and presents to him a thick folio book; the canon is introduced to the king by a higher ecclesiastic, who wears a scarlet robe and conical cap of the same colour; various attendants and officers of the Court are standing

round, all of whose countenances are so truthful and individualised as to appear to be portraits. In the compartment on the left is an Emperor of Germany on his throne, with four personages standing near him, apparently learned doctors and high Court functionaries; whilst, in the foreground, an ecclesiastic or doctor, in a red gown lined with ermine, and with a grey hood, is seated at a round table crowned by a lectern-desk, reading from a large folio volume, several other books being placed on the table. Another figure stands beside the table, with one elbow leaning on a book. The emperor seems to be listening to a man who stands before him dressed in a blue gaberdine, with light-yellow sleeves and a green steeple-shaped hat, and who may be supposed to be making a report on the work written by the personage seated at the table, the latter being apparently the same individual who kneels before the King of France in the other compartment. The costumes in the second division appear to be somewhat idealised in treatment, whilst those of the first are of the fashion actually worn at the period of the illumination. The art displayed in the miniature is such as might have been expected from Hugo van der Goes or Memling, had either of these great artists exercised the art of missal-painting. The heraldic bearings and devices in the lower part of the sheet are very complex and elaborate, and any exact description would be unnecessarily tedious; the arms, however, are those of one or more ladies of the great Flemish house of Croy, probably one or other of the married daughters of the celebrated Antoine de Croy, a powerful and attached subject of Philip the Good and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.[1] In the ornamented border may be noticed the frequent introduction of the daisy ("Marguerite"), the well-known badge of Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, wife of Charles the Bold and sister of Edward IV. of England. This splendid page was doubtless the frontispiece or principal illustration to a book on divinity. Size, 16¾ in. by 11½ in. Purchased at the Strawberry Hill sale, and sold in the Magniac collection for 250 guineas.

The second lot was a leaf from the calendar of an illuminated missal, the months of May and June; Flemish, *circa* 1520–30. These exquisitely beautiful illuminations (two in number, painted on each side of the leaf), were evidently illustrations of the months (May and June) from the calendar at the commencement of a

[1] See "La Généalogie et Descente de la très-illustre Maison de Croy," par M. Jean Scohier Beaumontais, Douay, 1589, 4to, in the Art Library of the South Kensington Museum.

superb Flemish missal. They are substantially landscapes, peopled with numerous figures, full of truthfulness and life. The spectator is indeed transported, as it were, to the country and epoch, so vividly do they bring back the actual facts of nature, the peculiar characteristics of the country and the inhabitants thereof. It would be irksome to describe these compositions in detail; they are so full of incident, that to do so would demand several pages. In the one representing the month of May, the scene consists of the fosse of a town, over which is a bridge and entrance-gate. An equestrian procession of burghers, bearing green branches in their hands, is crossing the bridge and entering the town, whilst on the water beneath is a boat covered with an awning, containing a musical party of gentlemen and ladies; in the distance is seen the market-place of the town, with people dancing in a ring. In the subject indicating the month of June, the scene is laid in a flowery meadow near a country house, surrounded by a moat, with a farmyard adjoining it. Three several groups of gentlemen and ladies are promenading in the foreground. The background exhibits a wide expanse of cultivated fields, with a city in the distance, backed by blue hills.

Two other leaves, containing four compositions from the same calendar, are in the collections of the British Museum, and another leaf was formerly in the possession of the late Mr. W. Maskell: four of the six leaves which originally composed the calendar are consequently known, and there can be little doubt that other illuminations from this same most precious book will come to light.

Mr. E. Harzen, of Hamburg, whose erudition in matters of art is so widely known and appreciated, unhesitatingly pronounces these illuminations to be the work of Gerard Horebouts of Ghent. Size, $5\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $3\frac{7}{8}$ in. It sold for 260 guineas.

The third lot consisted of an illuminated page frontispiece to a French manuscript: Francis I. on his throne surrounded by the three Estates, the Church, the Law, and the Army—*circa* 1530. A similar composition, of somewhat smaller size, the king represented being Henri deux, is prefixed to a manuscript book of statutes of the order of St. Michel in the collection of R. S. Holford, Esq., and there can be no doubt but that the present page has been cut from a similar book. Both are by the same excellent illuminator, whose style has somewhat of the Italo-Flemish bias, particularly seen in the works of Bernard von Orley. The composition, painted in the gayest and most brilliant colours, with equal delicacy and taste, is enclosed within a beautiful architectural border. In the upper

part the king is seated on his throne, holding his sceptre and "main de justice," on his right is a numerous group of bishops and other clergy, headed by a cardinal, who is supposed to utter the words "Justus ex fide vivit" (written on a scroll proceeding from his mouth). On the opposite side is a similar crowd of lawyers, in front of whom, at a table, on which is a coffer with the great seal of France, sits another cardinal (the Chancellor du Prat); he is supposed to be uttering the words, "Honor regis judicium diligit." The foreground is filled by a brilliant crowd of soldiers, guards, nobles, &c., in splendid costumes; one of them says, "Gloria virtutis nre tu es." Many of the figures, especially of the churchmen and lawyers, appear to be portraits. The size is 9¾ in. by 6¾ in. This miniature was formerly in the Strawberry Hill Collection, and at the back, in Walpole's handwriting, is inscribed, "Francis I. supported by the Church, Law, and Army; Cardinal du Prat, the Chancellor, sits at the table.—H.W. N.B. Two of the soldiers in the foreground have been copied by Montfaucon in his 'Antiquities of France.'" It sold for 130 guineas.

The British Museum in 1891.

THE Annual Report of the British Museum which was recently published (Eyre and Spottiswoode) contains a great deal of interesting information with regard to the progress of that institution during the past year. The only unsatisfactory feature is a slight falling-off in the number of visitors. This, however, has been confined to the evening attendances. The pressure on the reading-room still continues to increase. The number of visits to the room has been 198,310, as against 197,823 in 1890. The average daily number of readers has been 654.

The acquisitions of special interest in the department of printed books have, Dr. Garnett reports, been numerous during the year, and seven among them are of pre-eminent importance. Here is his description of the first: "The first edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' printed at Venice by Christopher Valdarfer in 1471. Like all known copies, except one, this is imperfect, wanting five leaves, only two of which, however, belong to the text. The one perfect copy was in the library of Earl Spencer, and is that for which, at the Roxburghe sale in 1812, Lord Blandford gave £2,250, having in his possession at the time the very copy now acquired by the Museum. In every other respect this is a finer copy than Earl Spencer's, and has copious bibliographical notes by the Rev. Vaughan Thomas, librarian to the Duke of Marlborough. The Museum previously possessed no edition earlier than 1478."

Among interesting purchases of modern English books may be mentioned "The first edition of Shelley's 'Hellas;' Cardinal Newman's juvenile poem, 'St. Bartholomew's Eve,' Oxford, 1821, withdrawn from circulation, and extremely scarce; Beddoe's 'Im-

provisatore,' Oxford, 1822, suppressed and destroyed by the author; George Darley's 'Nepenthe,' privately printed, and so rare that the only account to be found of it is that in Miss Mitford's 'Recollections of a Literary Life;' the prospectus of Blake's engraving of his picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims, sold at the exhibition of this work in 1809, and now of the greatest rarity; privately-printed adaptations of Wilkie Collins's novels for dramatic representation, made by the author himself."

The literary curiosities purchased during the year include an unusual number of books enriched with valuable autograph notes. "The most remarkable is a French translation of the Prussian General Bülow's military criticism on the campaigns of 1800, copiously annotated by Napoleon, to whom, during his captivity at St. Helena, it was lent by Captain, afterwards General, Emmett. The notes were published in 1833. A copy of Erasmus's Greek Testament, Paris, 1546, with several autographs and annotations of Ponet, Bishop of Winchester, and Sandys, afterwards Archbishop of York, is a relic of the Marian persecution, both having taken refuge at Strasburg, where Ponet died, and where the book must have come into the possession of his companion in exile. Another interesting purchase is Lord Grenville's copy of his translations in Latin verse, with letters from Lord Holland, Rogers, and others inserted. . . . Among other curiosities the most important are a copy and proof of the Greek History of Ancient Egypt forged in the name of the Greek historian Uranius by Constantine Simonides, printed at the Oxford University Press, in 1856, for Professor Dindorf, of Berlin, but immediately recalled and suppressed. Bound up with these are several rare pamphlets relating to the transaction, and a curious letter in Greek from Simonides to Mr. Coxe, Bodley's librarian."

Donations and bequests have been as valuable as purchases. "By far the most important, in a pecuniary point of view, is the vast collection of postage stamps, with cards, envelopes, telegraph forms, and similar objects relating to postal and telegraphic communication, bequeathed by the late Thomas Keay Tapling, Esq., M.P. for South Leicestershire. The present selling value of this unique collection, the equal of which is little likely to be formed again, has been estimated at £50,000, and it is, at all events, certain that no benefaction approaching it in this respect has been received by the Department of Printed Books since the bequest of the Grenville Library, more than forty years ago."

Curious Book-Titles.

IN almost all ages and countries there has been a disposition among certain authors to choose affected and grotesque titles for their books. The Jewish and early Oriental writers were much addicted to allegorical titles. "The Bones of Joseph" is an introduction to the Talmud; while "The Garden of Nuts" and "The Golden Apples" are theological treatises. Theological writers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have adopted very odd and fanciful titles for their books. The following are samples, selected at random:—"Matches Lighted at the Divine Fire"; "The Gun of Penitence"; "The Bank of Faith"; "The Sixpennyworth of the Divine Spirit." One book bore this elaborately wire-drawn title, "Some Fine Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." One Sir Humphrey Lind, a zealous Puritan, wrote a work, to which a Jesuit replied, under the title, "A Pair of Spectacles for Sir Humphrey Lind"; but the worthy knight was equal to the occasion, and he retorted with a pamphlet entitled "A Case for Sir Humphrey Lind's Spectacles."

A Doting Bibliophile.

(See page 278.)

THE proud possessor of a glorious find,
From traffic's din apart, he shuts his door.
To every worldly occupation blind,
He tastes the pleasure of an increased store.

Full oftentimes his joys so pensive prove,
The feeblest cry would drive them far away.
See how his eyes both sparkle as they rove
From page to page of rosy vellum gay!

Dear-bought bargains! With what loving hands
He strokes the spotless calf ornate with bands,
Or red morocco ranged in serried rows!
How kingly he regards the long array
Of priceless treasures, spoils of many a fray.
His heart to them he gives and all by time unfroze.

W. H. DAVID.

Essays and Reviews by Thackeray.

WE hear that a volume of essays and reviews by Thackeray—which has hitherto escaped the eye and the zeal of the literary resurrectionist—will shortly be given to the reading public by a New York firm. The authenticity of these productions, the pot-boilers mainly of the writer, has been established beyond all doubt, and will prove a most welcome addition to our already large assortment of "Thackeriana."

Early Bookselling in Paris.

FEW subjects are involved in more obscurity than bookselling before the introduction of printing. With the publication of mediæval documents, however, this extremely interesting phase becomes more clearly defined, and more composite as a whole. For centuries Paris was the headquarters of bookselling and book-making, and Dante's reference to the art or trade in the "Divine Comedy" clearly indicates the importance thereof in his time. A great amount of fresh light is being thrown on this as well as on every other form of university life in Paris in the Middle Ages by the publication of the "Cartulaire" of that city. From this splendid work, until the completion of which no definitive history of the university can appear, M. Paul Delalain, the well-known printer and publisher, has issued in a separate form the more important documents relative to the booksellers and copyists who were attached to the university in early times. We particularly welcome the portion of his work in which he explains the difference between the bookseller, properly so called, who confined himself to the sale of books, and the stationer under whose direction copies of new or old manuscripts were made, and over whom the university had to exercise the greatest circumspection in licensing, and in seeing that he did not shirk his work after he had secured his admission to the "guild." M. Delalain also gives us a chronological list of the Parisian booksellers and stationers from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries, which will prove invaluable to the student.

A Musical Celebrity of the Eleventh Century.

A BIBLIOGRAPHER is nothing if he does not at some time make us—the general public—extremely uncomfortable about *data* which has been handed down to us through the ages, and the accuracy of which has never been questioned by our forefathers. Our most cherished "truths" are proved by him to be the most absurd falsehoods, and theories upon which we have in times past pinned our existence he demonstrates to be without foundation. "Somebody else" was always the author. The most recent as well as the most startling illustration is not, however, so much a matter of depriving one man the credit of a particular work and giving it to another, as of proving an Italian to be, so to speak, a Frenchman. Two centuries and a half ago one of our minor dramatists, Thomas Heywood, sang—

> "Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead;
> Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head,"

but the case to which we refer involves a literary war between France and Italy. It has reference to the monk Guy of Saint Maur or of Lutèce, better known as Guy d'Arezzo, the greatest and most popular name in the history of musical art in the early middle ages. The credit of the discovery, and we almost regret to add the positive clinching of the theory, belongs to the learned student who veils his identity under the Latin pseudonym of "A. Super." We have not the space to enter exhaustively into this important and fascinating subject, but the more salient points will, we think, prove sufficiently conclusive.

For several centuries the real name and life of the monk Guy have

been enveloped in dense obscurity, *densis tenebris*, as the chroniclers of 1034 declared, and as all writers on the history of music have repeated up to the present time. The recent publication by the Benedictines of certain records in their archives has thrown an immense light on the history of this genius of the eleventh century, one point being that, like St. Bernard and St. Thomas d'Aquinas, he was of aristocratic extraction. The surname by which he is most generally known, not because he was born or because he lived at Arrezo, was given him by the celebrated university of that name, not only as an honour to himself, but as also to the Abbey where he for a time found refuge. Strange to say, the first and conclusive proofs of the French origin of this monk are found at Oxford and at the British Museum, as well as in the Library at Troyes, there being in each of these places editions of Boethius in which, and in several others, a certain Guy of St. Maur is mentioned as one of the principal inventors of the musical art. But the proofs do not stop there. In a British Museum MS., which is unique and to which no previous reference has been made in connection with this subject, the "Micrologue" of Guy is cited by some contemporary writers at different times under the title of "Secundum Guidonem de Sancto Mauro." Another document of equal importance consists of a piece of verse—in Latin of course—found in a manuscript derived from the Abbey of St. Maur-les-Fossés, containing a eulogy of a monk named Guy, who, under the classical surname of Œarius, is described as small of body but as great of genius, and as a "chantre, lecteur, écrivain et compositeur." The author of this verse was a contemporary and confrère of Guy, and after having described the difficulties experienced in the art of song in antiquity and in the centuries immediately anterior to the time of Guy, speaks of the monk as having "ouvert cette nouvelle voie," and as having been brought up at the monastery from his infancy. A fresh proof—if such were needed—comes from an unexpected quarter. In the latest addition to Beckers' collection of the catalogues of ancient libraries, published at Bonn, the compiler states that the earliest and only example of the "Antiphonaire" of Guy occurs in the list of books which belonged to the monastery of St. Maur-les-Fossés about the year 1200. And this is the antiphonal which Guy had in view in his "Regulae Musicae Rhythmicae." The most ultra-patriotic Italian is scarcely likely to attempt to explain away the facts quoted above; and as it is right to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, there can be no question about the validity of France's claim to include the monk Guy among her most distinguished children. We might, without at all exhausting the

subject, discuss it at far greater length, but we think we have said sufficient to prove not only that the monk who holds so eminent a place in the history of music belongs to France, but of the absolute necessity of correcting a very prevalent error—namely, the unwisdom of accepting tradition as historic truth. The monk Guy's genius was not for the exclusive benefit of any one country or race: the less cause, therefore, for any country to set up a fictitious claim to include him among her illustrious sons. LE LISEUR.

Turrecremata's "Contemplationes."

ONE of the rarest of existing books printed in the fifteenth century is the "Contemplationes" of Johannis, Cardinal of Turrecremata, printed at Rome (per Udalricum Gallum, 1478). It contains thirty-two very curious woodcuts, executed in the style of those in the block-books. Of this the only copy that has occurred for sale during many years past was that which sold at Didot's sale for over £100, and this copy in Lord Hampton's for £85. A second copy, from Lord Hampton's Library, was recently sold at Sotheby's for £76. The woodcuts are rude in execution, although exhibiting a certain freedom and ease in the design which might excuse their assignment to an Italian rather than a German hand. Their chief interest is, however, the fact that the blocks from which they are impressed were cut in 1467, and represent the first production of the art of wood-engraving in Italy in connection with books. Two books had already appeared in Germany, similarly illustrated, printed in 1461 and 1462 by Albert Pfister, but the engravings in the Turrecremata were the first in which any artistic feeling or intention was exhibited.

The Sales of Modern Classics.

THE letter of Mr. Chapman, the publisher, which appeared in the *Standard*, would seem to show that the popularity of Dickens is now greater than ever. The sale of the novelist's works last year was four times as large as that of 1869, the year before Dickens died, and Mr. Chapman adds:—"Since 'The Pickwick Papers' have been out of copyright, no less than eleven London publishers have brought out editions, and in the face of that we have sold of 'Pickwick' alone 521,750 copies during the last twenty-two years."

In this connection it may be interesting to give some figures showing the sales for two years, 1887 and 1888, of the sixpenny Dickens by Messrs. Routledge, as compared with the sale by the same firm of sixpenny editions of other novels. "Martin Chuzzlewit," it will be seen, is the most popular in the cheap form:—

	1887.		1888.
"Martin Chuzzlewit"	13,760		5,047
"Old Curiosity Shop"	5,050		4,190
"Pickwick"	4,430		5,820
"Nicholas Nickleby"	4,800		3,860
"Barnaby Rudge"	4,200		3,330
"The Chimes"	4,180		1,900

Here are the figures relating to the sale of sixpenny editions of some other novelists during the same two years:—

	1887.		1888.
"Tom Burke of Ours" (Lever)	13,500		12,200
"Tom Jones" (Fielding)	10,580		8,400
"Tower of London" (Ainsworth)	8,510		6,765
"Windsor Castle" (Ainsworth)	7,340		5,600
"Catherine" (Thackeray)	5,050		1,240
"Alice" (Lord Lytton)	5,000		4,100
"The Wandering Jew" (Sue)	8,930		9,190

Of Disraeli's novels the most popular in the cheap edition seems to be "Vivian Grey," the one year's sale amounting to 7,020; of Scott's, "Ivanhoe" heads the list with 2,480; of "Handy Andy" there were 7,770 sold; "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," 4,700; "Les Miserables," 9,590; Albert Smith's "Mr. Ledbury," 8,300; and of "Buffalo Bill," whatever that may be, 21,000.

Publishers and Authors.

TO *Past and Present*, the Magazine of the Brighton Grammar School, Mr. W. H. Peet has contributed a remarkably interesting series of articles on "Books and Bookmen." Mr. Peet's connection with one of the greatest publishing houses in the world gives importance to his views on the much-disputed questions between (some) authors and (some) publishers. We hope it will be understood that, in quoting Mr. Peet's opinions, we are not necessarily endorsing them. On the question of risks Mr. Peet's opinion is emphatic:—"Although publishers naturally like those books that pay, they not infrequently run great risks in bringing out books which never pay at all, and others only after many days. People who talk glibly about publishers' profits and authors' lack of gains would be rather astonished if they were called upon to bear the losses which occur to all publishers of original books. Barely a half of the books published produce a profit at all, and not 10 per cent. result in profit worthy of the name. It is very rarely indeed that the author bears any of the absolute loss incurred, and the case where he does not share in the gain is equally rare. Books have been bought for £25, as was the case with Anstey's 'Vice Versâ,' which would have been cheap at £500, but £1,000 has been given before now for books which would have been dear at a gift." Profits, in Mr. Peet's opinion, are derived from "the books of utility, the schoolbooks, and the cookery books, the technical and juvenile books, the production of which costs, perhaps, a few pence, and which sell for two shillings or three shillings." They are not derived, he says, from the "more or less ephemeral novels, poems, essays, or sermons." Yet

large profits are made from the works of famous authors. Mr. Peet says: "No writer of our time, not even Dickens, made more for himself and his heirs than Macaulay did. The famous story of the £20,000 cheque paid him by his publisher has been often told, and, nine times out of ten, told incorrectly. Large sum though it was, it was only Lord Macaulay's first instalment of the amount due for the sales of the third and fourth volumes of his History. It probably does not represent anything like a tenth part of the profits he and his heirs have received from the sales of his books. While I am speaking of Macaulay I may mention one incident, which shows how impossible it is to prognosticate the future of a book. Macaulay himself had so little faith in the success of his 'Lays of Ancient Rome' that he made no arrangement with his publisher about profits, and, in fact, made him a present of the book, on the sole condition that it should be published. Its success was immediate, and it has been for many years a source of great profit.—*Bookman.*

A Book with a "Woven" Text.

A CURIOUS book, in which the text is neither written nor printed, but woven, has lately been published at Lyons. It is made of silk, and was published in twenty-five parts. Each part consists of two leaves, so that the entire volume only contains fifty leaves, inscribed with the service of the mass and several prayers. Both the letters and the border are in black silk on a white background.

Reminiscences of Burns and Scott.

MR. JAMES STILLIE, the veteran bookseller of George Street, Edinburgh, publishes in what he appropriately terms his "cheap list" some very interesting reminiscences of his early life, and as these date back to the second decade of the present century, it will be understood that they have a peculiarly attractive feature for the reader of to-day. It is in connection with certain manuscripts of Burns and Scott that Mr. Stillie is most interesting. He tells us that when he was an apprentice (in 1818) with John Ballantyne and Co., booksellers and auctioneers, Sir Walter Scott was a partner, and that he has in his possession the great novelist's original manuscript relative to this partnership. Sir Walter often sent in scrap-books to be bound, and one particularly attracted his curiosity. Its motto was—

> "There was a haggis in Dunbar,
> Few better, mair warre."

He immediately conceived the notion of collecting Odds and Ends, and this was the commencement of his old book and manuscript collections. As Ballantyne had many great sales of books and manuscripts, it made him gather up his bawbees for cheap lots. He travelled through Ayrshire every year, and used to call upon Wilson, in Kilmarnock, Burns's publisher, to buy quantities of cheap books. He had a very intelligent assistant, and Mr. Stillie had many agreeable conversations with him about Burns. Wilson was a Covenanter, and when Burns called upon him about a second edition he replied, "Rab, Rab, it will nae dae unless ye put some good yins

at the beginning." In his travels for the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* our ancient bookseller had to call at Grant Braes, upon Gilbert Burns, who was factor to Lord Blantyre. He told Mr. Stillie that Beugo's portrait was very like his brother, but looked rather thin. In his early life Mr. Stillie used to meet a few young literary friends, and at one of the meetings a Burns letter was offered for sale. It was addressed to Robert Ainslie, Esq., W.S., and upon perusal it was found to be so offensive to the memory of Burns that several of them joined together and bought it for £4, and put into the fire. "This Ainslie," adds Mr. Stillie, "was one of Burns's worst enemies, and an odious character." Mr. Stillie acquired the Burns manuscripts collected for the use of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and William Motherwell, the poet, for their edition of Burns's Works (five vols., 1833), many of which have Hogg's autograph on the backs, as examined by him.

Burns wrote several copies for presents, especially to young ladies; but he generally mentions to whom he gives them, and very often adds some curious notes, such as on "Holy Willie's Prayer," "Show this to some of my friends in your district; you ken to whom it applies"; and on "The Chevalier's Lament," "For the ardent Jacobite Haig." In the current issue of his "Cheap List" Mr. Stillie prints an essay on the drama and theatre by Sir Walter Scott, which is not published in his collected works, and this with other sketches which have appeared in previous catalogues were written for a short-lived periodical published in 1817 by Ballantyne and Co., and he tells us that there are still other articles of a like nature in the periodical referred to. We do not at all commend as a general principle the very prevalent practice of exhuming the ephemeral essays of great men, as more often than not they serve no legitimate purpose. These essays which Mr. Stillie has reproduced are, however, exceptional, and will be welcomed by all admirers of the great Scotch genius. But Mr. Stillie's own personal reminiscences at greater length would be quite as welcome.

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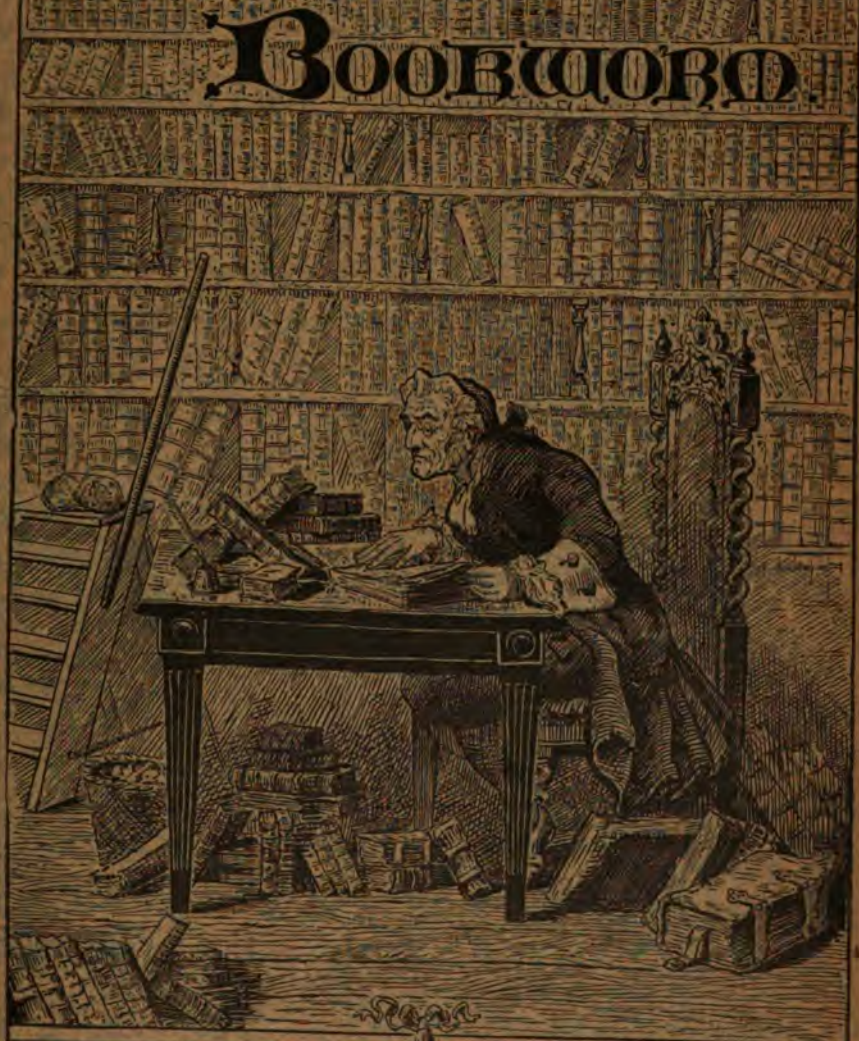
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HORTICULTURE is an industry and an art of high standing to-day, and its leading men must be students as well as merchants. Their education must be both practical and theoretical, and their knowledge include natural sciences as well as horticultural practice. Among those who may be considered to belong to the group of leading horticulturists Mr. Krelage, the well-known nurseryman of Haarlem, takes a first place. He is the president of several societies, including the Royal Bulb Cultural Society of Haarlem, with over 1,000 fellows. Mr. Krelage possesses not only a very extensive nursery with trial grounds, glass-houses, &c., but also private laboratories for microscopical and photographic studies, and besides a splendid library of nearly 10,000 volumes, with which we are now alone concerned.

Mr. Krelage's library is situated at his head-establishment, Kleinen Houtweg, Haarlem, and occupies three large rooms. The first one of this series, being Mr. Krelage's study, contains the most complete sets of all the leading horticultural papers of the world, the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, the *Gartenflora*, Van Houtte's *Flore des Terres*, the *Revue horticole*, and the *Illustration horticole* standing in the first rank. Besides there is a little cupboard with "preciosa," and another large one, containing showily bound books and plain folios. In the same room there is a place for the splendid horticultural atlas of the firm, consisting of nearly 3,000 coloured plates of flowers and plants arranged into their natural families according to Messrs. Bentham and Hooker's "Genera Plantarum," which has been adopted also in the gardens of the firm. The second room is the department of Mr. Krelage, jun., who, after having studied at the Amsterdam University,

has now entered into the business and occupies the post of librarian. This room contains seven large cupboards or recesses for books, and separate ones for recent periodicals, unbound, and for what are termed "archive papers." The whole of this room is exclusively devoted to the botanical part of the library, including the old herbals and the rarest pamphlets about Tulipomania. Of later years a third apartment has been added to the other rooms; here you find the general library concerning all kinds of sciences and arts beyond botanic and horticulture, for Mr. Krelage, although a specialist in his way, takes high interest both in natural sciences and in literature and art.

The cream of this book and plate collection doubtless consists in the unique set of pamphlets on the well-known Tulipomania, and on the other side in the invaluable copies of old herbals and similar works of pre-Linnean botanists. The Tulipomania rose to the greatest height in the years 1634–37. Accounts of this mania have been given by many writers; by almost all recent ones it has been misrepresented. When the nature of this craze is considered, it will readily be perceived that to get possession of these flowers was not the real object, though many have represented it in that light. The price of tulips rose always higher from the year 1634 to the year 1637, but had the object of the purchaser been to get possession of the flowers, the price in such a length of time must have fallen instead of risen. During the time of the Tulipomania a speculator often offered and paid large sums for a bulb which he never received and never wished to receive. Another sold bulbs which he never possessed or delivered. Before the tulip season was over more bulbs were sold and purchased, ordered and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in Holland. The whole of this trade was a game at hazard, as the Mississippi trade was afterwards, and as stock-jobbing is at present. The only difference between the tulip trade and stock-jobbing is that at the end of the contract the price in the latter is determined by the stock exchange, whereas in the former it was determined by that at which most bargains were made. Only the numerous pamphlets published in the years 1634–37 can suggest a true idea of the Tulipomania, and many recent authors, not having studied those papers, have not obtained a correct idea of it. Mr. Krelage during his whole life has collected all things related with Tulipomania, and in 1877 his collection of plates and pamphlets was so important that the late Professor Reichenbach called it "the best thing at the Amsterdam International Horticultural Exhibition," where it was grown and awarded. Since

that date the collection has been again enlarged, so that now it includes all the pamphlets known in different public libraries, and a yet larger number of which Mr. Krelage's copy is the only one known to exist. The best known of these, but always exceedingly scarce, a little volume in 12mo, published in 1637, being a reprint of the greater part of separate pamphlets, &c., in one book. Another reprint was published one hundred years afterwards, when a hyacinth mania was occasioned in a similar way as the tulip trade of the seventeenth century. The reprint was intended as a warning. There are also in Mr. Krelage's library splendid portraits in water colours of all the tulip and hyacinth varieties which were the objects of the trade in



MR. J. H. KRELAGE.

1634 and 1743. On most of these plates the prices bestowed upon the figured plants are added to the names.

Among the Herbals we may first notice a very fine copy of the exceedingly scarce first edition of Dodoen's "Herbal," issued in 1554 at Antwerp, in the Flemish language. This copy has been coloured in a remarkably fine way, not only the figures of plants being coloured, but also the head and special titles of the separate books; the latter have been ornamented by the artist with original emblems according to the contents of each book belonging to those titles. Besides, Mr. Krelage is possessor of the editions from 1563, 1608, 1618, 1644, and of the French translation by Clusius, and the English one by Lyte. There is besides a very perfect copy of Fuchs' "Herbal"

(1542) with the excellent woodcuts and portraits of the author, the printer, the plate drawer, and the engraver. The rare Dutch translation of the same work, printed at Basel in Switzerland (1543), is also in Mr. Krelage's possession. As for English Herbalists we meet Gerarde and Parkinson, represented by perfect copies of their works, and the English horticultural issues of the seventeenth and later centuries are represented in a remarkably complete manner. In former days, however, the Dutch and French publications on this subject were in no way inferior, indeed in many cases much superior to English garden literature. The value of those old Dutch garden books may be deduced from the numerous reprints of some of them. "De Nederlandsche Hovenier," by Jan van der Groen, published for the first time about 1660, has been translated into French, German, and English, and was constantly being reprinted during the eighteenth century.

Among early garden plate-works, those of De Pas (Passeus) stand in the first rank. His "Hortus Floridus" has been the subject of a discussion in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, and Mr. Krelage could give the complete information wanted, as he possessed not only the original Dutch issue of the book, but also the very rare English and French translations, and besides three copies with Latin text. The great value of this work consists in the most excellent engravings by the famous artist, Chr. Passaeus, and his family. Of the same time (1613) we may mention the magnificent "Hortus Eystethensis," a colossal folio in four parts, the latter of which is very scarce; but Mr. Krelage's copy is quite complete.

Elaborately illustrated bulb and plant catalogues are now published by every leading firm. Sweerts in 1612 already issued a large folio plate-work, which may be considered to be the first illustrated plant catalogue of those days. Indeed we read on the back of the title the following period in Dutch, German, Latin, and French, viz. :—

"Messieurs s'il y a quelcun qui desire d'achepter de ces Liures, Plantes on fleurs: narrée en cesditts Liures, ils se trouueront à la foire de Francfort deuant la Roemer: ou maison de la ville, dedans la boutique de l'Auther Emmanuel Swerts, Mais opres, la foire a Amsterdame aupres de Paulus Arnoul de Rauenstein, Imprimeur desdicts Liures."

Of more recent books, a special notice may be given about the fine copies of Voorhelm's "Traite's" which are in Mr. Krelage's library. George Voorhelm was the most celebrated member of a famous Dutch florist family of that name, and in particular known as author of an excellent "Traité des Jacinthes," published in 1752, and translated

into French, German, English, and Italian, the English title of the book being: "A Treatise on the Hyacinth, containing the Manner of Cultivating that Flower, On the Experiences lately made by George Voorhelm, and according to the Method practised by the famous Flowrists Aalst van Nieukerk and James Mol and Co. at Haarlem in Holland. Translated into English. London. To be had of Mr. Bartholomy Rocque, Flowrist at Walham Green near Fulham, at Mr. John Rocque Topographer to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at the end of Round Court in the Strand, and at Mrs. Cooper's in Pater-noster Row, and no where else. MDCCLIII. [Price 2 s. 6 d.]."

Dating from about the same time there is a beautiful quarto volume, the standard work on Hyacinths, by the Marquis of Saint-Simon. Mr. Krelage's copy contains an autographic dedication and the criticisms from several scientific reviews.

In the botanical department of the library all that concerns the families of bulbous plants may be found to be represented in a most complete way, but, in addition to this, general subjects are not neglected. Although it is impossible to suggest a sufficient idea of the Krelage collections by means of a short account like the foregoing, it may be clear, however, that this library is one of the secrets of its proprietor's prosperity. Indeed, Mr. Krelage's library has rightly been characterised by a competent visitor of last year, who in a horticultural paper called it: "A bookman's paradise, where the bibliophile might for years find plenty to interest, to instruct, and to amuse."

A TRAVELLER.

Professor Freeman's Library.

MANCHESTER is decidedly in luck in the matter of libraries, although there can be no comparison, of course, between Mr. Ryland's magnificent donation, and the collection of books left by the late Professor Freeman, which the Whitworth trustees have recently purchased—perhaps the best private historical collection in England—for presentation to Owen's College, on the condition that it is accessible to the general public. There is little doubt that the offer will be accepted.

The Writing of Distinguished Men.

AN examination of the caligraphy of celebrated literary men and great artists (remarks the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*) seems one of the features of the "silly season." Such an examination generally springs up in August or September. It is a more interesting subject than some of those chosen to supply the material for killing time. A Paris gentleman has been going into the matter thoroughly in regard to the most illustrious writers of France, and, curiously enough, a similar state of things exists among our friends over the Channel to that which has been discovered in England—namely, that men of genius are, as a rule, wretched writers. I once received a letter from Dean Stanley (continues the correspondent) which took me three weeks to read, and a friend to whom I afterwards showed the letter pointed out to me that I had not read it correctly. It appears the able men in Paris resemble Dean Stanley. Alexandre Dumas, fils, Victorien Sardou are the worst of contemporary writers. Balzac, Janin, and Victor Cousin have also a bad name for their caligraphy, while Victor Hugo was the terror of compositors. Pascal was also a scrawler, his manuscripts of the "Pensées" being like a collection of hieroglyphics. Chateaubriand made many alterations in his manuscripts; but Bellini, the musical composer, was undecipherable. On the other hand, it is noted that among the fairly legible writers are Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Rousseau, and Fénélon. Voltaire was very careful with his manuscripts, and frequently took the trouble to recopy what he had written.

Our Note-Book.

IF one were asked to name the most perfect and most beautiful book published during the past season, the answer would most assuredly be, Green's "Short History of the English People," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. From whatever point of view it be regarded—literary, artistic, antiquarian, or typographical—it comes as near perfect as anything of the kind yet issued, and the publishers are to be congratulated, not only in attempting such a great undertaking, but also in having, so far, achieved such a remarkable success. The unillustrated edition of Green's "Short History" first appeared in 1874, and from that time to 1889 has been reprinted no fewer than fifteen times, and as each reprint was a large one, and as the selling price of the book is eight shillings and sixpence, it will be at once seen that the "History" possesses qualities of no ordinary or ephemeral kind. As a matter of fact it is far and away the very best and most authoritative work of its kind ever published; and although some of the conclusions may have to be modified and perhaps completely altered in the light of future discoveries, it will, we think, remain for all time a standard book of reference. The illustrated edition, of which the first volume is completed and the second well on the way, is almost as far beyond criticism as it is beyond praise. It is edited by the author's wife and Miss Kate Norgate, and a mere glance through its pages is sufficient to demonstrate its striking superiority to the many trashy illustrated histories of England thrown on the market by much-advertising publishers, whose books, from historical and pictorial points of view, are as worthless as their self-glorifying prospectuses are oppressive. Mrs. Green tells us that it was a favourite wish of her husband's to see English history interpreted and illustrated by

pictures which should tell us how men and things appeared to the lookers-on of their own day, and how contemporary observers aimed at representing them. It is much to be regretted that he did not live to see how perfectly this idea could be, and has been, carried out. No phase of the early life, social or otherwise, of our forefathers has been neglected by the compilers of this new edition, and every conceivable source has been drawn upon, beginning with prehistoric implements of a domestic and other nature. Many of the plates are facsimiles of pages of early manuscripts, and these, like the wood-cut illustrations, are reproduced in the highest style of engraving. Mrs. Green's memoir and the portrait of her husband are singularly fitting adjuncts. The illustrated edition of Green's "Short History of the English People" is a work which ought to be in every library, great or small.

* * * *

Mr. Slater's little treatise on "Book Collecting," published in "The Young Collector" series by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., is not calculated to do very much harm at the worst, and may perhaps do a certain amount of good. But a "guide" to book collecting comes somewhat in the category of a guide to the formation of a taste for art—superfluous in some cases and impertinent in others. Given an unlimited supply of money, any one could form a library, better perhaps without a "guide" book than with one. Mr. Slater's *brochure* is ostensibly intended for "the young collector," but if any young man desirous of becoming a book collector reads it through, it is highly probable he will give up the intention and fall back on stamps or one of the other many hobbies dear to boyhood. Mr. Slater's "guide" might be a great deal improved without even then being particularly first class.

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Those of our readers who happen to be "Dickens collectors" will be glad to be referred to Mr. W. W. Fenn's excellent series of papers in *The Players* on "Dickens and the Stage," in which the writer deals in a very readable and exhaustive manner with the great novelist's passion for the stage, and with his uncommon abilities as an actor. We agree with Mr. Fenn in considering that, "if Charles Dickens had not been a great author, he must have been a great actor." *À propos* of Dickens, attention may be called—if somewhat late in the day—to Mr. G. Augustus Sala's brief but vivid pen-picture of "Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill," in *Phil May's Summer Annual*, an exceedingly clever production, illustrated throughout by the artist whose name it bears.

Some Old English Metrical Versions of the Psalms.

PART SECOND.

PASSING over Wedderburn's Scottish version of the Psalms, about the middle of the sixteenth century, there was published at Edinburgh, in 1605, a curious small octavo tract of sixteen pages, bearing the following quaint title :—

THE MINDES MELODIE. Contayning certayne Psalmes of the kinglie prophete David, applyed to a New Pleasant Tune, verie comfortable to everie one that is rightlie acquainted therewith. Edinburgh. Printed be Robert Charteris, Printer to the Kings most excellent Majestie, 1605. Cum privilegio regali.

The author of these metrical versions of some nineteen of the Psalms—not consecutive—was Alexander Montgomerie, whose poetical allegory of "The Cherry and the Slae" is one of the finest pieces of Scottish poetry of the sixteenth century; and they are said to have been designed as an instalment of a complete metrical rendering of the Psalms, which Montgomerie and a few kindred spirits offered to make, for use in public and private worship, free of charge. Prefixed to a copy of this tract preserved in the Glasgow University Library—strangely, bound up with a very different work—are the notes of the "new pleasant tune," apparently in a nearly contemporary hand. The measure employed in these versions, as will be seen from the following verses of the First Psalm, is of the jerky, "hippety-hoppety" order, and the composition reflects no additional lustre on the author of "The Cherry and the Slae" :—

Blest is the man,
Yea, happie than,
By grace that can
Eschew ill counsel and the godles gates [*i.e.*, ways] :

And walkes not in
The way of sin,
Nor doth begin
To sit with mockers in the scornfull sates;
But in Jehovah's law,
Delites aright,
And studies it to know
Both day and night:
That man shall be
Like to the tree
Fast planted by the running river growes,
That frute doth beare
In tyme of yeare,
Whose leafe shall never fade nor rute unloose.

Bishop Joseph Hall, in "Some Few of David's Psalms Metaphrased, for a Taste of the Rest," which he dedicated to his "loving and learned Covsin, Mr. Samvel Bvrton, archdeacon of Glocester," renders the same verses a little more elegantly (according to the small folio edition of his works, printed in 1625, when he was Dean of Worcester):—

Who hath not walkt astray,
In wicked mens aduice,
Nor stood in sinners way;
Nor in their companies
That scorners are,
As their fit mate,
In scoffing chaire,
Hath euer sate.

But in thy lawes diuine,
O Lord sets his delight,
And in those lawes of thine
Studies all day and night;
Oh, how that man
Thrice blessed is!
And sure shall gaine
Eternall blisse.

He shall be like the tree
Set by the water-springs,
Which when his seasons be
Most pleasant fruit forth brings:
Whose boughs so greene
Shall neuer fade,
But couered beene
With comely shade.

We learn from the dedicatory epistle that Hall had been urged by some of his clerical friends to undertake a metrical version of the

Psalms which should take the place of those made in an age when English Poesie was "rude and homely." He says he found the difficulties many, "the worke long and great; yet not more painefull than beneficiall to Gods Church. Whereto I dare not professe any sufficiencie; so I will not denie my readinesse, and vtmost endeuour, if I shall be employed by Authoritie; wherefore, in this part, I doe humbly submit my selfe to the graue censures [*i.e.*, criticisms] of them, whose wisdom manageth these common affaires of the Church, and am ready either to stand still or proceed, as I shall see their Cloud or Fire goe before or behinde me. Onely (howsoeuer) I shall, for my true affection to the Church, wish it done by better workemen." The good prelate's "taste of the rest" comprises the first ten Psalms, and it is probable that he received no encouragement from "Authoritie" to proceed farther with his task.

Hall is now best known by his "Virgidemiarum"—his "toothless" and "biting" Satires—and if he was not, as he describes himself, "the first English satirist," George Gascoigne having preceded him, he was certainly the first English author of short essays delineating the various dispositions of men, under the title of "Characters of Vertues and Vices," after the manner of Theophrastus.

Psalmody among the Puritans of New England could hardly improve by the use of the famous "Bay Psalm-Book" of Cotton Mather. One might well ask how could anybody sing to any tune such sad stuff as this version of the 133rd Psalm, from that collection:—

How good and sweet to see
it's for brethren to dwell
together in unitee!

Its like choice oyle that fell
the head upon
that down did flow
the beard unto
beard of Aron:
The skirts of his garment
that unto them went down:

Like Hermon's dew descent
Sions mountains upon
for there to bee
the Lords blessing
life aye lasting
commandeth hee.

Would not this sort of thing have driven the "sweet singer of

Israel" absolutely frantic? While the New England Puritan fathers still sternly prohibited the use of musical instruments in the public service of praise (they afterwards allowed the introduction of the violin, the fife, and the bassoon, which ultimately gave place to the organ), it was a natural consequence that almost every member of the congregation screamed, yelled, or groaned out his own tune, with deafening effect!

Two of the Psalms, the 23rd and 137th, from their original turn and appropriate imagery, have been often paraphrased, or metaphrased, by the old English translators in attractive poetical strains. The 23rd, beginning, according to the Scotch version, still "used in churches"—

> The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
> He makes me down to lie
> In pastures green: he leadeth me
> the quiet waters by—

has long been that which good mothers in Scotland have taught the infant tongue to lisp, evening and morning; and there can be little doubt that the homely translation, associated with memories of innocent years, has often comforted dying soldiers on the field of battle, and softened the heart of many a man when near the close of an ill-spent life:

> Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
> yet will I fear none ill,
> For thou art with me; and thy rod
> and staff me comfort still.

The 137th Psalm, familiar to every Scotchman, from the very respectable version, beginning—

> By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
> when Zion we thought on.
> In midst thereof we hang'd our harps
> The willow-trees upon—

was a great favourite with all English versifiers. Let us take some of the versions in their chronological order. This is a portion of the rendering of Henry Dod, the silkman (1620):—

> By Babels rivers we sate down,
> Weeping, yea grievously,
> When we remember'd Mount Zion,
> Our harps then hanged we
> On willow-trees in midst thereof:

For there required they
A song of us who had us first
As captives led away.
And they that had us laid on heaps
Required our melody;
Saying, One of your Zion's songs
Unto us now sing ye!

No wonder if, as George Wither asserts, Dod's "ridiculous translation" was, by authority, condemned to the fire! Wither's own rendering of the same Psalm (1632) is, at least, tolerable :—

As nigh Babels streams we sate,
Full of griefs and unbefriended,
Minding Sion's poor estate:
From our eyes the tears descended,
And our harps we hanged by,
On the willows growing nigh.

For, insulting on our woe,
They, that had us there enthrall'd,
Their imperious power to shew,
For a song of Sion call'd:
Come, ye captives, come, said they—
Sing us now an Hebrew lay.

The metrical translation by that pedantic, pusillanimous, "divine right" monarch James the First of England, which he in vain attempted to force his Scottish subjects to adopt, was published in 1636. It is certainly no improvement on the versions of most of his predecessors. This is how his rendering of the six first verses of our selected Psalm goes :—

Of Babylon the rivers by,
we sadly did sit downe;
Yea, when dear Sion came to minde,
straight teares our cheeks did drown.

We did hang up our silent Harps,
upon the Willowes there,
Amid'st their solitary shades,
even where they thickest were.

For they that Captives carried us,
a song of us did crave,
And they that our destroyers were,
sought mirth of us to have.

Sing one of Sions songs, they said,
but how (as they demand)

Shall we the song that is the Lords,
sing in a foraigne land.

O thou Jerusalem, if I
doe not remember thee :
Of my right hand the cunning quite,
let it forgotten be.

If I forget thee, let my tongue,
(roofe-ty'd,) leave off to move,
If I place not Jerusalem,
even my chiefe joy above.

In 1638—two years after the publication of King James's version—another complete translation, in Five Books, containing 41, 31, 17, 17, and 44 Psalms, and at the end, from Apollinarius, the Combat of David and Goliath, in all, 151—was issued under title :—

THE PSALMES OF DAVID, the King and Prophet, and of other holy Prophets, paraphras'd in English : Conferred with the Hebrew Veritie, set forth by B. Arias Montanus, together with the Latine, Greek Septuagint, and Chaldee Paraphrase. By R. B. London, Printed by Robert Young, for Francis Constable, and are to be sold at his shop under S. Martins Church neere Ludgate. 1638.

The author was Richard Brathwait, a voluminous writer and a man of fair scholarship, who is perhaps now known chiefly by his "Barnabees Journal," entitled in a later edition (1716), "Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys to the North of England." His version is in many respects superior to that of the "Scottish Solomon," as may be seen by comparing his paraphrase as follows, of the six first verses of the 137th Psalm with that of King James :—

Super flumina Babyl.

Downe sate we by the rivers side
that waters Babels wall :
To raise whose streames, a springing tide
of teares, our eyes let fall.
Remembring Sion in our vowes,
our uselesse harps we hung
Up, on amidst the willow boughes,
as slightly tun'd as strung.
For they that led us captive there
requir'd of us a song ;
A Sion song (said) let us heare,
these moanes some mirth among :
O no ! nor harp we have, nor hand,
nor voice to straine, nor string,
Our Sion-song, in Shinar-land,
song of the Lord to sing.

If, O Jerusalem, I set
no more by thee than so;
Let my right hand her skill forget,
my voice her song foregoe.
My tongue fast to my palate cling
and never tune employ,
If ought I doe but Salem sing,
the soveraigne of my joy.

The same beautiful, pious, and patriotic psalm has been attempted in English sapphics, and in much more recent times, with what amount of success readers may decide for themselves, from the following sample, which was published in a now forgotten periodical, called the "Panoramic Miscellany," vol. i., 1826, p. 364:—

Fast by thy stream, O Babylon, reclining,
Woe-begone exile, to the gale of evening
Only responsive, my forsaken harp I
Hung on the willow.

Gushed the big tear-drops, as my soul remembered
Zion, thy mountain-paradise, my country!
When the fierce bands Assyrian, who led us
Captive from Salem,

Claimed, in our mournful bitterness of anguish,
Songs and unseasoned madrigals of joyance;
"Sing the sweet-tempered carol that ye wont to
Warble in Zion."

Dumb be my tuneful eloquence, if ever
Strange echoes answer to a song of Zion:
Blasted this right hand, if I should forget thee,
Land of my fathers!

The poet Southey, in his "salad days," as is well known, gave expression to his perfervid indignation at what he was pleased to regard as the injustice of the rich towards the poor, in amazing—or amusing—English sapphics, which Canning cleverly parodied in a set of verses, comprising a dialogue between a "Friend of Humanity and the Needy Knife-Grinder," beginning—

Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches—

and so on, in the same ludicrous manner, which must have made "shuffling Southey," after he had turned his back upon the "reformadoes," to squirm with impotent rage under the merited flagellation!

W. A. Clouston.

Dickens' "Thieves' Kitchen."

ANOTHER of the spots immortalised by Charles Dickens—viz., "The Thieves' Kitchen" in "Oliver Twist," has within the last few days passed away. The "kitchen" was situated in Laystall Street, near the new Clerkenwell Road and Roseberry Avenue, and Mr. Dilloway, the builder, of Fulham, is now erecting two shops on the site of the old house, next to the Red Lion, the resort of Bill Sykes and the ill-fated Nancy, with Fagan and their numerous associates.

Inedited Letters of Luther and Melancthon.

A NUMBER of autograph manuscript letters written by Luther and Melancthon have been found in the library of a small town in the Prussian province of Saxony.

Evelyn and Charles the First's Prayer Book.

THE little red brick house at Wotton, in Surrey, John Evelyn's "town of the woods," though it has undergone considerable alteration during the present century, retains its old-world look of comfort and stability, and as a repository of memorials of the Evelyns and of royalties of other days is of peculiar interest. The Royal Library at Berlin has been generally supposed to contain the Bible and Prayer-book which Charles I. carried to the scaffold and gave before his execution to Bishop Juxon. Among the relics in Evelyn's house at Wotton, strangely enough (observes the *Pall Mall Gazette*), there is an antique Prayer-book, on the fly-leaf of which appears the following inscription:—"This is the Booke which Charles the First, *Martyr Beatus*, did use upon the scaffold. . . . Jan., 1649, being the Day of his glorious martyrdom."

Booksellers in the Seventeenth Century.

AMONG the collection of pamphlets in the British Museum, is one entitled :—

" The Proposal of William Laycock, of the Inner Temple, Gent. for raising a Fund for buying up a stock of scarce stitcht Books and Pamphlets; amongst which all bookish Gentlemen well know are to be found abundance of excellent Tracts and Discourses."

Laycock married the daughter of Miller, a London stationer, and in 1693 compiled a catalogue of his stock, which consisted of above two thousand reams of loose papers and pamphlets. He subsequently published the above notable plan of a Subscription Library, to consist of a complete collection of tracts on every variety of subject. The money subscribed was to be vested in the hands of certain booksellers as trustees. Some idea of its extent may be formed from the tempting list of wares which he submitted to his readers—sufficient to have delighted the heart of a modern Bibliomaniac. For reverend divines he had pamphlets on every shade of doctrine and discipline, pro and con, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, Brownists, Familists, and Calvinists. To the worthy citizens of London were offered, Acts of the Common Council, Orders made by the Lord Mayor to redress certain grievances as to excess in Wearing Apparel, Tippling on Sundays, about Watermen and Carmen, Disbursements for St. Paul's Church, and Proposal for Insurance from Fire. There were Tracts on Law, Mathematics, and Trade, besides a tolerable sprinkling of Parliamentary Speeches. " To such persons who are so curious as to dive into the private intrigues of State," were submitted civil and military tracts from Henry VIII. to William III. Gentlemen who delighted in hus-

bandry might have a first-rate collection on planting, timber-trees, gardening, silkworms, bees, vineyards, drainage, and turnip seed, besides a goodly array of books on angling, fowling, hawking, horsemanship, and hop gardens. For such as desired them, there was a choice collection of Travels, ancient and modern, while astrologers and lovers of the marvellous might revel in the possession of a splendid variety of prodigies, visions, prophecies, prognostics, apparitions, witches, ghosts, and demons. Gentlemen might have a dainty treat with ceremonies of coronations, entertainments, funeral processions, London triumphs and pageantries. Lovers of news might feast to their hearts' content on all the newspapers published during the great Civil War—the Parliament Scout, the Scotch Dove, the Diurnal, Moderate Intelligencer, Mercurius Rusticus, Pragmaticus, London Gazettes, London Mercuries, English Courants, and Pacquets of Advice from England, Ireland and Rome. Soldiers might fight their battles o'er again in tracts on war, encampments, gunpowder, mining, battles and sieges. Government might even be tempted with old Acts of Parliament, Proclamations and Orders of Councils: and antiquaries ponder over a goodly row of topographical and county histories. Surgeons, "those fleaing rascals," as Gay calls them in the *Beggar's Opera*, might here study treatises on the falling sickness, on fevers, agues, and the King's evil, besides becoming initiated in all the mysteries of *aurum potabile*, and transmutation of metals. General readers too were not forgotten; their appetite for literature might be duly regaled on tracts of all kinds, from poetry to the Popish Plot. The pamphlet closes with the names of certain booksellers who had agreed to receive subscriptions, namely,

Mr. Crouch, in Cornhill,
Mr. Sprint, in Little Britain,
Mr. Hillyard of York, &c. &c.

and a list of the guineas already subscribed for the furtherance of "so good a design."

Another pamphlet is as follows:—"Proposals most humbly offered to all noblemen and gentlemen who are curious in books."

"It having been observed," says the author, "that a proper correspondent in Paris would be of great service to the learned for procuring not only new books, but also anything curious in any branch of literature, as MSS. &c. &c. as well as sending early advice of all sales and auctions of books, and catalogues, or for transacting any other affairs *in the learned and curious way*:"

wherefore, stimulated by all these praiseworthy reasons doubtless, we find the author, George Richmond, a person duly qualified, as he

tells us, modestly offering the aid of his valuable and efficient services, to reside in Paris, and execute commissions for his subscribers at the annual charge of two guineas. All books, we are told, were to be supplied at prime cost.

Some curious facts are recorded in a tract, called, "The Case of the Booksellers trading beyond sea, humbly offered to the Honorable House of Commons." It appears that in a bill then pending a clause was inserted for laying an additional duty on all books imported from abroad (besides the duty to which they were already subjected). Accordingly the booksellers suggested its removal, as it "would not raise anything considerable to the King, considering that by the best computation that can be made, *the value of foreign books imported these late years doth not amount to above £3000 per annum, the major part of which is imported by French Protestant refugees for their poor livelihood.*" Speaking of the great risks to which booksellers were subject, they declare that "generally more than half the books they import lie upon their hands for seven years, and at last become waste paper."

"Reasons humbly offered, &c., for Freedom of Trade in lawful Books."

At the present moment, when "the Association" is defunct, and Free Trade has shed its golden light over the dim regions of the "Row," the pamphlet I have quoted will afford some interesting particulars of the book monopolies of the seventeenth century. "The trade of printing," says the author, who was quite a Cobdenite in his ideas, "hath been an ancient manufacture of this kingdom, and as such fit to be encouraged for the public good;" yet it seems that by the monopoly of the Stationers' Company, the price of books was enhanced, and booksellers impoverished. It is well known that King James granted the Stationers' Company a license to print and sell all Primers, Psalters, Psalms, Almanacs, &c., to the exclusion of all others. By these means they pocketed about twelve per cent, besides "other frequent and more private dividends." Our own printers being thus restrained, the greater part of the printing trade was carried hence into Holland, where English Bibles, Prayer Books, and a host of others, flooded the market of all our foreign plantations, Ireland, Scotland, &c. for the gain of above cent per cent to the traders therein. We may form some idea of the extent to which this was carried, when we find that one merchant imported nearly twenty thousand Bibles yearly, and that a Jew named Athias, since 1662, printed more books of this kind than any four of the trade in England. Vast quantities of these books were seized by

the patentees, and the persons in whose hand they were found rigorously prosecuted. The penalty being 6*s* 8*d* per copy, exorbitant sums of money were easily extorted. They do not appear to have been over-scrupulous in the transaction, for we are told, that when they had amassed a sufficient number of these Holland-printed books, they stopped their own presses, and threw them again into the market. Having accomplished this worthy proceeding, they pounced on the books they had themselves distributed, fined the owners a second time, and so managed to reap a somewhat more profitable than honest harvest.

"They joined together," says our freetrader, "and bought three horses, and sent their own clerk and beadle, and a secretarye messenger, to ride all England over to seize on the books in their patents."

Writs were then issued against the offending parties, who were forced to pay exorbitant compositions. "Mr. John Jekil stood trial for about twenty-five bibles before Judge Hales, and paid 6*s* 8*d* per book for the Bible to one patentee, and 6*s* 8*d* per book for the Psalms to other patentees,"—though, but one book, yet, thus divided, two penalties were enforced. It cost Mr. Jekil about £50.; and the noise of this trial so frightened the poor country booksellers, that they came up to town, or sent to their London agents to compound with their prosecutors at any rate.

Authors also had to pay a premium for commenting on any portion of their text, or were forced to sell their copyrights to them for one-fourth of the price others would have given, if they had license to print them. Dr. Hammond, Poole, and many other "reverend and learned authors" were thus fleeced for using the text of the Bible to comment upon. Others who quoted Virgil, Ovid and Terence, were compelled to share the same fate.

"If," exclaims the author of the pamphlet, "the manufacture of printing were left free as other trades, it would employ above double the number of printers that are in England. Freedom of printing here would soon produce a manufacture to export, as well to our plantations as to those very countries who now furnish us and them; whereby the King's customs would be advanced, the merchant enriched, and the printer and bookbinder employed—which by these monopolies have been hitherto frustrated."

The author next exposes the abuses of the licensing system, and flatly accuses Sir Roger L'Estrange, licenser of the press, of having caused multitudes of books to be seized as seditious, and afterwards "underhand sold again by cartloads." Things went so far that even

bills for stage coaches and play-bills were forbidden to be printed without a license. One house paid £8 or £10 a year for this.

"There is no authorised licenser," sarcastically explains our free-trader, "for talking, preaching, writing, but men may speak, preach and write at their peril; and why should they not print and publish at their peril too?"

It would appear, that although the Stationers' Company numbered nearly a thousand members, yet about twenty only enjoyed the monopoly—the rest were excluded from any share in the spoil.

A Curious Find.

IN the summer, Mr. Pottinger Stevens, one of the raciest writers on the *Daily Telegraph*, was at Chichester. Wandering about that picturesque burgh, he saw a bookstall that had a flavour of antiquity about it. He stopped and looked over some books that seemed more ancient than the stall. Opening one, a volume of Rousseau's Maxims, he saw a coat-of-arms on the fly-leaf, and an inscription, the latter being to the effect that the volume was given as a prize to a gentleman named West, in the last century, by the faculty of Trinity College, Dublin. He bought the book for sixpence, and said something about his find in the *Telegraph*. Not long afterwards he received a letter from Mr. Erskine G. West, who is connected with the Irish Land Commission. Mr. West wrote that the original owner of the book was his great-great grandfather. Mr. Stevens promptly sent him the book. In a letter of acknowledgment and thanks afterwards received from him, Mr. West said, "The volume is also interesting from another (the personal) standpoint. For some time past there has been a controversy as to the correct heraldic bearings of Trinity College. They were lately declared, after much research into old deeds, patents and charters, to be as represented in the plate." Could the old volume talk it would have, probably, a more than ordinarily interesting tale to tell.

The "Dialogus Creaturarum."

ONE of the most popular and most frequently reprinted books of the fifteenth century was the "Dialogus Creaturarum," the first edition of which was printed at Gouda by Gheraert Leeu in 1480, and from that date up to the first year of the sixteenth century it was printed in Latin or Dutch twelve or fourteen times. Its origin was undoubtedly the Fables of Æsop, and its singularity is pronounced in many respects, and the illustrations are as quaint as the letterpress. It is a noteworthy fact, that in spite of its exceeding popularity all over the continent it appeared once, and only once, in an English form. Its title runs, "The Dialogues of Creatures Moralysed," and is supposed to have been printed if not translated by John Rastell about the year 1520. Some authorities contend that it was printed in its English form in Paris by Thelman Kerver. However that may be, it is in many respects a remarkable book, and one cannot help wondering how, in this age of reprints, it has not been republished. In 1816 a reprint was edited by Joseph Haslewood, but this is now almost as rare as the original edition, for of the ninety-eight copies which were struck off only forty-two were saved from a fire which occurred at the printers. The introductory matter to this reprint is extremely valuable from a bibliographical point of view, but a few additional facts have come to light since it was written. A leading bookseller prices a copy of the first English edition at £63. The British Museum contains several of the continental and two of the first English edition, besides two examples of "vij. Dialogues" taken from this book and printed in London about 1530 by Robert Wyer, by which dialogues, so the title informs us, "a man maye take to hymselfe good Counsayle."



The Apocrypha and our Authors.

MR. CHARLES FELLOWS writes an interesting article in the *Inquirer* on the above subject. Here is a short extract:—

"Few books are less generally read than those of the Apocrypha; yet few are more frequently, though unconsciously, quoted. This, however, is perhaps hardly surprising, for Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of Solomon present such attractions in their high morality, sound common sense, and magnificence of diction that, once read, no one can resist their charm, escape their unconscious influence, or avoid making their spirit, as it were, part of oneself. There is, therefore an almost irresistible tendency to reproduce their teaching, and on examination it will be found that there is hardly an author of note who is not more or less directly indebted to them. Not long ago the saying 'Call no man happy till he is dead' was attributed as an original and clever remark to an English M.P., the reporters apparently not being aware that it is taken from Ecclesiasticus xi. 28. Again, the fable of the brass pot and the earthen pot, which we learned as children from the book of French fables, is contained in Ecus. xiii. 2— 'for how agree the kettle and the earthern pot together? For if the one be smitten against the other it shall be broken.' Then also the words with which we delight to speak of our illustrious dead—'Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore'—occur in Ecus. xliv. 14. The Yankees have a proverb of which they are very proud—'First be sure you are right, then go ahead.' But in this they were forestalled many a century by 'Let reason go before every enterprise and counsel before every action' (Ecus. xxxvii. 16), and 'Do nothing without advice, and when thou

hast once done repent not' (Ecus. xxxii. 19). Franklin, too, doubtless thought he was penning something original in—

> 'Early to bed and early to rise
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

Yet we find 'Sound sleep cometh of moderate eating; he riseth early and his wits are with him' (Ecus. xxxi. 20). Then, too, in Longfellow's beautiful 'Psalm of Life,' if we note—

> 'And our hearts, though true and brave,
> Still like muffled drums are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave,'

we find the same idea thus:—'Even so we, in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end,' in Wisd. v. 13. Then, again, taking the maxim, 'A woman, if she maintain her husband, is full of anger, impudence, and much reproach' (Ecus. xxv. 22), we find the hint adopted by Mrs. Lynn Linton as the very keynote to her novel, 'Under which Lord?'"

The Astor Library.

OF all the New York libraries the Astor Library claims precedence. It owns 235,101 volumes, and about 100,000 pamphlets. Its income is entirely from the endowments of the Astor family, which amount to nearly £400,000. The maintenance fund is £82,000; the book fund £81,500. The Astor Library is a reference library, and no books under any circumstances are allowed to go from the building. Any person over sixteen years old may use the library, and the alcoves are open to persons over twenty-one, vouched for in writing by some well-known citizen, for purposes of research that cannot be conducted in the reading-rooms. As to the character of the collections, the aim is to have the best books of reference in every department.

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